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THE
Spectator
A
NEW EDITION
IN
EIGHT VOLUMES;
with Illustrative Notes.

To which are prefixed,
The Lives of the Authors.
By ROBERT BISSET. A.M.

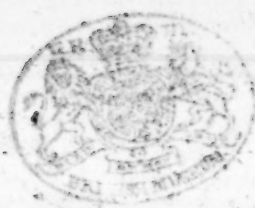
Aut simul et Iucunda et Idonea Vitæ.

Hor. de Art. Poet.

VOL. V.

LONDON

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THE
SPECTATOR,
WITH ILLUSTRATIVE NOTES.

TO WHICH ARE PREFIXED THE
LIVES OF THE AUTHORS:

COMPREHENDING

JOSEPH ADDISON,
SIR RICHARD STEELE,
THOMAS PARNELL,
JOHN HUGHES,

EUSTACE BUDGELL,
LAWRENCE EUSDEN,
THOMAS TICKELL,
ALEXANDER POPE.

WITH

CRITICAL REMARKS

ON THEIR

RESPECTIVE WRITINGS.

BY ROBERT BISSET, A.M.

A NEW EDITION, IN EIGHT VOLUMES.

VOL. V.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR J. S. JORDAN, NO. 166, FLEET-STREET.

MDCCXCIV.

THE
SPECTATOR

WITH ILLUSTRATIVE NOTES

TO WHICH ARE PREFIXED THE

LIVES OF THE AUTHORS

COMPILED BY

JOSEPH ADDISON, HUSTACE BUBBELL,
SIR RICHARD STEELE, LAWRENCE EUSTON,
THOMAS BARNES, JAMES TICKELL,
JOHN WATSON, AND OTHERS.



CRITICAL REMARKS

ON THE

RESPECTIVE WRITINGS

BY ROBERT BISSSET, A.M.

A NEW EDITION, IN EIGHT VOLUMES

FOR

LONDON

PRINTED FOR J. JOHNSON, NO. 4, ST. PAUL'S CHURCH-YARD

MDCCLXXV

TO THE
EARL OF WHARTON.*

MY LORD,

1712-13.

THE Author of the Spectator having prefixed before each of his volumes the name of some great person to whom he has particular obligations, lays his claim to your Lordship's patronage upon the same account. I

A 2

must

* THOMAS WHARTON was appointed by King WILLIAM Comptroller of the Household, Justice in Eyre South of Trent, and Lord Lieutenant of Oxfordshire; created Viscount WINCHENDON and Earl of WHARTON, Dec. 23, 1706; appointed Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, in 1709. He took Mr. ADDISON with him as his Secretary. Adhering to the Whig interest, he lost his employment—strenuously opposed the machinations of OXFORD and BOLINGBROKE. On the accession of King GEORGE, he was made Lord Privy Seal, Sept. 24, 1714; and Dec. 24, Marquis of WHARTON and MALMESBURY, in England; and Earl of RATHFARNHAM, and Marquis CATHERLOUGH, in Ireland. He died April 12, 1715, in the 76th year of his age. He was succeeded by his son PHILIP, whom King GEORGE I. in 1718 created Duke of WHARTON, purely in consideration of the merit, of his noble father, as appears from the patent of his creation, which

must confess, my Lord, had not I already received great instances of your favour, I should have been afraid of submitting a work of this nature to your perusal. You are so thoroughly acquainted with the characters of men, and all the parts of human life, that it is impossible for the least misrepresentation of them to escape your notice. It is your Lordship's particular distinction that you are master of the whole compass of business, and have signalized yourself in all the different scenes of it. We admire some for the dignity, others for the popularity of their behaviour; some for their clearness of judgment, others for their happiness of expression; some for the laying of schemes, and others for the putting of them in execution. It is your Lordship only who enjoys these several talents united, and that too in as great perfection as others possess them singly. Your enemies acknowledge this great extent in your Lordship's character, at the same time that they use their utmost industry and invention to derogate from it. But it is for your honour that those who are now your enemies were always so. You have acted in so much consistency with yourself, and promoted the interests of your country in so uniform a manner, that even those who would misrepresent your generous designs for the public

which mentions "King WILLIAM's obligations to Lord WHARTON for his constant and vigorous defence of the public liberty, and the Protestant religion;" and states, "how vigorously he supported the interest of King GEORGE, by the weight of his counsels, the force of his wit, and the firmness of his mind, when his said Majesty's title to the succession to this realm was in danger." An eminent historian says, "he had as many friends as the constitution, and that only its enemies were his; that he made no merit of his zeal for his country; and that he expended above 80,000*l.* for its service."

public good, cannot but approve the steadiness and intrepidity with which you pursue them. It is a most sensible pleasure to me that I have this opportunity of professing myself one of your great admirers, and, in a very particular manner,

My LORD,

Your Lordship's

Most obliged, and most obedient,

Humble servant,

THE SPECTATOR.

DEDICATION.

Public good cannot but require the steadiness and labor
of the few who are called to its service. It is a most desirable
position, and I have the opportunity of performing
it with great advantage, and in a very quiet
and unobtrusive manner.

THE EDITOR.

THE EDITOR.

THE EDITOR.

THE EDITOR.

THE EDITOR.

THE
SPECTATOR.

N^o. 296.

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 8, 1711-12.

—Nugis addere pondus.

HOR. I. EP. XIX. 42.

“To add weight to trifles.”

LETTERS.

DEAR SPEC,

‘H^AVING lately conversed much with the fair-sex on the subject of your speculations, (which, since their appearance in public, have been the chief exercise of the female loquacious faculty) I found the fair-ones possessed with a dissatisfaction at your prefixing Greek mottoes to the frontispieces of your late papers; and as a man of gallantry, I thought it a duty incumbent on me to impart it to you, in hopes of a reformation, which is only to be effected by a restoration of the Latin to the usual dignity in your papers, which, of late, the Greek, to the great displeasure of your female readers, has usurped; for though the Latin has the recommendation of being as unintelligible to them as the Greek, yet, being written of the same character with their mother

mother tongue, by the assistance of a spelling-book it is legible; which quality the Greek wants: and since the introduction of operas into this nation, the ladies are so charmed with sounds abstracted from their ideas, that they adore and honour the sound of Latin, as it is old Italian. I am a solicitor for the fair-sex, and therefore think myself, in that character, more likely to be prevalent in this request, than if I should subscribe myself by my proper name.

J. M.'

'I desire you may insert this in one of your speculations, to shew my zeal for removing the dissatisfaction of the fair-sex, and restoring you to their favour.'

SIR,

'I WAS some time since in company with a young officer, who entertained us with the conquest he had made over a female neighbour of his; when a gentleman who stood by, as I suppose, envying the Captain's good fortune, asked him what reason he had to believe the lady admired him? Why, says he, my lodgings are opposite to hers, and she is continually at her window either at work, reading, taking snuff, or putting herself in some toying posture, on purpose to draw my eyes that way. The confession of this vain soldier made me reflect on some of my own actions; for you must know, Sir, I am often at a window which fronts the apartments of several gentlemen, who, I doubt not, have the same opinion of me. I must own I love to look at them all, one for being well dressed, a second for his fine eye, and one particular one, because he is the least man I ever saw; but there is something so easy and pleasant in the manner of my little man, that I observe he is a favourite of all his acquaintance. I could go on to tell you of many others, that I believe think I have encouraged them from my window: but pray let me have your opinion of the use of the window, in the apartment

ment of a beautiful lady; and how often she may look out at the same man, without being supposed to have a mind to jump out to him.

Yours,

AURELIA CARELESS.

Twice.

MR. SPECTATOR,

'I HAVE for some time made love to a lady, who received it with all the kind returns I ought to expect: but without any provocation, that I know of, she has of late shunned me with the utmost abhorrence, inso-much, that she went out of church last Sunday in the midst of divine service, upon my coming into the same pew. Pray, Sir, what must I do in this business?

Your servant,

EUPHUES.

Let her alone ten days.

York, Jan. 20, 1711-12.

MR. SPECTATOR,

'WE have in this town a sort of people who pretend to wit, and write lampoons: I have lately been the subject of one of them. The scribbler had not genius enough in verse to turn my age, as, indeed, I am an old maid, into raillery, for affecting a youthier turn than is consistent with my time of day; and, therefore, he makes the title of his madigral, the character of Mrs. JUDITH LOVEBANE, born in the year 1680. What I desire of you is, that you disallow that a coxcomb, who pretends to write verse, should put the most malicious thing he can say in prose. This, I humbly conceive, will disable our country wits, who, indeed, take a great deal of pains to say any thing in rhyme, though they say it very ill.

I am,

SIR,

Your humble servant,

SUSANNA LOVEBANE.

MR. SPECTATOR,

'WE are several of us, gentlemen and ladies, who board in the same house, and after dinner one of our company, (an agreeable man enough otherwise) stands up, and reads your paper to us all. We are the civillest people in the world to one another, and, therefore, I am forced to this way of desiring our reader, when he is doing this office, not to stand afore the fire. This will be a general good to our family, this cold weather. He will, I know, take it to be our common request when he comes to these words, *pray, Sir, sit down*; which I desire you to insert, and you will particularly oblige

Your daily reader,

CHARTY FROST.

SIR,

'I AM a great lover of dancing, but cannot perform so well as some others; however, by my out-of-the-way capers, and some original grimaces, I do not fail to divert the company, particularly the ladies, who laugh immoderately all the time. Some, who pretend to be my friends, tell me they do it in derision, and would advise me to leave it off, withal that I make myself ridiculous. I do not know what to do in this affair, but I am resolved not to give over upon any account, until I have the opinion of the SPECTATOR.

Your humble servant,

JOHN TROTT.

IF Mr. TROTT is not aukward out of time, he has a right to dance let who will laugh; but if he has no ear he will interrupt others: and I am of opinion he should sit still. Given under my hand this fifth of February, 1711-12.

THE SPECTATOR.

T.

N^o. 297.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 9, 1711-12.

velut si

Egregio inspersos reprêndas corpore nævos.

HOR. I SAT. vi. 65.

"As perfect beauties somewhere have a mole."

CREECH.

CRITICISM ON MILTON'S DEFECTS.

AFTER what I have said in my last Saturday's Paper, I shall enter on the subject of this without further preface, and remark the several defects which appear in the Fable, the Characters, the Sentiments, and the Language of MILTON'S *Paradise Lost*; not doubting but the reader will pardon me, if I alledge at the same time whatever may be said for the extenuation of such defects. The first imperfection which I shall observe in the *Fable* is, that the event of it is unhappy.

The *fable* of every poem is, according to ARISTOTLE'S division, either *simple* or *implex*. It is called *simple* when there is no change of fortune in it; *implex*, when the fortune of the chief actor changes from bad to good, or from good to bad. The *implex fable* is thought the most perfect; I suppose, because it is more proper to stir up the passions of the reader, and to surprise him with a greater variety of accidents.

The *implex fable* is therefore of two kinds; in the first, the chief actor makes his way through a long series of dangers and difficulties, until he arrives at honour and prosperity, as we see in the stories of ULYSSES and ÆNEAS. In the second, the chief actor in the poem falls from

from some eminent pitch of honour and prosperity, into misery and disgrace. Thus we see ADAM and EVE sinking from a state of innocence and happiness, into the most abject condition of sin and sorrow.

The most taking tragedies among the ancients were built on this last sort of *implex fable*, particularly the tragedy of *OEdipus*, which proceeds upon a story, if we may believe ARISTOTLE, the most proper for tragedy that could be invented by the wit of man. I have taken some pains in a former paper to shew, that this kind of *implex fable*, wherein the event is unhappy, is more apt to affect an audience than that of the first kind; notwithstanding many excellent pieces among the ancients, as well as most of those which have been written of late years in our own country, are raised upon contrary plans. I must however own, that I think this kind of *fable*, which is the most perfect in tragedy, is not so proper for an Heroic Poem.

MILTON seems to have been sensible of this imperfection in his *fable*, and has therefore endeavoured to cure it by several expedients; particularly by the mortification which the great adversary of mankind meets with upon his return to the assembly of infernal spirits, as it is described in a beautiful passage of the third book; and likewise by the vision wherein ADAM, at the close of the poem, sees his offspring triumphing over his great enemy, and himself restored to a happier Paradise than that from which he fell.

There is another objection against MILTON's *fable*, which is indeed almost the same with the former, though placed in a different light, namely,—That the hero in the *Paradise Lost* is unsuccessful, and by no means a match for his enemies. This gave occasion to Mr. DRYDEN's reflection, that the Devil was in reality MILTON's Hero. I think I have obviated this objection in my first paper. The *Paradise Lost* is an *Epic* or a *narrative Poem*, and he that looks for an *hero* in it, searches for that which MILTON never intended; but if he will
needs

needs fix the name of an *hero* upon any person in it, it is certainly the MESSIAH who is the *hero*, both in the principal action, and in the chief episodes. Paganism could not furnish out a real action for a *fable* greater than that of the *Iliad* or *Æneid*, and therefore an Hea-then could not form an higher notion of a *poem* than one of that kind, which they call an heroic. Whether MILTON's is not of a sublimer nature I will not pre-sume to determine: it is sufficient that I shew there is in the *Paradise Lost* all the greatness of plan, regularity of design, and masterly beauties which we discover in HOMER and VIRGIL.

I must in the next place observe, that MILTON has interwoven in the texture of his *fable*, some particulars which do not seem to have probability enough for an *Epic Poem*, particularly in the actions which he ascribes to *Sin* and *Death*, and the picture which he draws of the Limbo of Vanity, with other passages in the second book. Such allegories rather savour of the spirit of SPENSER and ARIOSTO, than of HOMER and VIRGIL.

In the structure of his poem he has likewise admitted too many digressions. It is finely observed by ARISTOTLE, that the author of an *Heroic Poem* should seldom speak himself, but throw as much of his work as he can into the mouths of those who are his principal actors. ARISTOTLE has given no reason for this precept: but I presume it is because the mind of the reader is more awed, and elevated, when he hears ÆNEAS or ACHILLES speak, than when VIRGIL or HOMER talk in their own persons. Besides, that assuming the character of an eminent man is apt to fire the imagination, and raise the ideas of the author. TULLY tells us, mentioning his dialogue of old age, in which CATO is the chief speaker, that upon a review of it he was agreeably imposed upon, and fancied that it was CATO, and not he himself, who uttered his thoughts on that subject.

If the reader would be at the pains to see how the story of the *Iliad* and the *Æneid* is delivered by those
 T persons

persons who act in it, he will be surprised to find how little in either of these poems proceeds from the authors. MILTON has, in the general disposition of his *fable*, very finely observed this great rule; insomuch that there is scarce a tenth part of it which comes from the Poet; the rest is spoken either by ADAM or EVE, or by some good or evil Spirit who is engaged, either in their destruction, or defence.

From what has been here observed it appears, that digressions are by no means to be allowed of, in an *Epic Poem*. If the Poet, even in the ordinary course of his narration, should speak as little as possible, he should certainly never let his narration sleep for the sake of any reflection of his own. I have often observed, with a secret admiration, that the longest reflection in the *Æneid*, is in that passage of the tenth book, where TURNUS is represented as dressing himself in the spoils of PALLAS, whom he had slain. VIRGIL here lets his *fable* stand still, for the sake of the following remark. "How is the mind of man ignorant of futurity, and unable to bear prosperous fortune with moderation! The time will come when TURNUS shall wish that he had left the body of PALLAS untouched, and curse the day on which he dressed himself in these spoils." As the great event of the *Æneid*, and the death of TURNUS, whom ÆNEAS slew, because he saw him adorned with the spoils of PALLAS, turns upon this incident, VIRGIL went out of his way to make this reflection upon it, without which so small a circumstance might possibly have slipped out of his reader's memory. LUCAN, who was an injudicious poet, lets drop his story very frequently for the sake of his unnecessary digressions, or his *Diverticula*, as SCALIGER calls them. If he gives us an account of the prodigies which preceded the civil war, he declaims upon the occasion, and shews how much happier it would be for man, if he did not feel his evil fortune before it comes to pass; and suffer not only by its real weight, but by the apprehension of it. MILTON's complaint

complaint for his blindness, his panegyric on Marriage, his reflections on ADAM and EVE's going naked, of the angels eating, and several other passages in his poem, are liable to the same exception, though I must confess there is so great a beauty in these very digressions, that I could not wish them out of his poem.

I have, in a former paper, spoken of the Characters of MILTON's *Paradise Lost*, and declared my opinion, as to the *allegorical persons* who are introduced in it. *

If we look into the *Sentiments*, I think they are sometimes defective under the following heads; first, as there are several of them too much pointed, and some that degenerate even into *Puns*. Of this last kind; I am afraid, that in the first book, where, speaking of the pygmies he calls them,

“ ————— The small *Infantry*
Wa'r'd on by cranes” —————

Another blemish that appears in some of his thoughts, is his frequent allusion to Heathen fables, which are not certainly of a piece with the divine subject of which he treats. I do not find fault with these allusions, where the poet himself represents them as fabulous, as he does in some places, but where he mentions them as truths and matters of fact. The limits of my paper will not give me leave to be particular in instances of this kind; the reader will easily remark them in his perusal of the poem.

A third fault in his *Sentiments*, is an unnecessary ostentation of learning, which likewise occurs very frequently. It is certain that both HOMER and VIRGIL were masters of all the learning of their times, but it shews itself in their works after an indirect and concealed manner. MILTON seems ambitious of letting us know, by his excursions on free-will and predestination, and his many glances upon history, astronomy, geography,

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phy,

* See No. 273.

phy, and the like, as well as by the terms and phrases he sometimes makes use of, that he was acquainted with the whole circle of arts and sciences.

If, in the last place, we consider the Language of this great poet, we must allow what I have hinted in a former paper, that it is often too much laboured, and sometimes obscured by old words, transpositions, and foreign idioms. SENECA's objection to the stile of a great author, *Riget ejus oratio, nihil in eâ placidum, nihil lenè*, is what many critics make to MILTON. As I cannot wholly refute it, so I have already apologized for it in another paper: to which I may further add, that MILTON's *Sentiments* and ideas were so wonderfully sublime, that it would have been impossible for him to have represented them in their full strength and beauty, without having recourse to these foreign assistances. Our language sunk under him, and was unequal to that greatness of soul, which furnished him with such glorious conceptions.

A second fault in his Language is, that he often affects a kind of jingle in his words, as in the following passages, and many others:

" And brought into the *world* a *world* of woe.

——— Begirt th' Almighty throne

Beseeching or *besieging*———

This *tempt'd* our *attempt*———

At one slight *bound* high overleapt all *bound*."

I know there are figures of this kind of speech, that some of the greatest ancients have been guilty of it, and that ARISTOTLE himself has given it a place in his *Rhetoric* among the beauties of that *art*. But as it is in itself poor and trifling, it is, I think at present, universally exploded by all the masters of polite writing.

The last fault which I shall take notice of in MILTON's stile, is the frequent use of what the learned call technical words, or *terms of art*. It is one of the greatest beauties of poetry, to make hard things intelligible, and

to deliver what is abstruse of itself in such easy language as may be understood by ordinary readers; besides, that the knowledge of a poet should rather seem born with him, or inspired, than drawn from books and systems. I have often wondered how Mr. DRYDEN could translate a passage out of VIRGIL after the following manner:

“ Tack to the larboard and stand off to sea,
Veer starboard sea and land.”—————

MILTON makes use of *larboard* in the same manner. When he is upon building, he mentions *Dorick Pillars, Pilasters, Cornice, Freeze, Architrave*. When he talks of heavenly bodies, you meet with “ ecliptic and eccentric, the trepidation, stars dropping from the zenith, rays culminating from the equator:” to which might be added many instances of the like kind in several other *arts and sciences*.

I shall in my next papers give an account of the many particular beauties in MILTON, which would have been too long to insert under those general heads I have already treated of, and with which I intend to conclude this piece of criticism.

L.

N^o. 298.

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 11, 1711-12.

Nusquam tuta fides ———

VIRG. ÆN. iv. 373.

“Honour is no where safe.”

A LETTER FROM A LADY ON THE LICENTIOUSNESS OF MEN.

London, Feb. 9, 1711-12.

MR. SPECTATOR,

‘I AM a virgin, and in no case despicable, but yet such as I am I must remain, or else become, it is to be feared, less happy; for I find not the least good effect from the just correction you some time since gave that too free, that looser part of our sex which spoils the men; the same connivance at the vices, the same easy admittance of addresses, the same vitiated relish of the conversation of the greatest rakes (or in a more fashionable way of expressing one’s self, of such as have seen the world most) still abounds, increases, multiplies.

‘The humble petition, therefore, of many of the most strictly virtuous, and of myself, is, that you will once more exert your authority, and, according to your late promise, your full, your impartial authority, on this sillier branch of our kind; for why should they be the uncontrollable mistresses of our fate? Why should they, with impunity, indulge the males in licentiousness whilst single, and we have the dismal hazard and plague of reforming them when married? Strike home, Sir, then, and spare not, or all our maiden hopes, our gilded hopes of nuptial felicity are frustrated, are vanished, and you yourself,

yourself, as well as Mr. COURTLY, will, by smoothing over immodest practices with the gloss of soft and harmless names, for ever forfeit our esteem. Nor think that I am herein more severe than need be: if I have not reason more than enough, do you and the world judge from this ensuing account, which, I think, will prove the evil to be universal.

‘ You must know then, that since your reprehension of this female degeneracy came out, I have had a tender of respects from no less than five persons, of tolerable figure too as times go: but the misfortune is, that four of the five are professed followers of the mode. They would face me down, that all women of good sense ever were, and ever will be latitudinarians in wedlock; and always did and will give and take, what they profanely term conjugal liberty of conscience.

‘ The two first of them, a Captain and a Merchant, to strengthen their arguments, pretend to repeat after a couple of ladies of quality and wit, that VENUS was always kind to MARS; and what soul that has the least spark of generosity, can deny a man of bravery any thing; and how pitiful a trader that, whom no woman but his own wife will have correspondence and dealings with? Thus these; whilst the third, the Country Squire, confessed, that indeed he was surprised into good-breeding, and entered into the knowledge of the world unawares; that dining the other day at a gentleman’s house, the person who entertained was obliged to leave him with his wife and nieces; where they spoke with so much contempt of an absent gentleman for being so slow at a hint, that he resolved never to be drowsy, unmannerly, or stupid, for the future, at a friend’s house; and on a hunting morning, not to pursue the game either with the husband abroad, or with the wife at home.

‘ The next that came was a tradesman, no less full of the age than the former; for he had the gallantry to tell me, that at a late junket which he was invited to, the motion being made, and the question being put, it was, by
B 3 maid,

maid, wife and widow, resolved *nemine contradicente*, that a young sprightly journeyman is absolutely necessary in their way of business: to which they had the assent and concurrence of the husband present. I dropped him a curtsey, and gave him to understand that was his audience of leave.

‘I am reckoned pretty, and have had very many advances besides these; but have been very averse to hear any of them, from my observation on these above-mentioned, until I hoped some good from the character of my present admirer, a Clergyman. But I find, even among them, there are indirect practices in relation to love, and our treaty is at present a little in suspence, until some circumstances are cleared. There is a charge against him among the women, and the case is this. It is alledged, that a certain endowed female would have appropriated herself to, and consolidated herself with a church which my divine now enjoys (or, which is the same thing, did prostitute herself to her friend’s doing this for her): That my Ecclesiastic, to obtain the one, did engage himself to take off the other that lay on hand; but that on his success in the spiritual, he again renounced the carnal.

‘I put this closely to him, and taxed him with disingenuity. He, to clear himself, made the subsequent defence, and that in the most solemn manner possible:—that he was applied to and instigated to accept of a benefice:—that a conditional offer thereof was indeed made him at first, but with disdain by him rejected:—that when nothing, (as they easily perceived) of this nature could bring him to their purpose, assurance of his being entirely unengaged beforehand, and safe from all their after-expectations, (the only stratagem left to draw him in) was given him:—that pursuant to this the donation itself was without delay, before several reputable witnesses, tendered to him *gratis*, with the open profession of not the least reserve, or most minute condition; but that immediately after induction, his insidious
introducer

introducer (or her crafty procurer, which you will) industriously spread the report which had reached my ears, not only in the neighbourhood of that said church, but in London, in the University, in mine and his own county, and wherever else it might probably obviate his application to any other woman, and so confine him to this alone:—in a word, that as he never did make any previous offer of his service, or the least step to her affection; so on his discovery of these designs thus laid to trick him, he could not but afterwards, in justice to himself, vindicate both his innocence and freedom, by keeping his proper distance.

‘This is his apology, and I think I shall be satisfied with it. But I cannot conclude my tedious epistle without recommending to you not only to resume your former chastisement, but to add to your criminals the Simoniackal Ladies, who seduce the sacred order into the difficulty of either breaking a mercenary troth made to them, whom they ought not to deceive, or by breaking or keeping it offending against Him whom they cannot deceive. Your assistance and labours of this sort would be of great benefit, and your speedy thoughts on this subject would be very seasonable to,

SIR,

Your most humble servant,

CHASTITY LOVEWORTH.

T.

N^o. 299.

TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 12, 1711-12.

Malo venusinam, quàm te, CORNELIA, mater
 Gracchorum, si cum magnis virtutibus affers
 Grande supercilium, et numeras in dote triumphos.
 Tolle tuum precor ANNIBALEM, victumque SYPHACEM
 In castris ; et cum totâ Carthagine migra.

JUV. SAT. vi. 166.

" Some country girl, scarce to a curtsey bred,
 " Wou'd I much rather than CORNELIA wed :
 " If supercilious, haughty, proud, and vain,
 " She brought her father's triumphs in her train.
 " Away with all your Carthaginian state ;
 " Let vanquish'd HANNIBAL without doors wait,
 " Too burly and too big to pass my narrow gate."

DRYDEN.

LETTER FROM JOHN ENVILLE, KNT. MARRIED TO A
 LADY OF QUALITY.

IT is observed, that a man improves more by reading the story of a person eminent for prudence and virtue, than by the finest rules and precepts of morality. In the same manner a representation of those calamities and misfortunes which a weak man suffers from wrong measures, and ill-concerted schemes of life, is apt to make a deeper impression upon our minds, than the wisest maxims and instructions that can be given us, for avoiding the like follies and indiscretions in our own private conduct. It is for this reason that I lay before my reader the following letter, and leave it with him to make his own use of it, without adding any reflections of my own upon the subject matter.

MR.

MR. SPECTATOR,

‘ HAVING carefully perused a letter sent you by JOSIAH FRIBBLE, Esq; with your subsequent discourse upon *Pin Money*,* I do presume to trouble you with an account of my own case, which I look upon to be no less deplorable than that of Squire FRIBBLE. I am a person of no extraction, having begun the world with a small parcel of rusty iron, and was for some years commonly known by the name of JACK ANVIL. I have naturally a very happy genius for getting money, inso-much that by the age of five and twenty, I had scraped together four thousand two hundred pounds, five shillings, and a few odd pence. I then launched out into considerable business, and became a bold trader both by sea and land, which in a few years raised me a very great fortune. For these my good services I was knighted in the thirty-fifth year of my age, and lived with great dignity among my city neighbours by the name of Sir JOHN ANVIL. Being in my temper very ambitious, I was now bent upon making a family, and accordingly resolved that my descendents should have a dash of good blood in their veins. In order to this I made love to the Lady MARY ODDLY, an indigent young woman of quality. To cut short the marriage-treaty, I threw her a *charte blanche*, as our news-papers call it, desiring her to write upon it her own terms. She was very concise in her demands, insisting only that the disposal of my fortune, and the regulation of my family, should be intirely in her hands. Her father and brothers appeared exceedingly averse to this match, and would not see me for some time: but at present are so well reconciled, that they dine with me almost every day, and have borrowed considerable sums of me; which my Lady MARY often twits me with, when she would shew me how kind her relations are to me. She had no portion, as I told you before; but what she wanted in fortune she makes up in spirit.

spirit. She at first changed my name to Sir JOHN ENVIL, and at present writes herself MARY ENVILLE. I have had some children by her, whom she has christened with the surnames of her family, in order, as she tells me, to wear out the homeliness of their parentage by their father's side. Our eldest son is the Honourable ODDLY ENVILLE, Esq. and our eldest daughter HARRIOT ENVILLE. Upon her first coming into my family, she turned off a parcel of very careful servants, who had been long with me, and introduced in their stead a couple of Black-a-mores, and three or four very genteel fellows in laced liveries, besides her French woman, who is perpetually making a noise in the house in a language which nobody understands, except my Lady MARY. She next set herself to reform every room of my house, having glazed all my chimney-pieces with looking-glasses, and planted every corner with such heaps of china, that I am obliged to move about my own house with the greatest caution and circumspection, for fear of hurting some of our brittle furniture. She makes an illumination once a week with wax candles in one of the largest rooms, in order, as she phrases it, to see company; at which time she always desires me to be abroad, or to confine myself to the cock-loft, that I may not disgrace her among her visitants of quality. Her footmen, as I told you before, are such beaus that I do not much care for asking them questions; when I do, they answer me with a saucy frown, and say, that every thing which I find fault with, was done by my Lady MARY's order. She tells me, that she intends they shall wear swords with their next liveries, having lately observed the footmen of two or three persons of quality hanging behind the coach with swords by their sides. As soon as the first honey-moon was over, I represented to her the unreasonableness of those daily innovations which she made in my family; but she told me, I was no longer to consider myself as Sir JOHN ANVIL, but as her husband; and added with a frown,

frown, that I did not seem to know who she was. I was surprised to be treated thus, after such familiarities as had passed between us. But she has since given me to know, that whatever freedoms she may sometimes indulge me in, she expects in general to be treated with the respect that is due to her birth and quality. Our children have been trained up from their infancy with so many accounts of their mother's family, that they know the stories of all the great men and women it has produced. Their mother tells them, that such an one commanded in such a sea-engagement, that their great-grandfather had a horse shot under him at Edge-hill, that their Uncle was at the siege of Buda, and that her mother danced in a ball at Court with the Duke of MONMOUTH; with abundance of fiddle-faddle of the same nature. I was the other day a little out of countenance at a question of my little daughter HARRIOT, who asked me with a great deal of innocence, why I never told them of the Generals and Admirals that had been in my family? As for my eldest son, ODDLY, he has been so spirited up by his mother, that if he does not mend his manners I shall go near to disinherit him. He drew his sword upon me before he was nine years old, and told me that he expected to be used like a gentleman: upon my offering to correct him for his insolence, my Lady MARY stepped in between us, and told me that I ought to consider there was some difference between his mother and mine. She is perpetually finding out the features of her own relations in every one of my children, though by the way, I have a little chub-faced boy as like me as he can stare, if I durst say so: but what most angers me, when she sees me playing with any of them upon my knee, she has begged me more than once to converse with the children as little as possible, that they may not learn any of my awkward tricks.

‘ You must farther know, since I am opening my heart to you, that she thinks herself my superior in sense, as much as she is in quality, and therefore treats me

me like a plain well-meaning man, who does not know the world. She dictates to me in my own business, sets me right in point of trade, and if I disagree with her about any of my ships at sea, wonders that I will dispute with her, when I know very well that her great-grandfather was a Flag Officer.

‘To compleat my sufferings, she has teized me for this quarter of a year last past, to remove into one of the squares at the other end of the town, promising for my encouragement, that I shall have as good a cock-loft as any gentleman in the square; to which the Honourable ODDLY ENVILLE Esq. always adds, like a jack-a-napes as he is, that he hopes I will be as near the *Court* as possible.

‘In short, Mr. SPECTATOR, I am so much out of my natural element, that to recover my old way of life, I would be content to begin the world again, and be plain JACK ANVIL: but alas! I am in for life, and am bound to subscribe myself, with great sorrow of heart,

Your humble servant,

I..

JOHN ENVILLE, KNT.

N^o. 300.

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 13, 1711-12.

——Diversum vitio vitium propè majus.

HOR. I EP. XVIII. 5.

——“ Another failing of the mind,

“ Greater than this, of a quite different kind.”

POOLY.

LETTERS ON LOVE AND MARRIAGE.

MR. SPECTATOR,

‘ WHEN you talk of the subject of Love, and the relations arising from it, methinks you should take care to leave no fault unobserved which concerns the state of *Marriage*. The great vexation that I have observed in it is, that the wedded couple seem to want opportunities of being often enough alone together, and are forced to quarrel and be fond before company. Mr. HOTSPUR and his lady, in a room full of their friends, are ever saying something so smart to each other, and that but just within rules, that the whole company stand in the utmost anxiety and suspense for fear of their falling into extremities which they could not be present at. On the other side, TOM FADDLE and his pretty Spouse, wherever they come, are billing at such a rate, as they think must do our hearts good to behold them. Cannot you possibly propose a mean between being Wasps and Doves in public. * I should think if you advised to *bate*

or

* FIELDING observes, that it is possible for a third person to be very intimate; nay, even to live long in the same house with a married couple, who have any tolerable direction, and not even to

or *love sincerely* it would be better: for if they would be so discreet as to *bate* from the very bottoms of their hearts, their aversion would be too strong for little gibes every moment: and if they *loved* with that calm and noble value which dwells in the heart, with a warmth like that of life-blood, they would not be so impatient of their passion as to fall into observable fondness. This method, in each case, would save appearances; but as those who offend on the fond side are by much the fewer, I would have you begin with them, and go on to take notice of a most impertinent licence married women take, not only to be very loving to their spouses in public, but also make nauseous allusions to private familiarities, and the like. LUCINA is a lady of the greatest discretion, you must know, in the world; and withal very much a physician. Upon the strength of these two qualities there is nothing she will not speak of before us virgins; and she every day talks with a very grave air in such a manner, as is very improper so much as to be hinted at but to obviate the greatest extremities. Those whom they call good bodies, notable people, hearty neighbours, and the purest *goodest* company in the world, are the greatest offenders in this kind. Here I think I have laid before you an open field for pleasantry and hope you will shew these people that at least they are not witty: in which you will save from many a blush a daily sufferer, who is very much

Your most humble servant,

SUSANNAH LOVEWORTH.'

MR.

to guess at the sour sentiments which they bear to one another; for though the whole day may be sometimes too short for hatred as well as for love, yet the many hours which they naturally spend together apart from all observers, furnish people, of tolerable moderation, with such ample opportunities for the enjoyment of either passion, that if they love, they can support being a few hours in company without loving; or if they hate, without spitting in each other's faces.

MR. SPECTATOR,

'IN yours of Wednesday the 30th past, you and your correspondents are very severe on a sort of men whom you call Male Coquettes; but without any other reason, in my apprehension, than that of paying a shallow compliment to the Fair Sex, by accusing some men of imaginary faults, that the women may not seem to be the more faulty sex, though at the same time you suppose there are some so weak as to be imposed upon by fine things, and false addresses. I cannot persuade myself that your design is to debar the sexes the benefit of each others's conversation within the rules of honour; nor will you, I dare say, recommend to them, or encourage the common tea-table talk, much less that of politics and matters of state; and if these are forbidden subjects of discourse, then as long as there are any women in the world who take a pleasure in hearing themselves praised, and can bear the sight of a man prostrate at their feet, so long I shall make no wonder, that there are those of the other sex who will pay them those impertinent humiliations. We should have few people such fools as to practise flattery, if all were so wise as to despise it. I do not deny but you would do a meritorious act, if you could prevent all impositions on the simplicity of young women; but I must confess, I do not apprehend you have laid the fault on the proper persons, and if I trouble you with my thoughts upon it, I promise myself your pardon. Such of the sex as are raw and innocent, and most exposed to these attacks, have, or their parents are much to blame if they have not, one to advise and guard them, and are obliged themselves to take care of them; but if these who ought to hinder men from all opportunities of this sort of conversation, instead of that encourage and promote it, the suspicion is very just that there are some private reasons for it; and I will leave it to you to determine on which side a part is then acted. Some women there
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are who are arrived at years of discretion, I mean are got out of the hands of their parents and governors, and are set up for themselves, who yet are liable to these attempts; but if these are prevailed upon, you must excuse me if I lay the fault upon them, that their wisdom is not grown with their years. My client, Mr. STREPHON, whom you summoned to declare himself; gives you thanks, however, for your warning, and begs the favour only to enlarge his time for a week, or to the last day of the Term, and then he will appear gratis, and pray no day over.

Yours,

PHILANTHROPOS.

MR. SPECTATOR,

‘ I WAS last night to visit a lady whom I much esteem, and always took for my friend; but met with so very different a reception from what I expected, that I cannot help applying myself to you on this occasion. In the room of that civility and familiarity I used to be treated with by her, an affected strangeness in her looks, and coldness in her behaviour, plainly told me I was not the welcome guest which the regard and tenderness she has often expressed for me gave me reason to flatter myself to think I was; Sir, this is certainly a great fault, and I assure you a very common one; therefore I hope you will think it a fit subject for some part of a Spectator. Be pleased to acquaint us how we must behave ourselves towards this valetudinary friendship, subject to so many heats and colds, and you will oblige,

SIR,

Your humble servant,

MIRANDA.

SIR,

‘ I CANNOT forbear acknowledging the delight your late Spectators on Saturday have given me; for they
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are *writ* in the honest spirit of criticism, and called to my mind the following four lines I had read long since in a prologue to a play called *Julius Cæsar*, which has deserved a better fate. The verses are addressed to the little critics.

“ Shew your small talent, and let that suffice ye,
But grow not vain upon it, I advise ye,
For every fop can find out faults in plays;
You’ll ne’er arrive at knowing when to praise.”

Yours,

D. G.’

T.

No. 301.

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 14, 1711-12.

Possint ut juvenes visere fervidi

Multo non sine risu.

Dilapsam in cineres facem.

HOR. 4. OD. XIII. 26.

"That all may laugh to see that glaring light,

"Which lately shone so fierce and bright,

"End in a stink at last, and vanish into night."

} ANON.

AN ALLEGORY ON TIME.

WE are generally so much pleased with any little accomplishments, either of body or mind, which have once made us remarkable in the world, that we endeavour to persuade ourselves it is not in the power of time to rob us of them. We are eternally pursuing the same methods which first procured us the applauses of mankind. It is from this notion that an author writes on, though he is come to dotage; without ever considering that his memory is impaired, and that he hath lost that life, and those spirits, which formerly raised his fancy, and fired his imagination. The same folly hinders a man from submitting his behaviour to his age, and makes CLODIUS, who was a celebrated dancer at five and twenty, still love to hobble in a minuet, though he is past three score. It is this, in a word, which fills the town with *elderly fops, and superannuated coquettes*.*

CANIDIA, a lady of this latter species, passed by me yesterday

* Lord OGILBY, in the *Clandestine Marriage*, is an admirable picture of an old beau wishing to have the appearance of youth. Performed by our great comic actor, KING, that character is exquisitely pleasing.

yesterday in her coach. CANIDIA was an haughty beauty of the last age, and was followed by crowds of adorers, whose passions only pleased her, as they gave her opportunities of playing the tyrant. She then contracted that awful cast of the eye and forbidding frown, which she has not yet laid aside, and has still all the insolence of beauty without its charms. If she now attracts the eyes of any beholders, it is only by being remarkably ridiculous; even her own sex laugh at her affectation; and the men, who always enjoy an ill-natured pleasure in seeing an imperious beauty humbled and neglected, regard her with the same satisfaction that a free nation sees a tyrant in disgrace.

WILL HONEYCOMB, who is a great admirer of the gallantries in King CHARLES the Second's reign, lately communicated to me a letter written by a wit of that age to his mistress, who, it seems, was a lady of CANIDIA's humour; and though I do not always approve of my friend WILL's taste, I liked his letter so well, that I took a copy of it, with which I shall here present my reader.

TO CLOE.

MADAM,

' SINCE my waking thoughts have never been able to influence you in my favour, I am resolved to try whether my dreams can make any impression on you. To this end I shall give you an account of a very odd one which my fancy presented to me last night, within a few hours after I left you.

' Methought I was unaccountably conveyed into the most delicious place mine eyes ever beheld; it was a large valley divided by a river of the purest water I had ever seen. The ground on each side of it rose by an easy ascent, and was covered with flowers of an infinite variety, which, as they were reflected in the water doubled the beauties of the place, or rather formed an imaginary scene more beautiful than the real. On each

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side

side of the river was a range of lofty trees, whose boughs were loaded with almost as many birds as leaves. Every tree was full of harmony.

I had not gone far in this pleasant valley, when I perceived that it was terminated by a most magnificent temple. The structure was ancient, and regular. On the top of it was figured the God SATURN, in the same shape and dress that the poets usually represent TIME.

‘ As I was advancing to satisfy my curiosity by a nearer view, I was stopped by an object far more beautiful than any I had before discovered in the whole place. I fancy, Madam, you will easily guess that this could hardly be any thing but yourself: in reality it was so; you lay extended on the flowers by the side of the river, so that your hands, which were thrown in a negligent posture, almost touched the water. Your eyes were closed; but if your sleep deprived me of the satisfaction of seeing them, it left me at leisure to contemplate several other charms, which disappear when your eyes are open. I could not but admire the tranquility you slept in, especially when I considered the uneasiness you produce in so many others.

‘ While I was wholly taken up in these reflections the doors of the temple flew open, with a very great noise; and lifting up my eyes, I saw two figures, in human shape, coming into the valley. Upon a nearer survey, I found them to be YOUTH and LOVE. The first was encircled with a kind of purple light, that spread a glory over all the place; the other held a flaming torch in his hand. I could observe, that all the way as they came towards us, the colours of the flowers appeared more lively, the trees shot out in blossoms, the birds threw themselves into pairs, and serenaded them as they passed: the whole face of nature glowed with new beauties. They were no sooner arrived at the place where you lay, when they seated themselves on each side of you. On their approach methought I saw

a new bloom arise in your face, and new charms diffuse themselves over your whole person. You appeared more than mortal; but to my great surprise, continued fast asleep, though the two Deities made several gentle efforts to awaken you.

‘ After a short time, YOUTH (displaying a pair of wings, which I had not before taken notice of) flew off. LOVE still remained, and holding the torch which he had in his hand before your face, you still appeared as beautiful as ever. The glaring of the light in your eyes at length awakened you; when, to my great surprise, instead of acknowledging the favour of the Deity, you frowned upon him, and struck the torch out of his hand into the river. The God, after having regarded you with a look that spoke at once his pity and displeasure, flew away. Immediately a kind of gloom overspread the whole place. At the same time I saw a hideous spectre enter at one end of the valley. His eyes were sunk into his head, his face was pale and withered, and his skin puckered up in wrinkles. As he walked on the sides of the bank the river froze, the flowers faded, the trees shed their blossoms, the birds dropped from off the boughs, and fell dead at his feet. By these marks I knew him to be OLD AGE. You were seized with the utmost horror and amazement at his approach. You endeavoured to have fled, but the phantom caught you in his arms. You may easily guess at the change you suffered in this embrace. For my own part, though I am still too full of the dreadful idea, I will not shock you with a description of it. I was so startled at the sight, that my sleep immediately left me, and I found myself awake, at leisure to consider of a dream which seems too extraordinary to be without a meaning.

I am,

MADAM,

With the greatest passion,

Your most obedient,

Most humble servant, &c.*

X.

N^o. 302.

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 15, 1711-12.

—————Lachrymæque decoræ,
Gratior & pulchro veniens in corpore virtus.

VIRG. ÆN. V. 343.

—————" Graceful tears,
" And virtue heighten'd by his beauteous form."

TRAPP.

DESCRIPTION OF EMILIA, AN AMIABLE WOMAN.

I READ what I give for the entertainment of this day with a great deal of pleasure, and publish it just as it came to my hands. I shall be very glad to find there are many guessed at for EMILIA.*

MR. SPECTATOR,

' IF this paper has the good fortune to be honoured with a place in your writings, I shall be the more pleased, because the character of EMILIA is not an imaginary but a real one. I have industriously obscured the whole by the addition of one or two circumstances of no consequence, that the person it is drawn from might still be concealed; and that the writer of it might not be in the least suspected, and for some other reasons,

* Some have said, that by EMILIA was meant ANNE, Countess of Coventry, grandmother to the present Earl, and that the writer of this paper was Mr. JOHN HUGHES: others, that it was the lady of a private gentleman; and that it was drawn by the Clergyman in whose parish she resided,

reasons, I choose not to give it in the form of a letter: but if, besides the faults of the composition, there be any thing in it more proper for a correspondent than the SPECTATOR himself to write, I submit it to your better judgment, to receive any other model you think fit.

I am,

SIR,

Your very humble servant.

THERE is nothing which gives one so pleasing a prospect of *human nature*, as the contemplation of Wisdom and Beauty; the latter is the peculiar portion of that sex which is therefore called fair; but the happy concurrence of both these excellencies in the same person, is a character too celestial to be frequently met with. Beauty is an over-weening self-sufficient thing, careless of providing itself any more substantial ornaments; nay so little does it consult its own interests, that it too often defeats itself, by betraying that innocence, which renders it lovely and desirable. As therefore virtue makes a beautiful woman appear more beautiful, so beauty makes a virtuous woman really more virtuous. Whilst I am considering these two perfections gloriously united in one person, I cannot help representing to my mind the image of EMILIA.

Who ever beheld the charming EMILIA, without feeling in his breast at once the glow of love, and the tenderness of virtuous friendship? The unstudied graces of her behaviour, and the pleasing accents of her tongue, insensibly draw you on to wish for a nearer enjoyment of them; but even her smiles carry in them a silent reproof to the impulses of licentious love. Thus, though the attractives of her beauty play almost irresistibly upon you, and create desire, you immediately stand corrected, not by the severity, but the decency of

her virtue. That sweetness and good-humour, which is so visible in her face, naturally diffuses itself into every word and action: a man must be a savage, who, at the sight of EMILIA, is not more inclined to do her good, than gratify himself. Her person, as it is thus studiously embellished by nature, thus adorned with unpremeditated graces, is a fit lodging for a mind so fair and lovely; there dwell rational piety, modest hope, and chearful resignation.

Many of the prevailing passions of mankind do undeservedly pass under the name of Religion; which is thus made to express itself in action, according to the nature of the constitution in which it resides: so that were we to make a judgment from appearances, one would imagine Religion in some little better than sullenness and reserve, in many fear, in others the despondings of melancholy complexion, in others the formality of insignificant unaffecting observances, in others severity, in others ostentation. In EMILIA it is a principle founded in Reason, and enlivened with Hope; it does not break forth into irregular fits and sallies of devotion, but is an uniform and consistent tenour of action; it is strict without severity; compassionate without weakness; it is the perfection of that good humour which proceeds from the understanding, not the effect of an easy constitution.

By a generous sympathy in nature, we feel ourselves disposed to mourn when any of our fellow-creatures are afflicted; but injured innocence and beauty in distress, is an object that carries in it something inexpressibly moving: it softens the most manly heart with the tenderest sensations of love and compassion, until at length it confesses its humanity, and flows out into tears.

Were I to relate that part of EMILIA's life which has given her an opportunity of exerting the heroism of Christianity, it would make too sad, too tender a story: but

but when I consider her alone in the midst of her distresses, looking beyond this gloomy vale of affliction and sorrow, into the joys of heaven and immortality, and when I see her in conversation thoughtless and easy, as if she were the most happy creature in the world I am transported with admiration. Surely never did such a philosophic soul inhabit such a beauteous form! For beauty is often made a privilege against thought and reflection; it laughs at wisdom, and will not abide the gravity of its instructions.

Were I able to represent EMILIA's virtues in their proper colours and their due proportions, love or flattery might, perhaps, be thought to have drawn the picture larger than life; but as this is but an imperfect draught of so excellent a character, and as I cannot, I will not hope to have any interest in her person, all that I can say of her is but impartial praise extorted from me by the prevailing brightness of her virtues. So rare a pattern of female excellence ought not to be concealed, but should be set out to the view and imitation of the world; for how amiable does virtue appear thus, as it were, made visible to us, in so fair an example!

HONORIA's disposition is of a very different turn; her thoughts are wholly bent upon conquest and arbitrary power. That she has some wit and beauty nobody denies, and, therefore, has the esteem of all her acquaintance as a woman of an agreeable person and conversation; but (whatever her husband may think of it) that is not sufficient for HONORIA: she waives that title to respect as a mean acquisition, and demands veneration in the right of an idol; for this reason her natural desire of life is continually checked with an inconsistent fear of wrinkles in old age.

EMILIA cannot be supposed ignorant of her personal charms, though she seems to be so; but she will not hold her happiness upon so precarious a tenure, whilst her mind is adorned with beauties of a more exalted
and

and lasting nature. When in the full bloom of youth and beauty we saw her surrounded with a crowd of adorers, she took no pleasure in slaughter and destructions, gave no false deluding hopes which might increase the torments of her disappointed lovers; but having for some time given to the decency of a virgin coyness, and examined the merit of their several pretension, she at length gratified her own, by resigning herself to the ardent passion of BROMIUS. BROMIUS was then master of many good qualities and a moderate fortune, which was soon after unexpectedly increased to a plentiful estate. This for a good while proved his misfortune, as it furnished his unexperienced age with the opportunities of evil company, and a sensual life. He might have longer wandered in the labyrinths of vice and folly, had not EMILIA's prudent conduct won him over to the government of his reason. Her ingenuity has been constantly employed in humanizing his passions, and refining his pleasures. She has shewed him by her own example, that virtue is consistent with decent freedoms, and good-humour, or rather that it cannot subsist without them. Her good sense readily instructed her, that a silent example, and an easy unrepining behaviour, will always be more persuasive than the severity of lectures and admonitions; and that there is so much pride interwoven into the make of human nature, that an obstinate man must only take the hint from another, and then be left to advise and correct himself. Thus by an artful train of management, and unseen persuasions, having at first brought him not to dislike, and at length to be pleased with that, which otherwise he would not have bore to hear of, she then knew how to press and secure this advantage, by approving it as his thought, and seconding it as his proposal. By *this* means she has gained an interest in some of his leading passions, and made them accessory to his reformation.

There

There is another particular of EMILIA's conduct which I cannot forbear mentioning; to some, perhaps, it may at first sight appear but a trifling inconsiderable circumstance; but for my part, I think it highly worthy of observation, and to be recommended to the consideration of the *fair-sex*. I have often thought wrapping-gowns and dirty linen, with all that huddled œconomy of dress which passes under the general name of a *mob*, the bane of *conjugal Love*, and one of the readiest means imaginable to alienate the affection of an husband, especially a fond one. I have heard some ladies, who have been surprised by company in such a *desbaille*, apologize for it after this manner: "Truly I am ashamed to be caught in this pickle; but my husband and I were sitting all alone by ourselves, and I did not expect to see such good company." This, by the way, is a fine compliment to the good man, which it is ten to one but he returns in dogged answers and a churlish behaviour, without knowing what it is that puts him out of humour.

EMILIA's observation teaches her, that as little inadvertencies and neglects cast a blemish upon a great character; so the neglect of apparel, even among the most intimate friends, does insensibly lessen their regards to each other, by creating a familiarity too low and contemptible. She understands the importance of those things which the generality account trifles; and considers every thing as a matter of consequence, that has the least tendency towards keeping up or abating the affection of her husband; him she esteems as a fit object to employ her ingenuity in pleasing, because he is to be pleased for life.

By the help of these, and a thousand other nameless arts, which it is easier for her to practise than for another to express, by the obstinacy of her goodness and unprovoked submission, in spite of all her afflictions
and

and ill usage, BROMIUS is become a man of sense and a kind husband, and EMILIA a happy wife.

Ye *Guardian Angels*, to whose care heaven has intrusted its dear EMILIA, guide her still forward in the paths of virtue, defend her from the insolence and wrongs of this undiscerning world; at length when we must no more converse with such purity on earth, lead her gently hence innocent and unrepensible to a better place, where by an easy transition from what she now is, she may shine forth an *Angel of Light*,

T.

No. 303.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 16, 1711-12.

Volet hæc sub luce videri,
Judicis argutum quæ non formidat acumen.

HOR. ARS POET. VER. 363.

"Some choose the clearest light,
"And boldly challenge the most piercing eye."

ROSCOMMON.

CRITICISM ON MILTON'S FIRST BOOK.

I HAVE seen, in the works of a modern philosopher, a map of the spots in the sun. My last paper of the faults and blemishes in MILTON'S *Paradise Lost*, may be considered as a piece of the same nature. To pursue the allusion: as it is observed, that among the bright parts of the luminous body above-mentioned, there are some which glow more intensely, and dart a stronger light than others; so notwithstanding I have already shewn MILTON'S poem to be very beautiful in general, I shall now proceed to take notice of such beauties as appear to me more exquisite than the rest. MILTON has proposed the subject of his poem in the following verses.

"Of man's first disobedience, and the fruit
Of that forbidden tree, whose mortal taste
Brought death into the world and all our woe,
With loss of Eden, till one greater man
Restore us, and regain the blissful seat,
Sing heav'nly Muse!—"

These lines are perhaps as plain, simple, and undorned, as any of the whole Poem, in which particular
the

the author has conformed himself to the example of HOMER, and the precept of HORACE.

The invocation to a work which turns in a great measure upon the creation of the world, is very properly made to the Muse who inspired MOSES in those books from whence our author drew his subject, and to the holy spirit who is therein represented as operating after a particular manner in the first production of nature.— This whole *exordium* rises very happily into noble language and sentiment, as I think the transition to the fable is exquisitely beautiful and natural.

The nine days astonishment, in which the angels lay entranced after their dreadful overthrow and fall from heaven, before they could recover either the use of thought or speech, is a noble circumstance, and very finely imagined. The division of hell into seas of fire, and into firm ground impregnated with the same furious element, with that particular circumstance of the exclusion of *Hope* from those infernal regions, are instances of the same great and fruitful invention.

The thoughts in the first speech and description of SATAN, who is one of the principal actors in this Poem, are wonderfully proper to give us a full idea of him. His pride, envy and revenge, obstinacy, despair and impenitence, are all of them very artfully interwoven. In short, his first speech is a complication of all those passions which discover themselves separately in several other of his speeches in the Poem. The whole part of this great enemy of mankind is filled with such incidents as are very apt to raise and terrify the reader's imagination. Of this nature, in the book now before us, is his being the first that awakens out of the general trance, with his posture on the burning lake, his rising from it, and the description of his shield and spear.

“Thus SATAN talking to his nearest mate,
With head up-lift above the wave, and eyes
That sparkling blaz'd, his other parts beside
Prone on the flood, extended long and large,

Lay

Lay floating many a rood——
 Forthwith upright he rears from off the pool
 His mighty stature; on each hand the flames
 Driv'n backward slope their pointing spires, and roll'd
 In billows, leave i'th' midst a horrid vale.
 Then with expanded wings he steers his flight
 Aloft, incumbent on the dusky air
 That felt unusual weight ——
 —— His pond'rous shield
 Ethereal temper, massy, large and round,
 Behind him cast; the broad circumference
 Hung on his shoulders like the moon, whose orb
 Thro' optic glass the Tuscan artists view
 At ev'ning, from the top of Fesole,
 Or in Valdarno, to descry new lands,
 Rivers, or mountains, on her spotty globe.
 His spear (to equal which the tallest pine
 Hewn on Norwegian hills to be the mast
 Of some great Admiral, were but a wand)
 He walk'd with, to support uneasy steps
 Over the burning marle——”

To which we may add his call to the fallen angels that lay plunged and stupified in the sea of fire.

“ He call'd so loud, that all the hollow deep
 Of hell resounded.”

But there is no single passage in the whole Poem worked up to a greater sublimity, than that wherein his person is described in those celebrated lines :

“ ——He, above the rest
 In shape and gesture proudly eminent,
 Stood like a tower,” &c.

His sentiments are every way answerable to his character, and suitable to a created Being of the most exalted and most depraved nature. Such is that in which he takes possession of his place of torments.

“ Hail horrors ! hail
 Infernal world ! and thou profoundest hell,

Receive

Receive thy new possessor, one who brings
A mind not to be chang'd by place or time."

And afterwards,

"——— Here at least
We shall be free ; th' Almighty hath not built
Here for his envy, will not drive us hence :
Here we may reign secure ; and in my choice
To reign is worth Ambition, tho' in hell :
Better to reign in hell, than serve in heav'n."

Amidst those impieties which this enraged spirit utters in other places of the Poem, the author has taken care to introduce none that is not big with absurdity, and incapable of shocking a religious reader ; his words, as the Poet himself describes them, bearing only a "semblance of worth, not substance." He is likewise with great art described as owning his adversary to be Almighty. Whatever perverse interpretation he puts on the justice, mercy, and other attributes of the Supreme Being, he frequently confesses his Omnipotence, that being the perfection he was forced to allow him, and the only consideration which could support his pride under the shame of his defeat.

Nor must I here omit that beautiful circumstance of his bursting out into tears, upon his survey of those innumerable spirits whom he had involved in the same guilt and ruin with himself.

"——— He now prepared
To speak ; whereat their doubled ranks they bend
From wing to wing, and half inclose him round
With all his peers : attention held them mute.
Thrice he assay'd, and thrice in spite of scorn
Tears, such as angels weep, burst forth———"

The catalogue of evil spirits has abundance of learning in it, and a very agreeable turn of poetry, which rises in a great measure from its describing the places where they were worshipped, by those beautiful marks of rivers

so frequent among the ancient poets. The author had doubtless in this place HOMER's catalogue of ships, and VIRGIL's list of warriors, in his view. The characters of MOLOCH and BELIAL prepare the reader's mind for their respective speeches and behaviour in the second and sixth book. The account of THAMMUZ is finely romantic, and suitable to what we read among the ancients of the worship which was paid to that idol.

“ —THAMMUZ came next behind,
Whose annual wound in LEBANON allur'd
The Syrian damsels to lament his fate,
In am'rous ditties all a summer's day;
While smooth ADONIS from his native rock
Ran purple to the sea, suppos'd with blood
Of THAMMUZ yearly wounded: the love tale
Infected SION's daughters with like heat,
Whose wanton passions in the sacred porch
EZEKIEL saw; when, by the vision led,
His eye survey'd the dark idolatries
Of alienated JUDAH———”

The reader will pardon me if I insert, as a note on this beautiful passage, the account given us by the late ingenious Mr. MAUNDRELL of this ancient piece of worship, and probably the first occasion of such a superstition. ‘We came to a fair large river, doubtless the ancient river Adonis, so famous for the idolatrous rites performed here in lamentation of ADONIS. We had the fortune to see what may be supposed to be the occasion of that opinion which LUCIAN relates concerning this river, viz. That this stream, at certain seasons of the year, especially about the feast of ADONIS, is of a bloody colour, which the Heathens looked upon as proceeding from a kind of sympathy in the river for the death of ADONIS, who was killed by a wild boar in the mountains, out of which this stream rises. Something like this we saw actually come to pass; for the water was stained to a surprising redness; and, as we

observed in travelling, had discoloured the sea a great way into a reddish hue, occasioned doubtless by a sort of *minium*, or red earth, washed into the river by the violence of the rain, and not by any stain from ADONIS's blood.'

The passage in the catalogue, explaining the manner how spirits transform themselves by contraction or enlargement of their dimensions, is introduced with great judgment, to make way for several surprising accidents in the sequel of the Poem. There follows one, at the very end of the first book, which is what the French critics call *marvellous*, but at the same time *probable*, by reason of the passage last mentioned. As soon as the infernal palace is finished, we are told the multitude and rabble of spirits immediately shrunk themselves into a small compass, that there might be room for such a numberless assembly in this capacious hall. But it is the poet's refinement upon this thought, which I most admire, and which is indeed very noble in itself. For he tells us, that notwithstanding the vulgar, among the fallen spirits, contracted their forms, those of the first rank and dignity still preserved their natural dimensions.

" Thus incorporeal spirits to smallest forms
 Reduc'd their shapes immense, and were at large,
 Though without number, still amidst the hall
 Of that infernal court. But far within,
 And in their own dimensions like themselves,
 The great seraphic Lords and Cherubim
 In close recess and secret conclave sat
 A thousand demi-gods on golden seats,
 Frequent and full———"

The character of MAMMON, and the description of the *Pandæmonium*, are full of beauties.

There are several other strokes in the first book wonderfully poetical, and instances of that sublime genius so peculiar to the author. Such is the description of AZAZEL's stature, and the infernal standard which he unfurls;

unfurls ; as also of that ghastly light, by which the fiends appear to one another in their place of torments.

“ The seat of desolation, void of light,
Save what the glimm’ring of those livid flames
Casts pale and dreadful——”

The shout of the whole host of *Fallen Angels* when drawn up in battle array :

“ ——The universal host up sent
A shout that tore Hell’s concave, and beyond
Frighted the reign of CHAOS and old NIGHT.”

The review, which the leader makes of his infernal army ;

“ ——He thro’ the armed files
Darts his experienc’d eye, and soon traverse
The whole battalion views, their order due,
Their visages and stature as of Gods,
Their number last he sums ; and now his heart
Distends with pride, and hard’ning in his strength
Glories——”

The flash of light which appeared upon the drawing of their swords ;

“ He spake ; and to confirm his words out flew
Millions of flaming swords, drawn from the thighs
Of mighty Cherubim ; the sudden blaze
Far round illumin’d hell.——”

The sudden production of the *Pandæmonium* ;

“ Anon out of the earth a fabric huge
Rose like an exhalation, with the sound
Of dulcet symphonies and voices sweet.”

The artificial illumination made in it ;

“ ——From the arched roof
Pendent by subtle magic, many a row

Of starry lamps and blazing cressets,* fed
 With Naphta and Asphaltus, yielded light
 As from a sky———”

There are also several noble similies and allusions in the first book of *Paradise Lost*. And here I must observe, that when MILTON alludes either to things or persons, he never quits his simile until it rises to some very great idea, which is often foreign to the occasion that gave birth to it. The resemblance does not, perhaps, last above a line or two, but the poet runs on with the hint, until he has raised out of it some glorious image or sentiment, proper to inflame the mind of the reader, and to give it that sublime kind of entertainment, which is suitable to the nature of an Heroic Poem. Those who are acquainted with HOMER's and VIRGIL's way of writing, cannot but be pleased with this kind of structure in MILTON's similitudes. I am the more particular on this head, because ignorant readers, who have formed their taste upon the quaint similies and little turns of wit, which are so much in vogue among modern poets, cannot relish these beauties which are of a much higher nature, and are therefore apt to censure MILTON's comparisons, in which they do not see any surprising points of likeness. Monsieur PERRAULT was a man of this vitiated relish, and for that very reason has endeavoured to turn into ridicule several of HOMER's similitudes, which he calls *comparaisons à longue queue*, “long-tailed comparisons.” I shall conclude this paper on the first book of MILTON with the answer which Monsieur BOILEAU makes to PERRAULT on this occasion: “Comparisons, says he, in Odes and Epic Poems, are not introduced only to illustrate and embellish the discourse, but to amuse and relax the mind of the reader, by frequently disengaging him from too painful an attention to the principal

* Cresset, i. e. a blazing light set on a beacon; in French, *croisette*, because beacons formerly had crosses on their tops.

principal subject, and by leading him into other agreeable images. HOMER, says he, excelled in this particular, whose comparisons abound with such images of nature as are proper to relieve and diversify his subjects. He continually instructs the reader, and makes him take notice even in objects which are every day before his eyes, of such circumstances as he should not otherwise have observed." To this he adds, as a maxim universally acknowledged, "that it is not necessary in poetry for the points of the comparison to correspond with one another exactly, but that a general resemblance is sufficient, and that too much nicety in this particular savours of the rhetorician and epigrammatist."

In short, if we look into the conduct of HOMER, VIRGIL, and MILTON, as the great fable is the soul of each poem, so to give their works an agreeable variety, their episodes are so many short fables, and their similies so many short episodes; to which you may add, if you please, that their metaphors are so many short similies. If the reader considers the comparisons in the first book of MILTON, of the sun in an eclipse, of the sleeping Leviathan, of the bees swarming about their hive, of the fairy dance, in the view wherein I have here placed them, he will easily discover the great beauties that are in each of those passages.

L.

N^o. 304.

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 18, 1711-12.

Vulnus alit venis et cœco carpitur igni.

VIRG. ÆN. IV. 2.

“ *Nourishes a wound deep in her veins, and wastes with hidden fire.”

TRAP.

A LETTER ON LOVE, WITH OTHERS ON DIFFERENT
SUBJECTS.

THE circumstances of my correspondent, whose letter I now insert, are so frequent, that I cannot want compassion so much as to forbear laying it before the town. There is something so mean and inhuman in a direct Smithfield bargain for children, that if this lover carries his point, and observes the rules he pretends to follow, I do not only wish him success, but also that it may animate others to follow his example. I know not one motive relating to this life which could produce so many honourable and worthy actions, as the hopes of obtaining a woman of merit. There would ten thousand ways of industry and honest ambition be pursued by young men, who believed that the persons admired had value enough for their passion, to attend the event of their good fortune in all their applications, in order to make their circumstances fall in with the duties they owe to themselves, their families, and their country.

All

* Dido.

All these relations a man should think of who intends to go into the state of marriage, and expects to make it a state of pleasure and satisfaction.

MR. SPECTATOR,

‘ I HAVE for some years indulged a passion for a young lady of age and quality suitable to my own, but very much superior in fortune. It is the fashion with parents (how justly I leave you to judge) to make all regards give way to the article of wealth. From this one consideration it is, that I have concealed the ardent love I have for her; but I am beholden to the force of my love for many advantages which I reaped from it, towards the better conduct of my life. A certain complacency to all the world, a strong desire to oblige where-ever it lay in my power, and a circumspect behaviour in all my words and actions, have rendered me more particularly acceptable to all my friends and acquaintance. Love has had the same good effect upon my fortune; and I have increased in riches, in proportion to my advancement in those arts, which make a man agreeable and amiable. There is a certain sympathy which will tell my mistress from these circumstances, that it is I who *writ* this for her reading, if you will please to insert it. There is not a downright enmity, but a great coldness between our parents; so that if either of us declared any kind sentiments for each other, her friends would be very backward to lay an obligation upon our family, and mine to receive it from hers. Under these delicate circumstances it is no easy matter to act with safety. I have no reason to fancy my mistress has any regard for me, but from a very disinterested value which I have for her. If from any hint in any future paper of yours she gives me the least encouragement, I doubt not but I shall surmount all other difficulties; and inspired by so noble a motive for the care of my fortune, as the belief she is to be concerned

in it, I will not despair of receiving her one day from her father's own hand.

I am,

SIR,

Your most obedient humble servant,

CLYTANDER.

TO HIS WORSHIP THE SPECTATOR.

' The humble Petition of ANTHONY TITLE-PAGE, Stationer, in the *Centre* of Lincoln's-Inn-Fields,

SHEWETH,

' THAT your Petitioner and his fore-fathers have been sellers of books for time immemorial: that your Petitioner's ancestor, CROUCH-BACK TITLE-PAGE, was the first of that vocation in Britain; who keeping his station (in fair weather) at the corner of Lothbury, was by way of eminency called *The Stationer*; a name which from him all succeeding booksellers have affected to bear; that the station of your Petitioner and his father has been in the place of his present settlement ever since that square has been built: that your Petitioner has formerly had the honour of your Worship's custom, and hopes you never had reason to complain of your penny-worths: that particularly he sold you your first LILLY's *Grammar*, and at the same time a WITT's *Commonwealth* almost as good as new: moreover, that your first rudimental essays in Spectatorship were made in your Petitioner's shop, where you often practised, for hours together, sometimes on his books upon the rails, sometimes on the little hieroglyphics, either gilt, silvered, or plain, which the Egyptian woman on the other side of the shop had wrought in gingerbread, and sometimes on the English Youth, who in sundry places there were exercising themselves in the traditional sports of the field.

' From these considerations it is, that your Petitioner is encouraged to apply himself to you, and to proceed

ceed humbly to acquaint your Worship, that he has certain intelligence that you receive great numbers of defamatory letters designed by their authors to be published, which you throw aside and totally neglect: Your Petitioner therefore prays, that you will please to bestow on him those refuse letters, and he hopes by printing them to get a more plentiful provision for his family; or at the worst, he may be allowed to sell them by the pound weight to his good customers the pastry-cooks of London and Westminster.

And your Petitioner shall ever pray, &c.'

TO THE SPECTATOR.

' The humble Petition of BARTHOLOMEW LADYLOVE,
' of Round-Court, in the Parish of St. Martin's in
' the Fields, in behalf of himself and neighbours,

SHEWETH,

' THAT your Petitioners have, with great industry and application, arrived at the most exact art of invitation or entreaty; that by a beseeching air and persuasive address, they have for many years last past peaceably drawn in every tenth passenger, whether they intended or not to call at their shops, to come in and buy; and from that softness of behaviour, have arrived among tradesmen at the gentle appellation of *The Fawners*.

' That there have of late set up amongst us certain persons, from Monmouth-street and Long-lane, who by the strength of their arms, and loudness of their throats, draw off the regard of all passengers from your said Petitioners; from which violence they are distinguished by the name of *The Worriers*.

' That while your Petitioners stand ready to receive passengers with a submissive bow, and repeat with a gentle voice, "Ladies, what do you want? pray look in
here

here ;" the Worriers reach out their hands at pistol-shot, and seize the customers at arms-length.

' That while the Fawners strain and relax the muscles of their faces, in making distinction between a spinster in a coloured scarf and an handmaid in a straw hat, the Worriers use the same roughness to both, and prevail upon the easiness of the passengers, to the impoverishment of your Petitioners.

' Your Petitioners therefore most humbly pray, that the Worriers may not be permitted to inhabit the politer parts of the town ; and that Round-Court may remain a receptacle for buyers of a more soft education.

And your Petitioners, &c.'

* * * The petition of the New-Exchange, concerning the arts of buying and selling, and particularly valuing goods by the complexion of the seller, will be considered on another occasion.

T.

N^o. 305.

TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 19, 1711-12.

Non tali auxilio, nec defensoribus istis
Tempus eget

VIRG. ÆN. ii. 521.

“These times want other aids.”

DRYDEN.

ESTABLISHMENT OF A POLITICAL ACADEMY.

OUR late news-papers being full of the project now on foot in the Court of France, for establishing a *Political Academy*, and I myself having received letters from several virtuosos among my foreign correspondents, which give some light into that affair, I intend to make it the subject of this day's speculation. A general account of this project may be met with in the *Daily Courant* of last Friday in the following words, translated from the *Gazette of Amsterdam*.

Paris, February 12.

‘It is confirmed that the King has resolved to establish a new *Academy* for *Politics*, of which the Marquis de Torcy, Minister and Secretary of State, is to be Protector. Six Academicians are to be chosen, endowed with proper talents, for beginning to form this Academy, into which no person is to be admitted under twenty-five years of age: they must likewise have each an estate of two thousand livres a year, either in possession, or to come to them by inheritance. The King will allow to each a pension of a thousand livres. They are likewise to have able masters to teach them the necessary sciences,

sciences, and to instruct them in all the treaties of peace, alliance, and others, which have been made in several ages past. These members are to meet twice a week at the Louvre. From this seminary are to be chosen Secretaries to Embassies, who by degrees may advance to higher employments.'

CARDINAL RICHELIEU's politics made France the terror of Europe. The statesmen who have appeared in that nation of late years have, on the contrary, rendered it the pity and contempt of its neighbours. The Cardinal erected that famous Academy which has carried all the parts of polite learning to the greatest height. His chief design in that institution, was to divert the men of genius from meddling with politics, a province in which he did not care to have any one else to interfere with him. On the contrary, the Marquis de TORCY seems resolved to make several young men in France as wise as himself, and is therefore taken up at present in establishing a nursery of statesmen.

Some private letters add, that there will also be erected a seminary of *Petticoat Politicians*,* who are to be brought up at the feet of Madame de MAINTENON, and to be dispatched into foreign Courts upon any emergencies of state; but as the news of this last project has not been yet confirmed, I shall take no further notice of it.

Several of my readers may doubtless remember that upon the conclusion of the last war, which had been carried on so successfully by the enemy, their Generals were many of them transformed into Ambassadors: but the conduct of those who have commanded in the present war, has,

* CATHERINE of Medicis employed female politicians to find out the secret views of the Prince of CONDE and other Hugunets. A mistress sent to CHARLES II. by LOUIS XIV. was very instrumental in prevailing on him to join in the infamous combination against Holland.

has, it seems, brought so little honour and advantage to their great Monarch, that he is resolved to trust his affairs no longer in the hands of those military gentlemen.

The regulations of this new Academy very much deserve our attention. The students are to have in possession, or reversion, an estate of two thousand French livres *per annum*, which, as the present exchange runs, will amount to at least one hundred and twenty-six pounds English. This, with the royal allowance of a thousand livres, will enable them to find themselves in coffee and snuff; not to mention news-papers, pens and ink, wax and wafers, with the like necessities, for politicians.

A man must be at least five and twenty before he can be initiated into the mysteries of this Academy, though there is no question, but many grave persons of a much more advanced age, who have been constant readers of the *Paris Gazette*, will be glad to begin the world anew, and enter themselves upon this list of politicians.

The society of these hopeful young gentlemen is to be under the direction of six professors, who, it seems, are to be speculative statesmen, and drawn out of the body of the *Royal Academy*. These six wise masters, according to my private letters, are to have the following parts allotted to them.

The first is to instruct the students in State Legerdemain; as how to take off the impression of a seal, to split a wafer, to open a letter, to fold it up again, with other the like ingenious feats of dexterity and art. When the students have accomplished themselves in this part of their profession, they are to be delivered into the hands of their second instructor, who is a kind of Posture-Master.

This artist is to teach them how to nod judiciously, to shrug up their shoulders in a dubious case, to connive with either eye, and, in a word, the whole practice of political grimace.

The third is a sort of Language-Master, who is to instruct them in the stile proper for a Minister in his ordinary

dinary discourse. And to the end that this College of Statesmen may be thoroughly practised in the political stile, they are to make use of it in their common conversations, before they are employed either in foreign or domestic affairs. If one of them asks another, What o'clock it is? the other is to answer him indirectly, and, if possible, to turn off the question. If he is desired to change a louis d'or, he must beg time to consider of it. If it be enquired of him, whether the King is at Versailles or Marly, he must answer in a whisper. If he be asked the news of the last *Gazette*, or the subject of a proclamation, he is to reply, that he has not yet read it; or if he does not care for explaining himself so far, he needs only draw his brow up in wrinkles, or elevate the left shoulder.

The fourth professor is to teach the whole art of political characters and hieroglyphics; and to the end that they may be perfect also in this practice, they are not to send a note to one another (though it be but to borrow a *Tacitus* or a *Macbiavel*) which is not written in cypher.

Their fifth professor, it is thought, will be chosen out of the society of Jesuits, and is to be well read in the controversies of probable doctrines, mental reservations, and the rights of Princes. This learned man is to instruct them in the Grammar, Syntax, and construing part of Treaty Latin; how to distinguish between the spirit and the letter, and likewise demonstrate how the same form of words may lay an obligation upon any Prince in Europe, different from that which it lays upon his Most Christian Majesty. He is likewise to teach them the art of finding flaws, loop-holes, and evasions, in the most solemn compacts, and particularly a great Rabbinical secret, revived of late years by the fraternity of Jesuits, namely, that contradictory interpretations of the same article may both of them be true and valid.

When our statesmen are sufficiently improved by these several instructors, they are to receive the last polishing from one who is to act among them as Master
of

of the Ceremonies. This gentleman is to give them lectures upon those important points of the Elbow-Chair and the Stair-Head, to instruct them in the different situations of the right-hand, and to furnish them with bows and inclinations of all sizes, measures, and proportions. In short, this professor is to give the society their stiffening, and infuse into their manners that beautiful political starch, which may qualify them for levees, conferences, visits, and make them shine in what vulgar minds are apt to look upon as trifles.

I have not yet heard any further particulars, which are to be observed in this society of unfledged statesmen; but I must confess, had I a son of five and twenty, that should take it into his head at that age to set up for a politician, I think I should go near to disinherit him for a blockhead. Besides, I should be apprehensive lest the same arts which are to enable him to negotiate between Potentates, might a little infect his ordinary behaviour between man and man. There is no question but these young MACHIAVELS will in a little time turn their College upside down with plots and stratagems, and lay as many schemes to circumvent one another in a frog or a sallad, as they may hereafter put in practice to overreach a neighbouring Prince or State.

We are told, that the Spartans, though they punished theft in their young men when it was discovered, looked upon it as honourable if it succeeded. Provided the conveyance was clean and unsuspected, a youth might afterwards boast of it. This, say the historians, was to keep them sharp, and to hinder them from being imposed upon, either in their public or private negotiations. Whether any such relaxations of morality, such little *jeux d'esprit*, ought not to be allowed in this intended seminary of politicians, I shall leave to the wisdom of their founder.

In the mean time, we have fair warning given us by this doughty body of statesmen: and as SYLLA saw many MARIII in CÆSAR, so I think we may discover
many

many TORCVS in this college of Academicians. Whatever we think of ourselves, I am afraid neither our Smyrna or St. James's will be a match for it. Our coffee-houses are, indeed, very good institutions; but whether or no these our British schools of politics may furnish out as able Envoys and Secretaries as an Academy that is set apart for that purpose, will deserve our serious consideration, especially if we remember that our country is more famous for producing men of integrity than statesmen: and that on the contrary, French truth and British policy make a conspicuous figure in *Nothing*; as the Earl of ROCHESTER has very well observed in his admirable poem upon that barren subject.

L.

N^o. 306.

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 20, 1711-12.

Quæ forma, ut se tibi semper
Imputet?—

JUV. SAT. VI. 177.

“What beauty, or what chastity, can bear
“So great a price, if stately and severe
“She still insults?”

DRYDEN.

LETTERS ON THE SMALL-POX.

MR. SPECTATOR,

I WRITE this to communicate to you a misfortune which frequently happens, and therefore deserves a consolatory discourse on the subject. I was, within this half year, in the possession of as much beauty and as many lovers as any young lady in England. But my admirers have left me, and I cannot complain of their behaviour. I have within that time had the *Small-Pox*; and this face, which (according to many amorous epistles which I have by me) was the seat of all that is beautiful in woman, is now disfigured with scars. It goes to the very soul of me to speak what I really think of my face; and though I think I did not over-rate my beauty while I had it, it has extremely advanced in its value with me now it is lost. There is one circumstance which makes my case very particular; the ugliest fellow that ever pretended to me, was and is most in my favour, and he treats me at present the most unreasonably. If you could make him return an obligation which he owes me, in liking a person that is not amiable—But there is, I fear, no possibility of making passion move

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by the rules of reason and gratitude. But say what you can to one who has survived herself, and knows not how to act in a new being. My lovers are at the feet of my rivals, my rivals are every day bewailing me, and I cannot enjoy what I am, by reason of the distracting reflection upon what I was. Consider the woman I was did not die of old age, but I was taken off in the prime of my youth, and according to the course of nature may have forty years *after-life* to come. I have nothing of myself left, which I like, but that

I am,

SIR,

Your most humble servant,

PARTHENISSA.*

When LOUIS of France had lost the battle of Ramillies, the addresses to him at that time were full of his fortitude, and they turned his misfortune to his glory; in that, during his prosperity, he could never have manifested his heroic constancy under distresses, and so the world had lost the most eminent part of his character. PARTHENISSA's condition gives her the same opportunity: and to resign conquests is a task as difficult in a beauty as an hero. In the very entrance upon this work she must burn all her love-letters; or since she is so candid as not to call her lovers who followed her no longer unfaithful, it would be a very good beginning of a new life from that of a beauty, to send them back to those who writ them, with this honest inscription, "Articles of a Marriage-Treaty broken off by the *Small-Pox*." I have known but one instance where a matter of this kind went

* Mr. JOHN DUNCOMBE ascribes this letter to his relation Mr. JOHN HUGHES, and says that the real person alluded to, under the fictitious name of PARTHENISSA, was a Miss ROTHERHAM, sister to the lady of Lord EFFINGHAM, and afterwards married to the Rev. Mr. WYATT, master of Felsted-school, in Essex. *Gent. Mag.* 1780.

went on after a like misfortune, where the lady, who was a woman of spirit, writ this billet to her lover.

SIR,

‘If you flattered me before I had this terrible malady, pray come and see me now : but if you sincerely liked me, stay away ; for I am not the same

GORINNA.’

The lover thought there was something so sprightly in her behaviour that he answered :

MADAM,

‘I AM not obliged, since you are not the same woman, to let you know whether I flattered you or not ; but I assure you I do not, when I tell you I now like you above all your sex, and hope you will bear what may befall me when we are both one, as well as you do what happens to yourself now you are single ; therefore I am ready to take such a spirit for my companion as soon as you please.

AMILCAR.’

If PARTHENISSA can now possess her own mind, and think as little of her beauty as she ought to have done when she had it, there will be no great diminution of her charms ; and if she was formerly affected too much with them, an easy behaviour will more than make up for the loss of them. Take the whole sex together, and you find those who have the strongest possession of men’s hearts are not eminent for their beauty. You see it often happen, that those who engage men to the greatest violence, are such as those who are strangers to them would take to be remarkably defective for that end. The fondest, lover I know, said to me one day in a crowd of women

at an entertainment of music, 'You have often heard me talk of my beloved: that woman there,' continued he, smiling, when he had fixed my eye, 'is her very picture.' The lady he shewed me was by much the least remarkable for beauty of any in the whole assembly; but having my curiosity extremely raised, I could not keep my eyes off her. Her eyes at last met mine, and with a sudden surprise, she looked round her to see who near her was remarkably handsome that I was gazing at. This little act explained the secret. She did not understand herself for the object of love, and therefore she was so. The lover is a very honest plain man; and what charmed him was a person that goes along with him in the cares and joys of life, not taken up with herself, but sincerely attentive, with a ready and chearful mind, to accompany him in either.

I can tell PARTHENISSA for her comfort, that the beauties, generally speaking, are the most impertinent and disagreeable of women. An apparent desire of admiration, a reflection upon their own merit, and a precise behaviour in their general conduct, are almost inseparable accidents in beauties. All you obtain of them is granted to importunity and solicitation, for what did not deserve so much of your time, and you recover from the possession of it, as out of a dream.

You are ashamed of the vagaries of fancy which so strangely misled you, and your admiration of a beauty, merely as such, is inconsistent with a tolerable reflection upon yourself. The chearful good-humoured creatures, into whose heads it never entered that they could make any man unhappy, are the persons formed for making men happy. There is Miss LIDDY can dance a jig, raise paste, write a good hand, keep an account, give a reasonable answer, and do as she is bid; whilst her eldest sister, Madam MARTHA, is out of humour, has the spleen, learns by reports of people of higher quality new ways of being uneasy and displeased. And this happens for no reason in the world but that poor Liddy knows she

has no such thing as a certain negligence *that is so becoming* ; that there is not I know not what in *her air* ; and that if she talks like a fool, there is no one will say, ' Well ! I know not what it is, but *every thing pleases when she speaks it.*'

Ask any of the husbands of your great beauties, and they will tell you that they hate their wives nine hours of every day they pass together. There is such a particularity for ever affected by them, that they are incumbered with their charms in all they say or do. They pray at public devotions as they are beauties. They converse on ordinary occasions as they are beauties. Ask BELINDA what it is o'clock, and she is at a stand whether so great a beauty should answer you. In a word, I think, instead of offering to administer consolation to PARTHENISSA, I should congratulate her metamorphosis ; and however she thinks she was not the least insolent in the prosperity of her charms, she was enough so to find she may make herself a much more agreeable creature in her present adversity. The endeavour to please is highly promoted by a consciousness that the approbation of the person you would be agreeable to, is a favour you do not deserve ; for in this case, assurance of success is the most certain way to disappoint. Good-nature will always supply the absence of beauty, but beauty cannot long supply the absence of good-nature.

P. S.

February 18.

MADAM,

' I HAVE yours of this day, wherein you twice bid me not disoblige you, but you must explain yourself farther, before I know what to do.

Your most obedient servant,

THE SPECTATOR.^a

T.

N^o. 307.

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 21, 1711-12.

———Versate diu, quid ferre recusent,
Quid valeant humeri———.

HOR. ARS POET. VERS. 39.

“———Often try what weight you can support,
“ And what your shoulders are too weak to bear.”

ROSCOMMON.

ON EDUCATION.

I AM so well pleased with the following letter, that I am in hopes it will not be a disagreeable present to the public.

SIR,

‘ THOUGH I believe none of your readers more admire your agreeable manner of working up trifles than myself, yet as your speculations are now swelling into volumes, and will in all probability pass down to future ages, methinks I would have no single subject in them, wherein the general good of mankind is concerned, left unfinished.

‘ I have a long time expected with great impatience, that you would enlarge upon the ordinary mistakes which are committed in the *Education* of our Children. I the more easily flattered myself that you would one time or other resume this consideration, because you tell us that your 168th paper was only composed of a few broken hints, but finding myself hitherto disappointed, I have ventured to send you my own thoughts on this subject.

‘ I remember PERICLES, in his famous oration at the funeral

funeral of those Athenian young men who perished in the Samian expedition, has a thought very much celebrated by several ancient critics, namely, that the loss which the Commonwealth suffered by the destruction of its youth, was like the loss which the year would suffer by the destruction of the Spring. The prejudice which the public sustains from a *wrong Education of Children*, is an evil of the same nature, as it in a manner starves posterity, and defrauds our country of those persons who, with due care, might make an eminent figure in their respective posts of life.

‘ I have seen a book written by JUAN HUARTES, a Spanish physician, intitled *Examen de Ingenios*, wherein he lays it down as one of his first positions, that nothing but nature can qualify a man for learning; and that without a proper temperament for the particular art or science which he studies, his utmost pains and application, assisted by the ablest masters, will be to no purpose.

‘ He illustrates this by the example of TULLY’s son, MARCUS.*

‘ CICERO, in order to accomplish his son in that sort of learning which he designed him for, sent him to Athens, the most celebrated academy at that time in the world, and where a vast concourse, out of the most polite nations, could not but furnish the young gentleman with a multitude of great examples and accidents that might insensibly have instructed him in his designed studies. He placed him under the care of CRATIPPUS, who was one of the greatest Philosophers of the age, and as if all the books which were at that time written had not been sufficient for his use, he composed others on purpose for him: notwithstanding all this, history informs us, that MARCUS proved a mere blockhead, and

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that

* “ Ex paterno ingenio nihil habuit præter urbanitatem, nam huic natura memoriam dēpserat, et si quid ex ea supererat, ebrietas subducebat.”

that nature (who it seems was even with the son for her prodigality to the father) rendered him incapable of improving, by all the rules of eloquence, the precepts of philosophy, his own endeavours, and the most refined conversation in Athens. This author therefore proposes, that there should be certain triers or examiners appointed by the State, to inspect the genius of every particular boy, and to allot him the part that is most suitable to his natural talents.

‘ PLATO in one of his dialogues tells us that SOCRA-
TES, who was the son of a midwife, used to say, that as his mother, though she was very skilful in her profession, could not deliver a woman, unless she was first with child, so neither could he himself raise knowledge out of a mind, where nature had not planted it.

‘ Accordingly the method this Philosopher took of instructing his scholars by several interrogatories or questions, was only helping the birth, and bringing their own thoughts to light.

‘ The Spanish Doctor above-mentioned, as his speculations grow more refined, asserts that every kind of wit has a particular science corresponding to it, and in which alone it can be truly excellent. As to those geniuses, which may seem to have an equal aptitude for several things, he regards them as so many unfinished pieces of nature wrought off in haste.

‘ There are indeed but very few to whom Nature has been so unkind, that they are not capable of shining in some science or other. There is a certain bias towards knowledge in every mind, which may be strengthened and improved by proper applications.

‘ The story of CLAVIUS* is very well known. He was entered in a college of Jesuits, and after having been tried at several parts of learning, was upon the point of being dismissed as an hopeless blockhead, until
one

* CHRISTOPHER CLAVIUS, a geometrician and astronomer, author of five volumes in folio, who died at Rome in 1612.

one of the Fathers took it into his head to make an essay of his parts in geometry, which it seems hit his genius so luckily, that he afterwards became one of the greatest mathematicians of the age. It is commonly thought that the sagacity of these Fathers, in discovering the talent of a young student, has not a little contributed to the figure which their order has made in the world.

‘ How different from this manner of Education is that which prevails in our own country! where nothing is more usual than to see forty or fifty boys of several ages, tempers, and inclinations, ranged together in the same class, employed upon the same authors, and enjoined the same tasks! Whatever their natural genius may be, they are all to be made poets, historians, and orators alike. They are all obliged to have the same capacity, to bring in the same tale of verse, and to furnish out the same portion of prose. Every boy is bound to have as good a memory as the captain of the form. To be brief, instead of adapting studies to the particular genius of a youth, we expect from the young man, that he should adapt his genius to his studies. This, I must confess, is not so much to be imputed to the instructor, as to the parent, who will never be brought to believe, that his son is not capable of performing as much as his neighbour’s, and that he may not make him whatever he has a mind to.

‘ If the present age is more laudable than those which have gone before it, in any single particular, it is in that generous care which several well-disposed persons have taken in the education of poor children; and as in these charity-schools there is no place left for the over-weening fondness of a parent, the directors of them would make them beneficial to the public, if they considered the precept which I have been thus long inculcating. They might easily, by well examining the parts of those under their inspection, make a just distribution of them
into

into proper classes and divisions, and allot to them this or that particular study, as their genius qualifies them for professions, trades, handicrafts, or service by sea or land.

‘ How is this kind of regulation wanting in the three great professions !

‘ Dr. SOUTH, complaining of persons who took upon them holy orders, though altogether unqualified for the sacred function, says somewhere, that many a man runs his head against a pulpit, who might have done his country excellent service at the plough-tale.

In like manner, many a lawyer who makes but an indifferent figure at the Bar, might have made a very elegant waterman, and have shined at the Temple stairs, though he can get no business in the house.

‘ I have known a corn-cutter, who with a right education would have made an excellent physician.

‘ To descend lower, are not our streets filled with sagacious draymen, and politicians in liveries ? We have several taylors of six feet high, and meet with many a broad pair of shoulders that are thrown away upon a barber, when perhaps at the same time we see a pigmy porter reeling under a burden, who might have managed a needle with much dexterity, or have snapped his fingers with great ease to himself, and advantage to the public.

‘ The Spartans, though they acted with the spirit which I am here speaking of, carried it much farther than what I propose. Among them it was not lawful for the father himself to bring up his children after his own fancy. As soon as they were seven years old they were all listed in several companies, and disciplined by the public. The old men were Spectators of their performances, who often raised quarrels among them, and set them at strife with one another, that by those early discoveries they might see how their several talents lay, and without any regard to their quality, disposed of them

them accordingly, for the service of the Commonwealth. By this means SPARTA soon became the mistress of Greece, and famous through the whole world for her civil and military discipline.

‘ If you think this letter deserves a place among your speculations, I may perhaps trouble you with some other thoughts on the same subject.

I am, &c.’

X.

N^o. 308.

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 22, 1711-12.

—— Jam protervā
Fronte petet LALAGE maritum.

HOR. OD. 5. lib. ii. ver. 15.

“ —— LALAGE will soon proclaim
“ Her love, nor blush to own her flame.”

CREECH.

LETTERS.

MR. SPECTATOR,

• I GIVE you this trouble in order to propose myself to you as an assistant in the weighty cares which you have thought fit to undergo for the public good. I am a very great lover of women, that is to say honestly; and as it is natural to study what one likes, I have industriously applied myself to understand them. The present circumstance relating to them is, that I think, there wants under you, as SPECTATOR, a person to be distinguished and vested in the power and quality of a *Censor on Marriages*. I lodge at the Temple, and know, by seeing women coming hither, and afterwards observing them conducted by their Counsel to Judges chambers, that there is a custom in case of making conveyance of a wife's estate, that she is carried to a Judge's apartment, and left alone with him, to be examined in private, whether she has not been frightened or sweetened by her spouse into the act she is going to do, or whether it is of her own free will. Now, if this be a method founded upon reason and equity, why should there not be also a proper officer for examining such as are entering into the state of *Matrimony*, whether they are forced
by

by parents on one side, or moved by interest only on the other, to come together, and bring forth such awkward heirs as are the product of half love and constrained compliances? There is no body, though I say it myself, would be fitter for this office than I am: for I am an ugly fellow, of great wit and sagacity. My father was an hale country squire, my mother a witty beauty of no fortune. The match was made by consent of my mother's parents against her own, and I am the child of the rape on the wedding-night; so that I am as healthy and as homely as my father, but as sprightly and agreeable as my mother. It would be of no great ease to you, if you would use me under you, that matches might be better regulated for the future, and we might have no more children of squabbles. I shall not reveal all my pretensions until I receive your answer; and am,

SIR,

Your most humble servant,

MULES PALFREY.*

MR. SPECTATOR,

'I AM one of those unfortunate men within the city-walls, who am married to a woman of quality, but her temper is something different from that of Lady ANVIL. My lady's whole time and thoughts are spent in keeping up to the mode both in apparel and furniture. All the goods in my house have been changed three times in seven years. I have had seven children by her: and by our *Marriage-Articles* she was to have her apartment new furnished as often as she lay-in. Nothing in our house is useful but that which is fashionable; my pewter holds out generally half a year, my plate a full twelve month; chairs are not fit to sit in that were made two years since, nor beds fit for any thing but to sleep

* See No 299.

2

sleep in, that have stood above that time. My dear is of opinion, that an old-fashioned grate consumes coals, but gives no heat. If she drinks out of glasses of last year, she cannot distinguish wine from small beer. Oh, dear Sir, you may guess all the rest.

Yours.'

P. S. 'I could bear even all this, if I were not obliged also to eat *fashionably*. I have a plain stomach, and have a constant loathing of whatever comes to my own table; for which reason I dine at the chop-house three days in a week; where the good company wonders they never see you of late. I am sure, by your unprejudiced discourses, you love broth better than soup.'

MR. SPECTATOR,

WILL'S, Feb. 19.

'You may believe you are a person as much talked of as any man in town. I am one of your best friends in this house, and have laid a wager, you are so candid a man, and so honest a fellow, that you will print this letter, though it is in recommendation of a new paper called *The Historian*. I have read it carefully, and find it written with skill, good sense, modesty, and fire. You must allow the town is kinder to you than you deserve; and I doubt not but you have so much sense of the world's change of humour, and instability of all human things, as to understand, that the only way to preserve favour is to communicate it to others with good-nature and judgment. You are so generally read, that what you speak of will be read. This, with men of sense and taste, is all that is wanting to recommend *The Historian*.

I am,

SIR,

Your daily advocate,

READER GENTLE.'

I was very much surprised this morning, that any one should find out my lodging, and know it so well, as to come directly to my closet-door, and knock at it, to give me the following letter. When I came out I opened it, and saw, by a very strong pair of shoes and a warm coat the bearer had on, that he walked all the way to bring it me, though dated from York. My misfortune is that I cannot talk, and I found the messenger had so much of me, that he could think better than speak. He had, I observed, a polite discerning hid under a shrewd rusticity. He delivered the paper with a Yorkshire tone and a town leer.

MR. SPECTATOR,

‘THE privilege you have indulged JOHN TROT * has proved of very bad consequence to our illustrious assembly, which, besides the many excellent maxims it is founded upon, is remarkable for the extraordinary decorum always observed in it. One instance of which is, that the Carders (who are always of the first quality) never begin to play until the French-dances are finished, and the country-dances begin: but JOHN TROT having now got your commission in his pocket (which every one here has a profound respect for) has the assurance to set up for a minuet-dancer. Not only so, but he has brought down upon us the whole body of the TROTS, which are very numerous, with their auxiliaries the hobblers and the skippers, by which means the time is so much wasted, that unless we break all rules of government, it must redound to the utter subversion of the Brag Table,† the discreet members of which value time, as FRIBBLE’s wife does her pin-money. We are pretty well assured that your indulgence to TROT was

* See No. 295.

† Brag was in the time of the SPECTATOR a very fashionable game, and was also much practised in JOHNSON’S time. There is a very humorous severe letter upon that in the *Rambler*, No. 15.

was only in relation to country-dances; however, we have deferred issuing an order of council upon the premises, hoping to get you to join with us, that Trot, nor any of his clan, *may not* presume for the future to dance any but country-dances, unless a horn-pipe upon a festival-day. If you will do this, you will oblige a great many ladies, and particularly,

Your most humble servant,

ELIZ. SWEEPSTAKES.

York, Feb. 16.

I NEVER meant any other than that Mr. Trot should confine himself to country-dances. And I further direct, that he shall take out none but his own relations according to their nearness of blood, but any gentlewoman may take out him.

THE SPECTATOR.

London, Feb. 21.

T.

N^o. 309.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 23, 1711-12.

Di, quibus imperium est animarum, umbræque silentes,
 Et Chaos, et Phlegethon, loca nocte silentia late:
 Sit mihi fas audita loqui! sit numine vestro
 Pandere res altâ terrâ et caligine mersas.

VIRG. ÆN. vi. ver. 264.

"Ye realms yet unreveal'd to human sight,
 "Ye Gods who rule the regions of the night,
 "Ye gliding ghosts, permit me to relate
 "The mystic wonders of your silent state."

DRYDEN.

MILTON CONTINUED.—BOOK SECOND.

I HAVE before observed in general, that the persons whom MILTON introduces into his poem always discover such sentiments and behaviour as are in a peculiar manner conformable to their respective characters. Every circumstance in their speeches and actions, is, with great justice and delicacy, adapted to the persons who speak and act. As the poet very much excels in this consistency of his characters, I shall beg leave to consider several passages of the second book in this light. That superior greatness and mock-majesty which is ascribed to the prince of the fallen angels, is admirably preserved in the beginning of this book. His opening and closing the debate; his taking on himself that great enterprise, at the thought of which the whole infernal assembly trembled; his encountering the hideous phantom who guarded the gates of Hell, and appeared to him in all his terrors; are instances of that proud and daring mind which could not brook submission, even to OMNIPOTENCE.

VOL. V.

F

SATAN.

" SATAN was now at hand, and from his seat
The monster moving onward came as fast
With horrid strides, Hell trembled as he strode ;
Th' undaunted fiend what this might be admir'd,
Admird, not fear'd—— "

The same boldness and intrepidity of behaviour discovers itself in the several adventures which he meets with, during his passage through the regions of unformed matter, and particularly in his address to those tremendous powers who are described as presiding over it.

The part of MOLOCH is likewise, in all its circumstances, full of that fire and fury, which distinguish this Spirit from the rest of the fallen angels. He is described in the first book as besmeared with the blood of human sacrifices, and delighted with the tears of parents and the cries of children. In the second book he is marked out as the fiercest Spirit that fought in Heaven : and if we consider the figure which he makes in the sixth book, where the battle of the angels is described, we find it every way answerable to the same furious, enraged character.

" ——Where the might of GABRIEL fought,
And with fierce ensigns pierc'd the deep array
Of MOLOCH, furious king, who him defy'd,
And at his chariot-wheels to drag him bound
Threaten'd, nor from the *Holy One* of Heav'n
Refrain'd his tongue blasphemous : but anon
Down cloven to the waist, with shattered arms
And uncouth pain fled bellowing —— "

It may be worth while to observe, that MILTON has represented this violent impetuous Spirit, who is hurried on by such precipitate passions, as the first that rises in that assembly, to give his opinion upon their present posture of affairs. Accordingly he declares himself abruptly for war, and appears incensed at his companions for losing so much time as even to deliberate upon it.— All his sentiments are rash, audacious, and desperate. Such

Such is that of arming themselves with their tortures, and turning their punishments upon him who inflicted them.

“ ———No, let us rather choose,
 Arm'd with hell flames and fury, all at once
 O'er Heaven's high tow'rs to force resistless way,
 Turning our tortures into horrid arms
 Against the tort'rer; when to meet the noise
 Of his almighty engine he shall hear
 Infernal thunder, and for lightning see
 Black fire and horror shot with equal rage
 Among his angels; and his throne itself
 Mixt with Tartarean sulphur, and strange fire,
 His own invented torments. ——— ”

His preferring annihilation to shame or misery, is also highly suitable to his character; as the comfort he draws from their disturbing the peace of Heaven, that if it be not victory, it is revenge, is a sentiment truly *diabolical*, and becoming the bitterness of this implacable spirit.

BELIAL is described in the first book as the idol of the lewd and luxurious. He is in the second book, pursuant to that description, characterised as timorous and slothful; and if we look into the sixth book, we find him celebrated in the battle of angels for nothing but that scoffing speech which he makes to SATAN, on their supposed advantage over the enemy. As his appearance is uniform, and of a piece, in these three several views, we find his sentiments in the infernal assembly every way conformable to his character. Such are his apprehensions of a second battle, his horrors of annihilation, his preferring to be miserable rather than *not to be*. I need not observe, that the contrast of thought in this speech, and that which precedes it, gives an agreeable variety to the debate.

MAMMON's character is so fully drawn in the first book, that the poet adds nothing to it in the second. We were before told, that he was the first who taught
 mankind

mankind to ransack the earth for gold and silver, and that he was the architect of *Pandaemonium*, or the infernal palace, where the evil spirits were to meet in council. His speech in this book is every way suitable to so depraved a character. How proper is that reflection, of their being unable to taste the happiness of Heaven were they actually there, in the mouth of one, who, while he was in Heaven, is said to have had his mind dazzled with the outward pomps and glories of the place, and to have been more intent on the riches of the pavement, than on the *beatific vision*. I shall also leave the reader to judge how agreeable the following sentiments are to the same character.

“ ———This deep world
Of darkness do we dread? How oft amidst
Thick cloud and dark doth heav’n’s all-ruling Sire
Choose to reside, his glory unobscured,
And with the majesty of darkness round
Covers his throne; from whence deep thunders roar
Must ring their rage, and heav’n resembles hell!
As he our darkness, cannot we his light
Imitate when we please? This desert soil
Wants not her hidden lustre, gems and gold;
Nor want we skill or art, from whence to raise
Magnificence; and what can Heav’n shew more?”

BEELZEBUB, who is reckoned the second in dignity that fell, and is, in the first book, the second that awakens out of the trance, and confers with SATAN upon the situation of their affairs, maintains his rank in the book now before us. There is a wonderful majesty described in his rising up to speak. He acts as a kind of moderator between the two opposite parties, and proposes a third undertaking, which the whole assembly gives into. The motion he makes of detaching one of their body in search of a new world is grounded upon a project devised by SATAN, and cursorily proposed by him in the following lines of the first book.

“ Space may produce new worlds, whereof so rife
 There went a fame in Heav’n, that he ere long
 Intended to create, and therein plant
 A generation, whom his choice regard
 Should favour equal to the sons of Heav’n;
 Thither, if but to pry, shall be perhaps
 Our first eruption, thither or elsewhere:
 For this infernal pit shall never hold
 Celestial spirits in bondage, nor th’ abyss
 Long under darkness cover. But these thoughts
 Full counsel must mature: ——— ——— ”

It is on this project that BEELZEBUB grounds his proposal.

“ ———— What if we find
 Some easier enterprise? There is a place
 (If ancient and prophetic fame in Heav’n
 Err not) another world, the happy seat
 Of some new race call’d *Man*, about this time
 To be created like to us, though less
 In power and excellence, but favoured more
 Of him who rules above; so was his will
 Pronounc’d among the Gods, and by an oath,
 That shook Heav’n’s whole circumference, confirm’d.”

The reader may observe how just it was, not to omit in the first book the project upon which the whole poem turns; as also that the prince of the fallen angels was the only proper person to give it birth, and that the next to him in dignity was the fittest to second and support it.

There is besides, I think, something wonderfully beautiful, and very apt to affect the reader’s imagination, in this ancient prophecy or report in Heaven, concerning the creation of man. Nothing could shew more the dignity of the species than this tradition which ran of them before their existence. They are represented to have been the talk of Heaven before they were created. VIRGIL, in compliment to the Roman *Commonwealth*, makes the heroes of it appear in their state of pre-existence;

tence; but MILTON does a far greater honour to mankind in general, as he gives us a glimpse of them even before they are in being.

The rising of this great assembly is described in a very sublime and poetical manner.

“ Their rising all at once was as the sound
Of thunder heard remote ————— ”

The diversions of the fallen angels, with the particular account of their place of habitation, are described with great pregnancy of thought, and copiousness of invention. The diversions are every way suitable to beings who had nothing left them but strength and knowledge misapplied. Such are their contentions at the race, and in feats of arms, with their entertainments, in the following lines.

“ Others with vast Typhæan rage more fell
Rend up both rocks and hills, and ride the air
In whirlwind, Hell scarce holds the wild uproar.”

Their music is employed in celebrating their own criminal exploits, and their discourse in sounding the unfathomable depths of fate, freewill, and foreknowledge.

The several circumstances in the description of Hell are finely imagined; as the four rivers which disgorge themselves into the *sea of fire*, the extremes of cold and heat, and the river of *Oblivion*. The monstrous animals produced in that infernal world are represented by a single line, which gives us a more horrid idea of them, than a much longer description would have done.

“ ————— Nature breeds,
Perverse, all monstrous, all prodigious things,
Abominable, inutterable, and worse
Than fables yet have feign'd or fear conceiv'd,
Gorgons and Hydras, and Chimeras dire.”

This episode of the fallen spirits and their place of habitation, comes in very happily to unbend the mind of
the

the reader from its attention to the debate. An ordinary poet would indeed have spun out so many circumstances to a great length, and by that means have weakened, instead of illustrated the principal fable.

The flight of SATAN to the gates of Hell is finely imagined.

I have already * declared my opinion of the allegory concerning SIN and DEATH, which is however a very finished piece in its kind, when it is not considered as a part of an Epic Poem. The genealogy of the several persons is contrived with great delicacy. SIN is the daughter of SATAN, and DEATH the offspring of SIN. The incestuous mixture between SIN and DEATH produces those monsters and hell-hounds which from time to time enter into their mother, and tear the bowels of her who gave them birth. These are the terrors of an evil conscience, and the proper fruits of SIN, which naturally rise from the apprehensions of death. This last beautiful moral is, I think, clearly intimated in the speech of SIN, where complaining of this her dreadful issue, she adds,

“ Before mine eyes in opposition sits
Grim DEATH my son and foe, who sets them on,
And me his parent would full soon devour
For want of other prey, but that he knows
His end with mine involv'd——”

I need not mention to the reader the beautiful circumstance in the last part of this quotation. He will likewise observe how naturally the three persons concerned in this allegory are tempted by one common interest to enter into a confederacy together, and how properly SIN is made the portress of Hell, and the only being that can open the gates to that world of tortures.

The descriptive part of this allegory is likewise very strong, and full of sublime ideas. The figure of DEATH,

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the

the regal crown upon his head, his menace of SATAN, his advancing to the combat, the outcry at his birth, are circumstances too noble to be passed over in silence, and extremely suitable to this King of Terrors. I need not mention the justness of thought which is observed in the generation of these several symbolical persons; that SIN was produced upon the first revolt of SATAN, that DEATH appeared soon after he was cast into Hell, and that the terrors of conscience were conceived at the gate of this place of torments. The description of the gates is very poetical, as the opening of them is full of MILTON's spirit.*

“ ————— On a sudden open fly
 With impetuous recoil and jarring sound
 Th' infernal doors, and on their hinges grate
 Harsh thunder, that the lowest bottom shook
 Of EREBUS. She open'd, but to shut
 Excell'd her pow'r; the gates wide open stood,
 That with extended wings a banner'd host
 Under spread ensigns marching might pass through
 With horse and chariots rank'd in loose array;
 So wide they stood, and like a furnace mouth
 Cast forth redounding smoke and ruddy flame.”

In SATAN's voyage through the Chaos there are several imaginary persons described, as residing in that immense waste of matter. This may perhaps be conformable to the taste of those critics who are pleased with nothing in a poet which has not life and manners ascribed to it; but for my own part, I am pleased most with those passages in this description which carry in them a greater measure of probability, and are such as might possibly have happened. Of this kind is his first mounting in the smoke that rises from the infernal pit, his falling into a cloud of nitre, and the like combustible materials, that by their explosion still hurried him forward in his voyage; his springing upward like a pyramid

† See NEWTON's Ed. of MILTON's *Paradise Lost*, vol. i. p. 142, &c.

mid of fire, with his laborious passage through that confusion of elements which the poet calls

“The *womb* of nature and perhaps her *grave*.”

The glimmering light which shot into the Chaos from the utmost verge of the creation, with the distant discovery of the earth that hung close by the moon, are wonderfully beautiful and poetical.

L.

No. 310.

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 25, 1711-12.

Connubio jungam stabili——

VIRG. ÆN. i. 77.

“ I'll tie th' indissoluble Marriage knot.”

LETTERS ON MARRIAGE.

MR. SPECTATOR,

‘ I AM a certain young woman that love a certain young man very heartily ; and my father and mother were for it a great while, but now they say I can do better, but I think I cannot. They bid me not love him, and I cannot unlove him. What must I do ? Speak quickly.

BIDDY DOW-BAKE.’

Feb. 19, 1712.

DEAR SPEC,

‘ I HAVE loved a lady entirely for this year and half, though for a great part of the time (which has contributed not a little to my pain) have been debarred the liberty of conversing with her. The grounds of our difference was this ; that when we had inquired into each other's circumstances, we found that at our first setting out into the world, we should owe five hundred pounds more than her fortune would pay off. My estate is seven hundred pounds a year, besides the benefit

nefit of tin mines. Now, dear SPEC, upon this state of the case, and the lady's positive declaration that there is still no other objection, I beg you will not fail to insert this, with your opinion, as soon as possible, whether this ought to be esteemed a just cause or impediment why we should not be joined, and you will for ever oblige

Yours sincerely,

DICK LOVESICK.

P. S. ' Sir, if I marry this lady by the assistance of your opinion, you may expect a favour for it.'

MR. SPECTATOR,

' I HAVE the misfortune to be one of those unhappy men who are distinguished by the name of *discarded Lovers*; but I am the less mortified at my disgrace, because the young lady is one of those creatures who set up for negligence of men, are forsooth the most rigidly virtuous in the world, and yet their nicety will permit them at the command of parents to go to bed to the most utter stranger that can be proposed to them. As to me myself, I was introduced by the father of my mistress; but find I owe my being at first received to a comparison of my estate with that of a former *Lover*, and that I am now in like manner turned off to give way to an humble servant still richer than I am. What makes this treatment the more extravagant is, that the young lady is in the management of this way of fraud, and obeys her father's orders on these occasions without any manner of reluctance, but does it with the same air that one of your men of the world would signify the necessity of affairs for turning another out of office. When I came home last night, I found this letter from my mistress.

SIR,

SIR,

‘ I HOPE you will not think it is any manner of disrespect to your person or merit, that the intended nuptials between us are interrupted. My father says he has a much better offer for me than you can make, and has ordered me to break off the treaty between us. If it had proceeded, I should have behaved myself with all suitable regard to you, but as it is, I beg we may be strangers for the future. Adieu,

LYDIA.’

THIS great indifference on this subject, and the mercenary motives for making alliances, is what I think lies naturally before you, and I beg of you to give me your thoughts upon it. My answer to LYDIA was follows, which I hope you will approve; for you are to know the woman’s family affect a wonderful ease on these occasions, though they expect it should be painfully received on the man’s side.

MADAM,

‘ I HAVE received yours, and knew the prudence of your house so well, that I always took care to be ready to obey your commands, though they should be to see you no more. Pray give my service to all the good family. Adieu,

CLITOPHON.’

‘The Opera subscription is full.’

Memorandum. The *Censor of Marriages* to consider this letter, and report the common usages on such treaties, with how many pounds or acres are generally esteemed sufficient reason for preferring a new to an old pretender; with his opinion what is proper to be determined in such cases for the future. See No. 308, Let. 1.

MR.

MR. SPECTATOR,

‘ THERE is an elderly person lately left off business and settled in our town, in order, as he thinks, to retire from the world; but he has brought with him such an inclination to tale-bearing, that he disturbs both himself and all our neighbourhood. Notwithstanding this frailty the honest gentleman is so happy as to have no enemy: at the same time he has not one friend who will venture to acquaint him with his weakness. It is not to be doubted, but if this failing were set in a proper light, he would quickly perceive the indecency and evil consequences of it. Now, Sir, this being an infirmity which I hope may be corrected, and knowing that he pays much deference to you, I beg that when you are at leisure to give us a *Speculation on Gossiping*, you would think of my neighbour. You will hereby oblige several who will be glad to find a reformation in their grey-haired friend. How becoming will it be for him, instead of pouring forth words at all adventures, to set a watch before the door of his mouth, to refrain his *tongue*, to check its impetuosity, and guard against the sallies of that *little pert, forward, busy person*; which, under a sober conduct, might prove a useful member of society! In compliance with those intimations, I have taken the liberty to make this address to you.

I am,

SIR,

Your most obscure servant,

PHILANTHROPOS.’

Feb. 16, 1712.

MR. SPECTATOR,

‘ THIS is to petition you in behalf of myself and many more of your gentle readers, that at any time when you may have private reasons against letting us know what you think yourself, you would be pleased to pardon us such letters of your correspondents as seem to be of no use but to the printer.

‘ It

‘ It is further our humble request, that you would substitute advertisements in the place of such epistles ; and that in order hereunto Mr. BUCKLEY may be authorised to take up of your zealous friend Mr. CHARLES LILLIE, any quantity of words he shall from time to time have occasion for.

‘ The many useful parts of knowledge which may be communicated to the public this way, will, we hope, be a consideration in favour of your petitioners.

‘ And your petitioners, &c.’

NOTE, That particular regard be had to this petition ; and the papers marked letter R may be carefully examined for the future.

T.

N^o. 311.

TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 26, 1711-12.

Nec Veneris pharetris macer est, aut lampade fervet:
Inde faces ardent, veniunt à dote sagittæ.

JUV. SAT. VI. 137.

“He sighs, adores, and courts her ev’ry hour:

“Who wou’d not do as much for such a dower?”

DRYDEN.

ON FORTUNE-STEALERS.

MR. SPECTATOR,

‘I AM amazed that among all the variety of characters with which you have enriched your speculations, you have never given us a picture of those audacious young fellows among us, who commonly go by the name of Fortune-Stealers. You must know, Sir, I am one who live in a continual apprehension of this sort of people, that lie in wait day and night for our children, and may be considered as a kind of kidnappers within the law. I am the father of a young heiress, whom I begin to look upon as marriageable, and who has looked upon herself as such for above these six years. She is now in the eighteenth year of her age. The Fortune-Hunters have already cast their eyes upon her, and take care to plant themselves in her view whenever she appears in any public assembly. I have myself caught a young jack-anapes, with a pair of silver-fringed gloves, in the very fact. You must know Sir, I have kept her as a prisoner of state ever since she was in her teens. Her chamber-windows are cross-barred; she is not permitted to go out of the house but with her keeper, who is a staid relation

lation of my own ; I have likewise forbid her the use of pen and ink, for this twelve-month last past, and do not suffer a band-box to be carried into her room before it has been searched. Notwithstanding these precautions, I am at my wits end, for fear of any sudden surprise. There were, two or three nights ago, some fiddles heard in the street, which I am afraid portend me no good ; not to mention a tall Irishman, that has been seen walking before my house more than once this winter. My kinswoman likewise informs me, that the girl has talked to her twice or thrice of a gentleman in a fair wig, and that she loves to go to church more than ever she did in her life. She gave me the slip about a week ago, upon which my whole house was in alarm. I immediately dispatched a hue and cry after her to the Change, to her mantua-maker, and to the young ladies that visit her ; but after above an hour's search she returned of herself, having been taking a walk, as she told me, by ROSAMOND'S Pond. I have hereupon turned off her woman, doubled her guards, and given new instructions to my relation, who to give her her due, keeps a watchful eye over all her motions. This, Sir, keeps me in a perpetual anxiety, and makes me very often watch when my daughter sleeps, as I am afraid she is even with me in her turn. Now Sir, what I would desire of you is, to represent to this fluttering tribe of young fellows, who are for making their fortunes by these indirect means, that stealing a man's daughter for the sake of her portion, is but a kind of a tolerated robbery ; and that they make but a poor amends to the father, whom they plunder after this manner, by going to bed with his child. Dear Sir, be speedy in your thoughts on this subject, that if possible, they may appear before the disbanding of the army.

I am,

SIR,

Your most humble servant,

TIM WATCHWELL.

THEMISTOCLES, the Great Athenian General, being asked whether he would rather choose to marry his daughter to an indigent man of merit, or to a worthless man of an estate, replied, that he should prefer a man without an estate, to an estate without a man. The worst of it is, our modern Fortune-Hunters are those who turn their heads that way, because they are good for nothing else. If a young fellow finds he can make nothing of COKE and LYTTLETON, he provides himself with a ladder of ropes, and by *that means* very often enters upon the premises.

The same art of scaling has likewise been practised with good success by many military engineers. Stratagems of this nature make parts and industry superfluous, and cut short the way to riches.

Nor is vanity a less motive than idleness to this kind of mercenary pursuit. A fop, who admires his person in a glass, soon enters into a resolution of making his fortune by it, not questioning but every woman that falls in his way will do him as much justice as he does himself. When an heiress sees a man throwing particular graces into his ogle, or talking loud within her hearing, she ought to look to herself; but if withal she observes a pair of red heels, a patch, or any other particularity in his dress, she cannot take too much care of her person. These are baits not to be trifled with, charms that have done a world of execution, and made their way into hearts which have been thought impregnable. The force of a man with these qualifications is so well known, that I am credibly informed there are several female undertakers about the Change, who, upon the arrival of a likely man out of a neighbouring kingdom, will furnish him with proper dress from head to foot, to be paid for at a double price on the day of marriage.

We must, however, distinguish between Fortune-Hunters and Fortune-Stealers. The first are those assiduous gentlemen who employ their whole lives in the chase, without ever coming to the quarry. SUFFE-

NUS has combed and powdered at the ladies for thirty years together; and taken his stand in a side-box, until he is grown wrinkled under their eyes. He is now laying the same snares for the present generation of beauties, which he practised on their mothers. CORTILUS, after having made his applications to more than you meet within Mr. COWLEY's ballad of mistresses, was at last smitten with a city lady of 20,000*l.* sterling; but died of old age before he could bring matters to bear.

Nor must I here omit my worthy friend Mr. HONEY-COMB, who has often told us in the club, that for twenty years successively, upon the death of a childless rich man, he immediately drew on his boots, called for his horse, and made up to the widow. When he is rallied upon his ill success, WILL, with his usual gaiety, tells us, that he always found her pre-engaged.

Widows are, indeed, the great game of your Fortune-Hunters. There is scarce a young fellow in the town of six foot high, that has not passed in review before one or other of these wealthy relicts. HUDIBRAS's *Cupid*, who

“ ———— took his stand

Upon a widow's jointure land,”

is daily employed in throwing darts, and kindling flames. But as for widows, they are such a subtle generation of people, that they may be left to their own conduct; or if they make a false step in it, they are answerable for it to no body but themselves. The young innocent creatures who have no knowledge and experience of the world, are those whose safety I would principally consult in this speculation. The stealing of such an one should, in my opinion, be as punishable as a rape. Where there is no judgment there is no choice; and why the inveigling a woman before she is come to years of discretion, should not be as criminal as the seducing of her before she is ten years old, I am at a loss to comprehend.

L.

N^o. 312.

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 27, 1711-12.

Quod huic officium, quæ laus, quod decus erit tanti, quod adipisci cum dolore corporis velit, qui dolorem summum malum sibi persuaserit? Quam porro quis ignominiam, quam turpitudinem non pertulerit, ut effugiat dolorem, si id summum malum esse decreverit?

TULL.

“What duty, what praise, or what honour will he think
 “worth enduring bodily pain for, who has persuaded him-
 “self that pain is the chief evil? Nay, to what ignominy,
 “to what baseness, will he not stoop, to avoid pain, if he
 “has determined it to be the chief evil?”

ON PAIN.

IT is a very melancholy reflection, that men are usually so weak, that it is absolutely necessary for them to know sorrow and pain, to be in their right senses. Prosperous people (for happy there are none) are hurried away with a fond sense of their present condition, and thoughtless of the *mutability of fortune*. Fortune is a term which we must use in such discourses as these, for what is wrought by the unseen hand of the *Disposer of all things*. But, methinks the disposition of a mind which is truly great, is that which makes misfortunes and sorrows little when they befall ourselves, great and lamentable when they befall other men. The most unpardonable malefactor in the world going to his death, and bearing it with composure, would win the pity of those who should behold him; and this, not because his calamity is deplorable, but because he seems himself not to deplore it. We suffer for him who is less sensible of his

own misery, and are inclined to despise him who sinks under the weight of his distresses. On the other hand, without any touch of envy, a temperate and well governed mind looks down on such as are exalted with success, with a certain shame for the imbecility of human nature, that can so far forget how liable it is to calamity, as to grow giddy with only the suspense of sorrow which is the portion of all men. He therefore who turns his face from the unhappy man, who will not look again when his eye is cast upon modest sorrow, who shuns affliction like a contagion, does but pamper himself up for a sacrifice, and contract in himself a greater aptitude to misery by attempting to escape it. A gentleman, where I happened to be last night, fell into a discourse which I thought shewed a good discerning in him. He took notice, that whenever men have looked into their *heart* for the idea of true excellence in human nature, they have found it to consist in suffering after a right manner, and with a good grace. Heroes are always drawn bearing sorrows, struggling with adversities, undergoing all kinds of hardships, and having, in the service of mankind, a kind of appetite to difficulties and dangers. The gentleman went on to observe, that it is from the secret sense of the high merit which there is in patience under calamities, that the writers of romances, * when they attempt to furnish out characters of the highest excellence, ransack Nature for things terrible; they raise a new creation of monsters, dragons, and giants; where the danger ends, the hero ceases; when he has won an empire, or gained his mistress, the rest of his story is not worth relating. My friend carried his discourse so far as to say, that it was

* This observation was just in the time of the SPECTATOR. In the following age the writers of novels took their characters from nature. In the present, our principal writers take their personages from real life; but the inferior class, *quæ maxima pars est*, take them from their own fancy.

was for higher beings than men to join happiness and greatness in the same idea; but that in our condition we have no conception of superlative excellence, or heroism, but as it is surrounded with a shade of distress.

It is certainly the proper education we should give ourselves to be prepared for the ill events and accidents we are to meet with in a life sentenced to be a scene of sorrow: but instead of this expectation, we soften ourselves with prospects of constant delight, and destroy in our minds the seeds of fortitude and virtue, which should support us in hours of anguish. The constant pursuit of pleasure has in it something insolent and improper for our being. There is a pretty sober liveliness in the ode of HORACE to DELIUS, where he tells him, loud mirth, or immoderate sorrow, inequality of behaviour either in prosperity or adversity, are alike ungraceful in man that is born to die. Moderation in both circumstances is peculiar to generous minds. Men of that sort ever taste the gratifications of health, and all other advantages of life, as if they were liable to part with them, and when bereft of them, resign them with a greatness of mind which shews they know their value and duration. The contempt of pleasure is a certain preparatory for the contempt of pain. Without this the mind is, as it were, taken suddenly by an unforeseen event; but he that has always, during health and prosperity, been abstinent in his satisfactions, enjoys, in the worst of difficulties, the reflection, that his anguish is not aggravated with the comparison of past pleasures which upbraid his present condition. TULLY tells us a story after POMPEY, which gives us a good taste of the pleasant manner the men of wit and philosophy had, in old times, of alleviating the distresses of life by the force of reason and philosophy. POMPEY, when he came to Rhodes, had a curiosity to visit the famous Philosopher POSSIDONIUS; but finding him in

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his sick bed, he bewailed the misfortune that he should not hear a discourse from him: "But you may," answered POSSIDONIUS; and immediately entered into the point of stoical philosophy, which says pain is not an evil. During the discourse, upon every puncture he felt from his distemper, he smiled and cried out, "*Pain, Pain*, be as impertinent and troublesome as you please, I shall never own that thou art an *Evil*."

MR. SPECTATOR,

'HAVING seen in several of your papers, a concern for the honour of the clergy, and their doing every thing as becomes their character, and particularly performing the public service with a due zeal and devotion; I am the more encouraged to lay before them, by your means, several expressions used by some of them in their prayers before sermon, which I am not well satisfied in. As their giving some titles and epithets to great men, which are indeed due to them in their several ranks and stations, but not properly used, I think, in our prayers. Is it not contradiction to say, illustrious, right reverend, and right honourable poor sinners? These distinctions are suited only to our state here, and have no place in heaven: we see they are omitted in the liturgy; which I think the clergy should take for their pattern in their own forms of devotion. There is another expression which I would not mention, but that I have heard it several times before a learned congregation, to bring in the last petition of the prayer in these words, "O let not the Lord be angry and I will speak but this once;" as if there was no difference between ABRAHAM'S interceding for Sodom, for which he had no warrant, as we can find, and our asking those things which we are required to pray for; they would therefore have much more reason to fear his anger if they did not make such petitions to him.

him. There is another pretty fancy. When a young man has a mind to let us know who gave him his scarf, he speaks a *parentbesis* to the ALMIGHTY, "Bless, as *I* am in duty bound to pray, the right honourable the Countess;" is not that as much as to say, Bless her, for thou knowest I am her *Chaplain*?

Your humble servant,

J. O.

T.

N^o. 313.

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 28, 1711-12.

Exigite ut mores teneros seu pollice ducat,
 Ut si quis cerâ vultum facit——

JUV. SAT. vii. 237.

“ Bid him besides his daily pains employ,
 “ To form the tender manners of the boy,
 “ And work him, like a waxen babe, with art,
 “ To perfect symmetry in ev’ry part.

CH. DRYDEN.

ON EDUCATION.

I SHALL give the following letter no other recommendation than by telling my readers that it comes from the same hand with that of last Thursday.

SIR,

‘ I SEND you, according to my promise, some farther thoughts on the Education of Youth, in which I intend to discuss that famous question, “ Whether the education at a public school, or under a private tutor, is to be preferred ? ”

‘ As some of the greatest men in most ages have been of very different opinions in this matter, I shall give a short account of what I think may be best urged on both sides, and afterwards leave every person to determine for himself.

‘ It is certain from SÆTONIUS, that the Romans though the *Education of their Children* a business properly belonging to the parents themselves; and PLUTARCH, in the Life of MARCUS CATO, tells us, that as soon as his son was capable of learning, CATO would suffer

suffer no body to teach him but himself, though he had a servant named CHILO, who was an excellent grammarian, and who taught a great many other youths.

‘ On the contrary, the Greeks seemed more inclined to public schools and seminaries.

‘ A *private education* promises in the first place virtue and good breeding; a public school manly assurance, and an early knowledge in the ways of the world.

‘ Mr. LOCKE, in his celebrated *Treatise of Education*, confesses, that there are inconveniencies to be feared on both sides: “ If,” says he, “ I keep my son at home, he is in danger of becoming my young master; if I send him abroad, it is scarce possible to keep him from the reigning contagion of rudeness and vice. He will perhaps be more innocent at home, but more ignorant of the world, and more sheepish when he comes abroad.” However, as this learned author asserts, That virtue is much more difficult to be obtained than knowledge of the world, and that vice is more stubborn, as well as a more dangerous fault than sheepishness, he is altogether for a *private education*; and the more so, because he does not see why a youth, with right management, might not attain the same assurance in his father’s house, as at a public school. To this end he advises parents to accustom their sons to whatever strange faces come to the house; to take them with them when they visit their neighbours, and to engage them in conversation with men of parts and breeding.

‘ It may be objected to this method, that conversation is not the only thing necessary, but that unless it be a conversation with such as are in some measure their equals in parts and years, there can be no room for emulation, contention, and several of the most lovely passions of the mind; which, without being sometimes moved, by these means may possibly contract a dulness and insensibility.

‘ One of the greatest writers our nation ever produced observes, That a boy who forms parties, and makes himself

self popular in a school or a college, would act the same part with equal ease in a senate or a privy-council; and Mr. OSBORNE, speaking like a man versed in the ways of the world, affirms that the well laying and carrying on of a design to rob an orchard, trains up a youth insensibly to caution, secrecy, and circumspection, and fits him for matters of greater importance.

‘In short, a *private education* seems the most natural method for the forming of a virtuous man; a *public education* for making a man of business. The first would furnish out a good subject for PLATO’s *Republic*, the latter a member for a community over-run with artifice and corruption.

‘It must however be confessed, that a person at the head of a public school has sometimes so many boys under his direction, that it is impossible he should extend a due proportion of his care to each of them. This is however, in reality, the fault of the age, in which we often see twenty parents, who, though each expects his son should be made a scholar, are not contented all together to make it worth while for any man of a liberal education to take upon him the care of their instruction.

‘In our great schools indeed this fault has been of late years rectified, so that we have at present not only ingenious men for the chief masters, but such as have proper ushers and assistants under them. I must nevertheless own, that for want of the same encouragement in the country, we have many a promising genius spoiled and abused in those little seminaries.

‘I am the more inclined to this opinion, having myself experienced the usage of two rural masters, each of them very unfit for the trust they took upon them to discharge. The first imposed much more upon me than my parts, though none of the weakest, could endure; and used me barbarously for not performing impossibilities. The latter was of quite another temper; and a boy, who would run upon his errands; wash his coffee-pot; or ring the bell, might have as little conversation

versation with any of the classics as he thought fit. I have known a lad at this place excused his exercise for assisting the cook-maid; and remember a neighbouring gentleman's son was among us five years, most of which time he employed in airing and watering our master's grey pad.* I scorned to compound for my faults, by doing any of these elegant offices, and was accordingly the best scholar, and the worst used of any boy in the school.

'I shall conclude this discourse with an advantage mentioned by QUINTILIAN, as accompanying a public way of education, which I have not yet taken notice of; namely, That we very often contract such friendships at school, as are a service to us all the following parts of our lives.

'I shall give you, under this head, a story very well known to several persons, and which you may depend upon as real truth.

'Every one, who is acquainted with Westminster-school, knows that there is a curtain which used to be drawn across the room, to separate the upper school from the lower. A youth happened, by some mischance, to tear the above-mentioned curtain. The severity of the master† was too well known for the criminal to expect any pardon for such a fault; so that the boy, who was of a meek temper, was terrified to death at the thoughts of his appearance, when his friend who sat next to him, bade him be of good cheer, for that he would take the fault on himself. He kept his word accordingly. As soon as they were grown up to be men, the civil war broke out, in which our two friends took the opposite sides, one of them followed the parliament, the other the royal party.

'As their tempers were different, the youth who had
torn

* FLEETING mentions a country school-master, whose best scholar, a young squire, of seventeen, was beginning his *Syntax*.

† Dr. BUSBY.

torn the curtain, endeavoured to raise himself on the civil list, and the other, who had borne the blame of it, on the military. The first succeeded so well, that he was in a short time made a Judge under the *Proteſtor*. The other was engaged in the unhappy enterprise of PENRUDDOCK and GROVE in the West. I suppose, Sir, I need not acquaint you with the event of that undertaking. Every one knows that the royal party was routed, and all the heads of them, among whom was the curtain champion, imprisoned at Exeter. It happened to be his friend's lot at that time to go the western circuit. The trial of the rebels, as they were then called, was very short, and nothing now remained but to pass sentence on them; when the Judge, hearing the name of his old friend, and observing his face more attentively, which he had not seen for many years, asked him, if he was not formerly a Westminster-scholar? By the answer, he was soon convinced that it was his former generous friend; and without saying any thing more at that time, made the best of his way to London, where employing all his power and interest with the *Proteſtor*, he saved his friend from the fate of his unhappy associates.

‘The gentleman, whose life was thus preserved by the gratitude of his school-fellow, was afterwards the father of a son, whom he lived to see promoted in the church, and who still deservedly fills one of the highest stations in it.*

X.

* The gentleman here alluded to was Colonel WAKE, father to Dr. WAKE, Bishop of Lincoln, and afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury. As PENRUDDOCK, in the course of the trial, takes occasion to say, “he sees Judge NICHOLS on the Bench,” it is most likely, that he was the Judge of the Assize, who tried this cavalier. See Dr. GREY’s *Hudibras*, vol. i. p. 392. *Note*.

N^o. 314.

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 29, 1711-12.

Tandem desine matrem
Tempestiva sequi viro.

HOR. I. OD. XXIII. II.

"Attend thy mother's heels no more,
"Now grown mature for man, and ripe for joy."

CREECH.

LETTERS FROM A YOUNG GENTLEMAN ABOUT HIS MIS-
TRESS; FROM JOHN TROT THE DANCER, &c.

Feb. 7, 1711-12.

MR. SPECTATOR,

'I AM a young man about eighteen years of age, and have been in love with a young woman of the same age about this half-year. I go to see her six days in the week, but never could have the happiness of being with her alone. If any of her friends are at home, she will see me in their company; but if they be not in the way, she flies to her chamber. I can discover no signs of her aversion: but either a fear of falling into the toils of matrimony, or a childish timidity, deprives us of an interview apart, and drives us upon the difficulty of languishing out our lives in fruitless expectation. Now, Mr. SPECTATOR, if you think us ripe for æconomy, persuade the dear creature, that to pine away into barrenness and deformity under a mother's shade, is not so honourable, nor does she appear so amiable, as she would in full bloom.

[There is a great deal left out before he concludes.]

Mr. SPECTATOR,

Your humble servant,

BOB HARMLESS.

If

If this gentleman be really no more than eighteen, I must do him the justice to say he is the most knowing infant I have yet met with. He does not, I fear, yet understand, that all he thinks of is another woman; therefore, until he has given a further account of himself, the young lady is hereby directed to keep close to her mother.

THE SPECTATOR.

I cannot comply with the request in Mr. Trot's letter; but let it go just as it came to my hands, for being so familiar with the old gentleman, as rough as he is to him. Since Mr. Trot has an ambition to make him his father-in-law, he ought to treat him with more respect; besides his stile to me might have been more distant than he has thought fit to afford me: moreover, his mistress shall continue in her confinement, until he has found out which word in his letter is not rightly* spelt.

MR. SPECTATOR,

I SHALL ever own myself your obliged humble servant for the advice you gave me concerning my *dancing*; which unluckily came too late: for, as I said, I would not leave off *capering* until I had your opinion of the matter. I was at our famous assembly the day before I received your papers, and there was observed by an old gentleman, who was informed I had a respect for his daughter. He told me I was an insignificant little fellow, and said, that for the future he would take care of his child; so that he did not doubt but to cross my amorous inclinations. The lady is confined to her chamber, and, for my part, I am ready to hang myself with the thoughts that I have *danced* myself out of favour with her father. I hope you will pardon the trouble I give;

*In the original publication in folio, it is printed *wrightly*, the mis-spelt word probably in Mr. Trot's letter.

give ; but shall take it for a mighty favour, if you will give me a little of your advice to put me in a right way to cheat the old dragon and obtain my mistress.

I am, once more,

SIR,

Your obliged humble servant,

York, Feb. 23, 2
1711-12. }

JOHN TROT.

‘ Let me desire you to make what alterations you please, and insert this as soon as possible. Pardon mistakes by haste.

I NEVER do pardon mistakes by haste.

THE SPECTATOR.

Feb. 27, 1711-12.

SIR,

‘ PRAY be so kind as to let me know what you esteem to be the chief qualification of a good poet, especially of one who writes plays ; and you will very much oblige,

SIR,

Your very humble servant,

N. B.’

To be a very well bred man.*

THE SPECTATOR.

MR. SPECTATOR,

‘ You are to know that I am naturally brave, and love fighting as well as any man in England. This gallant temper

* Probably STEELE thought that good breeding might restrain a man from those indelicacies into which poets of that age often fell. Unless that was his meaning, it is difficult to conceive what was ; as politeness, though it requires common sense, has no connection with genius.

temper of mine makes me extremely delighted with battles on the stage. I give you this trouble to complain to you, that NICOLINI refused to gratify me in that part of the opera for which I have most taste. I observe it is become a custom, that whenever any gentlemen are particularly pleased with a song, at their crying out *Encore* or *Altro Volto*, the performer is so obliging as to sing it over again. I was at the opera the last time *Hydaspes* was performed. At that part of it where the hero engages with the lion, the graceful manner with which he put that terrible monster to death, gave me so great a pleasure, and at the same time so just a sense of that gentleman's intrepidity and conduct, that I could not forbear desiring a repetition of it, by crying out *Altro Volto*, in a very audible voice; and my friends flatter me that I pronounced those words with a tolerable good accent, considering that was but the third opera I had ever seen in my life. Yet, notwithstanding all this, there was so little regard had to me, that the lion was carried off, and went to bed without being killed any more that night. Now, Sir, pray consider, that I did not understand a word of what Mr. NICOLINI said to this cruel creature; besides, I have no ear for music; so that during the long dispute between them, the whole entertainment I had was from my eyes. Why then have not I as much right to have graceful action repeated as another has a pleasing sound, since he only hears, as I only see, and we neither of us know that there is any reasonable thing a doing? Pray Sir, settle the business of this claim in the audience, and let us know when we may cry *Altro Volto Anglicé*, "Again, Again," for the future. I am an Englishman, and expect some reason or other to be given me, and perhaps an ordinary one may serve; but I expect your answer.

I am,

SIR,

Your most humble servant,

TOBY RENTFREE

Nov. 29.

MR. SPECTATOR,

'You must give me leave, amongst the rest of your female correspondents, to address you about an affair which has already given you many a speculation; and which, I know, I need not tell you has had a very happy influence over the adult part of our sex; but as many of us are either too old to learn, or too obstinate in the pursuit of the vanities which have been bred up with us from our infancy, and all of us quitting the stage whilst you are prompting us to act our part well; you ought, methinks, rather to turn your instructions for the benefit of that part of our sex who are yet in their native innocence, and ignorant of the vices and that variety of unhappinesses that reign amongst us.

'I must tell you, Mr. SPECTATOR, that it is as much a part of your office to oversee the education of the female part of the nation, as well as of the male; and to convince the world you are not partial, pray proceed to detect the mal-administration of governesses,* as successfully as you have exposed that of pedagogues; and rescue our sex from the prejudice and tyranny of education as well as that of your own, who, without your seasonable interposition are like to improve upon the vices that are now in vogue,

'I know who the dignity of your post as *Spectator*, and the authority a skilful eye ought to bear in the female world, could not forbear consulting you, and beg your advice in so critical a point, as is that of the education of young gentlewomen. Having already provided myself with a very convenient house in a good air, I am not without hope but that you will promote this generous design. I must

VOL. V.

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farther tell you, Sir, that all who shall be committed to my conduct, besides the usual accomplishments of the needle, dancing, and the French tongue, shall not fail to be your constant readers. It is therefore my humble petition, that you will entertain the town on this important subject, and so far oblige a stranger, as to raise a curiosity and inquiry in my behalf, by publishing the following advertisement.

I am,

SIR,

Your constant admirer,

M. W.

- ADVERTISEMENT.

THE *Boarding-School for Young Gentlewomen*, which was formerly kept on Mile-End-Green, being laid down, there is now one set up almost opposite to it, at the two Golden-Balls, and much more convenient in every respect; where, besides the common instructions given to young gentlewomen, they will be taught the whole art of pastry and preserving, with whatever may render them accomplished. Those who please to make trial of the vigilance and ability of the persons concerned, may enquire at the two Golden-Balls on Mile-End Green, near Stepney, where they will receive further satisfaction.

This is to give notice, that the SPECTATOR has taken upon him to be visitant of all *Boarding-Schools* where *young women* are educated; and designs to proceed in the said office after the same manner that visitants of colleges do in the two famous universities of this land.

All lovers who write to the SPECTATOR, are desired to forbear one expression which is in most of the letters to him, either out of laziness or want of invention, and is true of not above two thousand women in the whole world; viz. "she has in her all that is valuable in woman."

T.

N^o. 315.

SATURDAY, MARCH 1, 1711-12.

Nec Deus intersit, nisi dignus vindici nodus
Inciderit—

HOR. ARS POET. VER. 191.

“Never presume to make a God appear
“But for a business worthy of a God.”*

ROSCOMMON.

CRITICISM ON MILTON.—THIRD BOOK.

HORACE advises a Poet to consider thoroughly the nature and force of his genius. MILTON seems to have known perfectly well wherein his strength lay, and has
H 2 therefore

* Lord KAIMS, in his *Elements of Criticism*, declares his disapprobation of the admission of machinery into an Epic Poem. His reasoning, however, on that subject, though plausible, is far from being conclusive. “It prevents,” he says, “that impression of reality, which is requisite to interest our affections, and to move our passions, which of itself is sufficient to explode machinery.” To this observation of Lord KAIMS the following passage from Dr. BLAIR appears to us a complete answer.

“Though I cannot admit, that machinery is necessary or essential to the Epic plan, neither can I agree with some late critics of considerable name, who are for excluding it totally, as inconsistent with that probability and impression of reality, which they think should reign in this kind of writing. Mankind do not consider poetical writings with so philosophical an eye. They seek entertainment from them; and for the bulk of readers, indeed for almost all men, the marvellous has a great charm. It gratifies and fills the imagination, and gives room for many a striking and sublime description. In Epic Poetry, in particular where admiration and lofty ideas are supposed to reign, the marvellous and supernatural find, if any where, their proper place. They both enable the poet to aggrandize his subject, by means of those august and solemn objects which religion introduces into it; and they allow him to enlarge and diversify his plan, by comprehending within it heaven, and earth, and hell, men and invisible beings, and the whole circle of the universe.”

therefore chosen a subject intirely conformable to those talents of which he was master. As his genius was wonderfully turned to the sublime, his subject is the noblest that could have entered into the thoughts of man. Every thing that is truly great and astonishing has a place in it. The whole system of the intellectual world; the chaos, and the creation; heaven, earth, and hell; enter into the constitution of his *poem*.

Having in the first and second books represented the infernal world with all its horrors, the thread of his *fable* naturally leads him into the opposite regions of bliss and glory.

If MILTON's majesty forsakes him any where, it is in those parts of his poem where the divine *Persons* are introduced as speakers. One may I think observe, that the author proceeds with a kind of fear and trembling, whilst he describes the sentiments of the ALMIGHTY. He dares not give his imagination its full play, but chooses to confine himself to such thoughts as are drawn from the books of the most orthodox divines, and to such expressions as may be met with in Scripture. The beauties, therefore, which we are to look for in these speeches, are not of a poetical nature, nor so proper to fill the mind with sentiments of grandeur, as with thoughts of devotion. The passions, which they are designed to raise, are a divine love and religious fear. The particular beauty of the speeches in the third book, consists in that shortness and perspicuity of stile, in which the poet has couched the greatest mysteries of Christianity, and drawn together, in a regular scheme, the whole dispensation of Providence with respect to man. He has represented all the abstruse doctrines of predestination, free-will and grace, as also the great points of incarnation and redemption, (which naturally grow up in a poem that treats of the fall of man) with great energy of expression, and in a clearer and stronger light than I ever met with in any other writer. As these points are dry in themselves to the generality of readers, the

the concise and clear manner in which he has treated them, is very much to be admired, as is likewise that particular art which he has made use of in the interspersing of all those graces of poetry, which the subject was capable of receiving.

The survey of the whole creation, and of every thing that is transacted in it, is a prospect worthy of Omniscience, and as much above that in which VIRGIL has drawn his JUPITER, as the Christian idea of the Supreme Being is more rational and sublime than that of the Heathens. The particular objects on which he is described to have cast his eye, are represented in the most beautiful and lively manner.*

- * " Now had th' Almighty Father from above
 (From the pure Empyrean where he sits
 High thron'd above all height, bent down his eye,
 His own works and their works at once to view.
 About him all the sanctities of Heav'n
 Stood thick as stars, and from his sight receiv'd
 Beatitude past utterance. On his right
 The radiant image of his glory sat,
 His only Son. On earth he first beheld
 Our two first parents, yet the only two
 Of mankind in the happy garden plac'd,
 Reaping immortal fruits of joy and love ;
 Uninterrupted joy, unrival'd love,
 In blissful solitude. He then survey'd
 Hell and the gulph between, and SATAN there
 Coasting the wall of Heav'n on this side night,
 In the dun air sublime ; and ready now
 To stoop with wearied wings and willing feet
 On the bare outside of this world, that seem'd
 Firm land imbosom'd without firmament ;
 Uncertain which, in ocean, or in air.
 Him God beholding from his prospect high,
 Wherein past, present, future, he beholds,
 Thus to his only Son foreseeing spake."

H 3

SATAN'S

* This picture is given much in the same way as TASSO has given it, Canto I. Stanza 7.

SATAN's approach to the confines of the creation is finely imaged in the beginning of the speech which immediately follows. The effects of this speech in the blessed spirits, and in the divine person to whom it was addressed, cannot but fill the mind of the reader with a secret pleasure and complacency.

“ Thus while God spake, ambrosial fragrance fill'd
All Heav'n, and in the blessed spirits elect
Sense of new joy ineffable diffus'd.
Beyond compare the Son of God was seen
Most glorious; in him all his Father shone
Substantially express'd; and in his face
Divine compassion visibly appear'd,
Love without end, and without measure grace.”

I need not point out the beauty of that circumstance, wherein the whole host of Angels are represented as standing mute; nor shew how proper the occasion was to produce such a silence in Heaven. The close of this divine colloquy, with the hymn of Angels that follows upon it, are so wonderfully beautiful and poetical, that I should not forbear inserting the whole passage, if the bounds of my paper would give me leave.

“ No sooner had the Almighty ceas'd, but all
The multitude of angels with a shout!
(Loud as from numbers without number, sweet
As from blest voices) utt'ring joy, Heav'n rung
With jubilee, and loud HOSANNAS fill'd
Th' eternal regions, &c. &c.——”

SATAN's walk upon the outside of the universe, which at a distance appeared to him of a globular form, but upon his nearer approach looked like an unbounded plain, is natural and noble: as his roaming upon the frontiers of the creation between that mass of matter, which was wrought into a world, and that shapeless unformed heap of materials, which still lay in chaos and confusion, strikes the imagination with something astonishingly

nishingly great and wild. I have before spoken of the *limbo* of *Vanity*, which the poet places upon this outermost surface of the universe, and shall here explain myself more at large on that, and other parts of the poem, which are of the same shadowy nature.

ARISTOTLE observes, that the *fable* of an *Epic Poem* should abound in circumstances that are both credible and astonishing; or, as the French critics choose to phrase it, the fable should be filled with the probable and the marvellous. This rule is as fine and just as any in ARISTOTLE's whole *Art of Poetry*.

If the *fable* is only probable, it differs nothing from a true history; if it is only marvellous, it is no better than a *romance*. The great secret therefore of *Heroic Poetry* is to relate such circumstances as may produce in the reader at the same time both belief and astonishment. This is brought to pass in a well chosen fable, by the account of such things as have really happened, or at least such things as have happened according to the received opinions of mankind. MILTON's *fable* is a master-piece of this nature; as the war in *Heaven*, the condition of the *fallen Angels*, the state of innocence, the temptation of the *Serpent*, and the *fall of Man*, though they are very astonishing in themselves, are not only credible, but actual points of faith.

The next method of reconciling miracles with credibility, is by a happy invention of the *Poet*; as in particular, when he introduces agents of a superior nature, who are capable of effecting what is wonderful, and what is not to be met with in the ordinary course of things. ULYSSES's ship being turned into a rock, and ÆNEAS's fleet into a shoal of water-nymphs, though they are very surprising accidents, are nevertheless probable when we are told that they were the gods who thus transformed them. It is this kind of machinery which fills the *poems* both of HOMER and VIRGIL with such circumstances as are wonderful but not impossible, and so frequently produce in the reader the most pleasing

passion that can rise in the mind of man, which is admiration. If there be any instance in the *Æneid* liable to exception upon this account, it is in the beginning of the third book, where *ÆNEAS* is represented as tearing up the *myrtle* that dropped blood. To qualify this wonderful circumstance, *POLYDORUS* tells a story from the root of the *myrtle*, that the barbarous inhabitants of the country having pierced him with spears and arrows, the wood which was left in his body took root in his wounds, and gave birth to that bleeding tree. This circumstance seems to have the marvellous without the probable, because it is represented as proceeding from natural causes, without the interposition of any god, or other supernatural power capable of producing it. The spears and arrows grow of themselves without so much as the modern help of *enchantment*. If we look into the fiction of *MILTON'S fable*, though we find it full of surprising incidents, they are generally suited to our notions of the things and persons described, and tempered with a due measure of probability. I must only make an exception to the *limbo of Vanity*, with his episode of *Sin and Death*, and some of his imaginary persons in his *Chaos*. These passages are astonishing, but not credible; the reader cannot so far impose upon himself as to see a possibility in them; they are the description of *dreams* and *shadows*, not of things or persons. I know that many critics look upon the stories of *CIRCE*, *POLYPHEME*, the Sirens, nay the whole *Odyssey* and *Iliad*, to be allegories: but allowing this to be true, they are *fables*, which considering the opinions of mankind that prevailed in the age of the *Poet*, might possibly have been according to the letter. The persons are such as might have acted what is ascribed to them, as the circumstances in which they are represented might possibly have been truths and realities. This appearance of probability is so absolutely requisite in the greater kinds of *poetry*, that *ARISTOTLE* observes the ancient tragic writers made use of the names of such great men as had actually

actually lived in the world, though the tragedy proceeded upon adventures they were never engaged in, on purpose to make the subject more credible. In a word, besides the hidden meaning of an *Epic Allegory*, the plain literal sense ought to appear probable. The story should be such as an ordinary reader may acquiesce in, whatever *natural, moral, or political truth* may be discovered in it by men of greater penetration.

SATAN, after having long wandered upon the surface, or outmost wall of the universe, discovers at last a wide gap in it, which led into the creation, and is described as the opening through which the angels pass to and fro into the lower world, upon their errands to mankind. His sitting upon the brink of this passage, and taking a survey of the whole face of nature that appeared to him new and fresh in all its beauties, with the simile illustrating this circumstance, fills the mind of the reader with as surprising and glorious an idea as any that arises in the whole poem. He looks down into that vast hollow of the universe with the eye, or (as MILTON calls it in his first book) with the *ken* of an *Angel*. He surveys all the wonders in this immense amphitheatre that lie between both the poles of Heaven, and takes in at one view the whole round of the creation.

His flight between the several worlds that shined on every side of him, with the particular description of the sun, are set forth in all the wantonness of a luxuriant imagination. His shape, speech, and behaviour upon his transforming himself into an *Angel of Light*, are touched with exquisite beauty. The Poet's thought of directing SATAN to the *Sun*, which in the vulgar opinion of mankind is the most conspicuous part of the creation, and the placing in it an *Angel*, is a circumstance very finely contrived, and the more adjusted to a poetical probability, as it was a received doctrine among the most famous philosophers, that every orb had its *intelligence*; and as an apostle in sacred writ is said to have seen such an *Angel* in the *Sun*. In the answer which
3 this

this *Angel* returns to the disguised evil Spirit, there is such a becoming majesty as is altogether suitable to a Superior Being. The part of it in which he represents himself as present at the creation, is very noble in itself, and not only proper where it is introduced, but requisite to prepare the reader for what follows in the seventh book.

“ I saw when at his word the formless mass,
This world’s material mould came to a heap :
Confusion heard his voice, and wild uproar
Stood rul’d, stood vast infinitude confin’d !
Till at his second bidding darkness fled,
Light shone, &c.”

In the following part of the speech he points out the earth with such circumstances that the reader can scarce forbear fancying himself employed on the same distant view of it.

“ Look downward on the globe whose hither side
With light from hence, though but reflected, shines ;
That place is earth, the seat of Man ; that light
His day, &c.”

I must not conclude my reflections upon this third book of *Paradise Lost*, without taking notice of that celebrated complaint of MILTON with which it opens, and which certainly deserves all the praises that have been given it ; though, as I have before hinted, it may rather be looked upon as an excrescence, than as an essential part of the *poem*. The same observation might be applied to that beautiful digression upon *hypocrisy* in the same book.

L.

No. 316.

MONDAY, MARCH 3, 1711-12.

Libertas ; quæ sera tamen respexit inertem.

VIRG. ECL. i. 28.

“Freedom, which came at length, though slow to come.”

DRYDEN.

IDLENESS.

MR. SPECTATOR,

IF you ever read a letter which is sent with the more pleasure for the reality of its complaints, this may have reason to hope for a favourable acceptance; and if time be the most irretrievable loss, the regrets which follow will be thought, I hope, the most justifiable. The regaining of my liberty from a long state of indolence and inactivity, and the desire of resisting the farther incroachment of *Idleness*, make me apply to you; and the uneasiness with which I recollect the past years, and the apprehensions with which I expect the future, soon determined me to it. *Idleness* is so general a distemper,* that I cannot but imagine a speculation on this subject will be of universal use. There is hardly any one person without

* The following just and animated description of Sloth may be met with in a sermon of an ingenious Scotch clergyman.

“Sloth, that enticing sorceress, enchants us by her smooth promises; and softly whispers in our ears—yet a little sleep, a little slumber, a little folding of the hands to sleep: she administers a poisonous draught, which is drunk with greediness, and is no sooner swallowed, than the head turns giddy, the feet stagger, the joints are without strength, the eyelids close, the body is without life, an useless burden to the earth.”

without some allay of it; and thousands besides myself spend more time in an *idle* uncertainty which to begin first of two affairs, than would have been sufficient to have ended them both. The occasion of this seems to be the want of some necessary employment, to put the spirits in motion, and awaken them out of their lethargy. If I had less leisure, I should have more; for I should then find my time distinguished into portions, some for business and others for the indulging of pleasures: but now one face of *indolence* overspreads the whole, and I have no land-mark to direct myself by. Were one's time a little straitened by business, like water inclosed in its banks, it would have some determined course; but unless it be put into some channel it has no current, but becomes a deluge without either use or motion.

‘ When SCANDERBEG Prince of Epirus was dead, the Turks, who had but too often felt the force of his arm in the battles he had won from them, imagined that by wearing a piece of his bones near their heart, they should be animated with a vigour and force like to that which inspired him when living. As I am like to be but of little use whilst I live, I am resolved to do what good I can after my decease; and have accordingly ordered my bones to be disposed of in this manner for the good of my countrymen, who are troubled with too exorbitant a degree of fire. All fox-hunters, upon wearing me, would in a short time be brought to endure their beds in a morning, and perhaps even quit them with regret at ten. Instead of hurrying away to teaze a poor animal, and run away from their own thoughts, a chair or a chariot would be thought the most desirable means of performing a remove from one place to another. I should be a cure for the unnatural desire of JOHN TROT for dancing, and a specific to lessen the inclination Mrs. FIDGET has to motion, and cause her always to give her approbation to the present place she is in. In fine, no Egyptian mummy was ever half so useful in physic, as I should

I should be to these feverish constitutions, to repress the violent sallies of youth, and give each action its proper weight and repose.

‘ I can stifle any violent inclination, and oppose a torrent of anger, or the solicitations of revenge, with success. Indolence is a stream which flows slowly on, but yet undermines the foundation of every virtue. A vice of a more lively nature were a more desirable tyrant than this rust of the mind, which gives a tincture of its nature to every action of one’s life. It were as little hazard to be tost in a storm, as to lie thus perpetually becalmed: and it is to no purpose to have within one the seeds of a thousand good qualities, if we want the vigour and resolution necessary for the exerting them. Death brings all persons back to an equality; and this image of it, this slumber of the mind, leaves no difference between the greatest genius and the meanest understanding. A faculty of doing things remarkably praise-worthy thus concealed, is of no more use to the owner, than a heap of gold to the man who dares not use it.

‘ To-morrow is still the fatal time when all is to be rectified. To-morrow comes, it goes, and still I please myself with the shadow, whilst I lose the reality: unmindful that the present time alone is ours, the future is yet unborn, and the past is dead, and can only live (as parents in their children) in the actions it has produced.

‘ The time we live ought not to be computed by the number of years, but by the use that has been made of it: thus it is not the extent of ground, but the yearly rent which gives the value to the estate. Wretched and thoughtless creatures, in the only place where covetousness were a virtue, we turn prodigals! Nothing lies upon our hands with such uneasiness, nor has there been so many devices for any one thing, as to make it slide away imperceptibly and to no purpose. A shilling shall be hoarded up with care, whilst that which is above the price

price of an estate, is flung away with disregard and contempt. There is nothing now-a-days so much avoided, as a solicitous improvement of every part of time; it is a report must be shunned as one tenders the name of a wit and a fine genius, and as one fears the dreadful character of a laborious plodder: but notwithstanding this, the greatest wits any age has produced thought far otherwise; for who can think either SOCRATES or DEMOSTHENES lost any reputation, by their continual pains both in overcoming the defects, and improving the gifts of nature. All are acquainted with the labour and assiduity with which TULLY acquired his eloquence. SENECA in his letters to LUCILIUS assures him, there was not a day in which he did not either write something, or read and epitomize some good author; and I remember PLINY in one of his letters, where he gives an account of the various methods he used to fill up every vacancy of time, after several employments which he enumerates; sometimes, says he, I hunt: but even then I carry with me a pocket-book, that whilst my servants are busied in disposing of the nets and other matters, I may be employed in something that may be useful to me in my studies; and that if I miss of my game, I may at the least bring home some of my own thoughts with me, and not have the mortification of having caught nothing all day.

‘ Thus, Sir, you see, how many examples I recal to mind, and what arguments I use with myself, to regain my liberty: but as I am afraid it is no ordinary persuasion that will be of service, I shall expect your thoughts on this subject, with the greatest impatience, especially since the good will not be confined to me alone, but will be of universal use. For there is no hopes of amendment where men are pleased with their ruin, and, whilst they think laziness is a desirable character; whether it be that they like the state itself, or that they think it gives them a new lustre when they do exert themselves, seemingly to be able to do that without labour

labour and application, which others attain to but with the greatest diligence.

I am,

SIR,

Your most obliged humble servant,

THOMAS SLACK.

CLYTANDER TO CLEONE.

MADAM,

‘PERMISSION to love you is all that I desire, to conquer all the difficulties those about you place in my way, to surmount and acquire all those qualifications you expect in him who pretends to the honour of being,

MADAM,

Your most humble servant,

Z.

CLYTANDER.’

N^o. 317.

TUESDAY, MARCH 4, 1711-12.

Fruges consumere nati.

HOR. I. EP. II. 27.

“

Born to drink and eat.”CREECH.

THE JOURNAL OF A PERSON WHO HAD NOTHING TO DO.

AUGUSTUS, a few moments before his death, asked his friends, who stood about him, if they thought he had acted his part well; and upon receiving such an answer as was due to his extraordinary merit, “Let me then,” says he, “go off the stage with your applause;” using the expression with which the Roman actors made their *exit* at the conclusion of a dramatic piece. I could wish that men, while they are in health, would consider well the nature of the part they are engaged in, and what figure it will make in the minds of those they leave behind them: whether it was worth coming into the world for; whether it be suitable to a reasonable being; in short, whether it appears graceful in this life, or will turn to an advantage in the next. Let the sycophant or buffoon, the satirist or the good companion, consider with himself, when his body shall be laid in the grave, and his soul pass into another state of existence, how much it would redound to his praise to have it said of him, that no man in England eat better, that he had an admirable talent at turning his friends into ridicule, that no body out did him at an ill-natured jest, or that he never went to bed before he had dispatched his third bottle. These are, however, very common funeral orations,

tions, and eulogiums on deceased persons who have acted among mankind with some figure and reputation.

But if we look into the bulk of our species, they are such as are not likely to be remembered a moment after their disappearance. They leave behind them no traces of their existence, but are forgotten as though they had never been. They are neither wanted by the poor, regretted by the rich, nor celebrated by the learned. They are neither missed in the commonwealth, nor lamented by private persons. Their actions are of no significance to mankind, and might have been performed by creatures of much less dignity than those who are distinguished by the faculty of reason. An eminent French author speaks somewhere to the following purpose: I have often seen from my chamber-window two noble creatures, both of them of an erect countenance and endowed with Reason. These two intellectual Beings are employed from morning to night, in rubbing two smooth stones one upon another; that is, as the vulgar phrase is, in polishing marble.

My friend Sir ANDREW FREEPORT, as we were sitting in the *Club* last night, gave us an account of a sober citizen, who died a few days since. This honest man being of greater consequence in his own thoughts, than in the eye of the world, had for some years past kept a journal of his life. Sir ANDREW shewed us one week of it. Since the occurrences set down in it mark out such a road of action as that I have been speaking of, I shall present my reader with a faithful copy of it; after having first informed him, that the deceased person had in his youth been bred to trade, but finding himself not so well turned for business, he had for several years last past lived altogether upon a moderate annuity.

MONDAY, *Eight o'clock.* I put on my clothes, and walked into the parlour.

VOL. V.

I

Nine



Nine o'clock ditto. Tied my knee-strings, and washed my hands.

Hours, ten, eleven, and twelve. Smoked three pipes of Virginia. Read the *Supplement and Daily Courant*. Things go ill in the North. Mr. NISBY's * opinion thereupon.

One o'clock in the afternoon. Chid RALPH for mislaying my tobacco-box.

Two o'clock. Sat down to dinner. *Mem.* Too many plumbs and no suet.

From three to four. Took my afternoon's nap.

From four to six. Walked into the fields. Wind S. S. E.

From six to ten. At the Club. Mr. NISBY's opinion about the peace.

Ten o'clock. Went to bed, slept sound.

TUESDAY, BEING HOLIDAY, *Eight o'clock.* Rose as usual.

Nine o'clock. Washed hands and face, shaved, put on my double-soled shoes.

Ten, eleven, twelve. Took a walk to Islington.

One. Took a pot of Mother Cob's mild.

Between two and three. Returned, dined on a knuckle of veal and bacon. *Mem.* sprouts wanting.

Three. Nap as usual.

From four to six. Coffee-house. Read the news. A dish of twist. Grand Visier strangled.

From six to ten. At the Club. Mr. NISBY's account of the Great Turk.

Ten. Dream of the Grand Visier. Broken sleep.

WEDNESDAY,

* It is said in a note, in one of the editions of the *Spectator*, that the journalist here mentioned was a Dissenter, and that a Mr. NESBIT was minister of the congregation to which this person belonged; and that the journalist was continually asking or quoting his pastor's advice on every subject.

WEDNESDAY, *Eight o'clock.* Tongue of my shoe-buckle broke. Hands but not face.

Nine. Paid off the butcher's bill. *Mem.* to be allowed for the last leg of mutton.

Ten, eleven. At the coffee-house. More work in the North. Stranger in a black wig asked me how stocks went.

From twelve to one. Walked in the fields. Wind to the south.

From one to two. Smoked a pipe and a half.

Two. Dined as usual. Stomach good.

Three. Nap broke by the falling of a pewter dish. *Mem.* Cook-maid in love and grown careless.

From four to six. At the coffee-house. Advice from Smyrna that the Grand Visier was first of all strangled, and afterwards beheaded.

Six o'clock in the evening. Was half an hour in the Club before any body else came. Mr. NISBY of opinion that the Grand Visier was not strangled the sixth instant.

Ten at night. Went to bed. Slept without waking until nine the next morning.

THURSDAY, *Nine o'clock.* Staid within until two o'clock for Sir TIMOTHY; who did not bring me my annuity according to his promise.

Two in the afternoon. Sat down to dinner. Loss of appetite. Small-beer sour. Beef over-corned.

Three. Could not take my nap.

Four and five. Gave RALPH a box on the ear. Turned off my cook-maid. Sent a messenger to Sir TIMOTHY.

Mem. I did not go to the Club to-night. Went to bed at nine o'clock.

FRIDAY. Passed the morning in meditation upon Sir TIMOTHY, who was with me a quarter before twelve.

Twelve o'clock. Bought a new head to my cane, and
a tongue

a tongue to my buckle. Drank a glass of purl to recover appetite.

Two and three. Dined and slept well.

From four to six. Went to the coffee-house. Met Mr. NISBY there. Smoked several pipes. Mr. NISBY of opinion that laced coffee is bad for the head.

Six o'clock. At the Club as steward. Sat late.

Twelve o'clock. Went to bed, dreamt that I drank small-beer with the Grand Visier.

SATURDAY. Waked at eleven, walked in the fields, wind N. E.

Twelve. Caught in a shower.

One in the afternoon. Returned home, and dried myself.

Two. Mr. NISBY dined with me. First course, marrow-bones; second, ox-cheek, with a bottle of Brooks and Hellier.

Three. Overslept myself.

Six. Went to the Club. Like to have fallen into a gutter. Grand Visier certainly dead.

&c.

I question not but the reader will be surprised to find the above-mentioned Journalist taking so much care of a life that was filled with such inconsiderable actions, and received so very small improvements; and yet if we look into the behaviour of many whom we daily converse with, we shall find that most of their hours are taken up in those three important articles of eating, drinking, and sleeping. I do not suppose that a man loses his time, who is not engaged in public affairs, or in an illustrious course of action. On the contrary, I believe our hours may very often be more profitably laid out in such transactions as make no figure in the world, than in such as are apt to draw upon them the attention of mankind. One may become wiser and better by several methods of employing one's self in secrecy
and

and silence, and do what is laudable without noise or ostentation. I would, however, recommend to every one of my readers, the keeping a Journal of their lives for one week, and setting down punctually their whole series of employments during that space of time. This kind of self-examination would give them a true state of themselves, and incline them to consider seriously what they are about. One day would rectify the omissions of another, and make a man weigh all those indifferent actions, which, though they are easily forgotten, must certainly be accounted for.

L.

N^o. 318.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 5, 1711-12.

—non omnia possumus omnes.

VIRG. ECL. viii. 63.

“ With different talents form'd, we variously excel.”

LETTERS CONCERNING AN OLD BEAU WHO WAS MAKING
LOVE TO HIS FRIEND'S WIFE.

MR. SPECTATOR,

A CERTAIN vice which you have lately attacked, has not yet been considered by you as growing so deep in the heart of man, that the affectation outlives the practice of it. You must have observed, that men who have been bred in arms preserve to the most extreme and feeble old age a certain daring in their aspect. In like manner, they who have passed their time in gallantry and adventure, keep up, as well as they can, the appearance of it, and carry a petulant inclination to their last moments. Let this serve for a preface to a relation I am going to give you of an old beau in town, that has not only been amorous, and a follower of women in general, but also, in spite of the admonition of grey hairs, been from his sixty-third year to his present seventieth, in an actual pursuit of a young lady, the wife of his friend, and a man of merit. The gay old ESCALUS has wit, good health, and is perfectly well-bred; but from the fashion and manners of the Court, when he was in his bloom, has such a natural tendency to amorous adventure, that he thought it would be an endless reproach to him to make no use of a familiarity he

he was allowed at a gentleman's house, whose good-humour and confidence exposed his wife to the addresses of any who should take it in their head to do him the good office. It is not impossible that ESCALUS might also resent that the husband was particularly negligent of him; and though he gave many intimations of a passion towards the wife, the husband either did not see them, or put him to the contempt of overlooking them. In the mean time ISABELLA, for so we shall call our heroine, saw his passion, and rejoiced in it as a foundation for much diversion, and an opportunity of indulging herself in the dear delight of being admired, addressed to, and flattered, with no ill consequence to her reputation. This lady is of a free and disengaged behaviour, ever in good-humour, such as is the image of innocence with those who are innocent, and an encouragement to vice with those who are abandoned. From this kind of carriage, and an apparent approbation of his gallantry, ESCALUS had frequent opportunities of laying amorous epistles in her way, of fixing his eyes attentively upon her actions, of performing a thousand little offices which are neglected by the unconcerned, but are so many approaches towards happiness with the enamoured. It was now, as is above hinted, almost the end of the seventh year of his passion, when ESCALUS, from general terms, and the ambiguous respect which criminal lovers retain in their addresses, began to bewail that his passion grew too violent for him to answer any longer for his behaviour towards her, and that he hoped she would have consideration for his long and patient respect, to excuse the motions of a heart now no longer under the direction of the unhappy owner of it. Such for some months had been the language of ESCALUS, both in his talk and his letters to ISABELLA; who returned all the profusion of kind things which had been the collection of fifty years with "I must not hear you; you will make me forget that you are a gentleman; I would not willingly lose you as a friend;"

and the like expressions, which the skilful interpret to their own advantage, as well knowing that a feeble denial is a modest assent. I should have told you, that ISABELLA, during the whole progress of this amour, communicated it to her husband; and that an account of ESCALUS's love was their usual entertainment after half a day's absence. ISABELLA, therefore, upon her lover's late more open assaults, with a smile told her husband she could hold out no longer, but that his fate was now come to a crisis. After she had explained herself a little farther, with her husband's approbation, she proceeded in the following manner. The next time that ESCALUS was alone with her, and repeated his importunity, the crafty ISABELLA looked on her fan with an air of great attention, as considering of what importance such a secret was to her; and upon the repetition of a warm expression, she looked at him with an eye of fondness, and told him he was past that time of life which could make her fear he would boast of a lady's favour; then turned away her head, with a very well acted confusion, which favoured the escape of the aged ESCALUS. This adventure was matter of great pleasantry to ISABELLA and her spouse; and they had enjoyed it two days before ESCALUS could recollect himself enough to form the following letter.

MADAM,

‘WHAT happened the other day, gives me a lively image of the inconsistency of human passions and inclinations. We pursue what we are denied, and place our affections on what is absent, though we neglected it when present. As long as you refused my love, your refusal did so strongly excite my passion, that I had not once the leisure to think of recalling my reason to aid me against the design upon your virtue. But when that virtue began to comply in my favour, my reason made an effort over my love, and let me see the baseness of my behaviour, in attempting a woman of honour.

honour. I own to you, it was not without the most violent struggle, that I gained this victory over myself; nay, I will confess my shame, and acknowledge I could not have prevailed but by flight. However, Madam, I beg that you will believe a moment's weakness has not destroyed the esteem I had for you, which was confirmed by so many years of obstinate virtue. You have reason to rejoice that this did not happen within the observation of one of the young fellows, who would have exposed your weakness, and gloried in his own brutish inclinations.

I am,

MADAM,

Your most devoted humble servant."

' ISABELLA, with the help of her husband, returned the following answer.

SIR,

' I CANNOT but account myself a very happy woman, in having a man for a lover that can write so well, and give so good a turn to a disappointment. Another excellence you have above all other pretenders I ever heard of; on occasions where the most reasonable men lose all their reason, you have yours most powerful. We have each of us to thank our genius, that the passion of one abated in proportion, as that of the other grew violent. Does it not yet come into your head to imagine, that I knew my compliance was the greatest cruelty I could be guilty of towards you? In return for your long and faithful passion, I must let you know that you are old enough to become a little more gravity; but if you will leave me, and coquet it any where else, may your mistress yield.

ISABELLA.'

T.

N^o. 319.

THURSDAY, MARCH 6, 1711-12.

Quo teneam vultus mutantem PROTEA nodo?

HOR. I. EP. I. 90.

“ Say while they change on thus, what chains can bind

“ These varying forms, this PROTEUS of the mind?”

FRANCIS.

LETTERS ON DRESS.

I HAVE endeavoured in the course of my papers to do justice to the age, and have taken care as much as possible to keep myself a neuter between both sexes. I have neither spared the ladies out of complaisance, nor the men out of partiality; but notwithstanding the great integrity with which I have acted in this particular, I find myself taxed with an inclination to favour my own half of the species. Whether it be that the women afford a more fruitful field for speculation, or whether they run more in my head than the men, I cannot tell, but I shall set down the charge as it is laid against me in the following letter.

MR. SPECTATOR,

‘ I ALWAYS make one among a company of young females, who peruse your speculations every morning. I am at present commissioned by our whole assembly to let you know, that we fear you are a little inclined to be partial towards your own sex. We must, however, acknowledge, with all due gratitude, that in some cases you have given us our revenge on the men, and done us justice. We could not easily have forgiven you several strokes in the dissection of the *Coquette's heart*, if you had

had not much about the same time, made a sacrifice to us of a *Beau's scull*. *

You may further, Sir, please to remember, that not long since you attacked our hoods and commodest† in such a manner, as to use your own expression, made very many of us ashamed to shew our heads. We must therefore beg leave to represent to you, that we are in hopes, if you would please to make a due inquiry, the men in all ages would be found to have been little less whimsical in adorning that part, than ourselves. The different forms of their wigs, together with the various cocks of their hats, all flatter us in this opinion.

‘ I had an humble servant last summer, who the first time he declared himself was in a full-bottomed wig; but the day after, to my no small surprise, he accosted me in a thin natural one. I received him at this our second interview, as a perfect stranger, but was extremely confounded, when his speech discovered who he was. I resolved, therefore, to fix his face in my memory for the future; but as I was walking in the Park the same evening, he appeared to me in one of those wigs, that I think you call a *Night-Cap*, which had altered him more effectually than before. He afterwards played a couple of black riding wigs upon me with the same success; and in short assumed a new face almost every day in the first month of his courtship.

‘ I observed afterwards, that the variety of cocks into which he moulded his hat, had not a little contributed to his impositions upon me.

‘ Yet as if all these ways were not sufficient to distinguish their heads, you must doubtless, Sir, have observed, that great numbers of young fellows have for several months last past, taken upon them to wear feathers.

‘ We hope, therefore, that these may, with as much justice be called Indian Princes, as you have stiled a woman
man

* No. 281, and No. 275.

† No. 265.

man in a coloured hood an Indian Queen ; and that you will in due time take these airy gentlemen into consideration.

‘ We the more earnestly beg that you would put a stop to this practice, since it has already lost us one of the most agreeable members of our society, who after having refused several good estates, and two titles, was lured from us last week by a *mixed feather*.

‘ I am ordered to present you with the respects of our whole company, and am,

SIR,

your very humble servant,

DORINDA.’

NOTE. ‘ The person wearing the feather, though our friend took him for an officer in the guards, has proved to be an arrant linen-draper.’

I am not now at leisure to give my opinion upon the hat and feather ; however, to wipe off the present imputation, and gratify my female correspondent, I shall here print a letter which I lately received from a man of mode, who seems to have a very extraordinary genius in his way.

SIR,

‘ I PRESUME I need not inform you, that among *Men of Dress* it is a common phrase to say, “ Mr. SUCH-A-ONE has struck a bold stroke ;” by which we understand, that he is the first man who has had courage enough to lead up a fashion. Accordingly, when our taylor takes measure of us, they always demand “ whether we will have a plain suit, or strike a bold stroke.” I think I may without vanity say, that I have struck some of the boldest and most successful strokes of any man in Great Britain. I was the first that struck the long pocket about two years since ; I was likewise the author of the frosted button, which, when I saw the town come readily

readily into, being resolved to strike while the iron was hot, I produced much about the same time the scallop flap, the knotted cravat, and made a fair push for the silver-clocked stocking.

‘ A few months after I brought up the modish Jacket, or the coat with the close sleeves. I struck this at first in a plain Doily ; but that failing, I struck it a second time in blue camblet ; and repeated the stroke in several kinds of cloth, until at last it took effect. There are two or three young fellows at the other end of the town, who have always their eye upon me, and answer me stroke for stroke. I was once so unwary as to mention my fancy in relation to a new-fashioned Surtout before one of these gentlemen, who was disingenuous enough to steal my thought, and by that means prevented my intended stroke.

‘ I have a design this spring to make very considerable innovations in the waistcoat ; and have already begun with a *coup d’esai* upon the sleeves, which has succeeded very well.

‘ I must further inform you, if you will promise to encourage, or at least to connive at me, that it is my design to strike such a stroke the beginning of the next month, as shall surprise the whole town.

‘ I do not think it prudent to acquaint you with all the particulars of my intended Dress ; but will only tell you as a sample of it, that I shall very speedily appear at WHITE’S in a Cherry-coloured *Hat*. I took this hint from the ladies hoods, which I look upon as the boldest stroke that sex has struck for these hundred years last past.

I am, SIR,

Your most obedient, most humble servant,

WILL SPRIGHTLY?

I have not time at present to make any reflections on this letter, but must not, however, omit that having shewn it to WILL HONEYCOMB, he desires to be acquainted with the gentleman who writ it. X.

N^o. 320.

FRIDAY, MARCH 7, 1711-12.

—non pronuba JUNO,
 Non HYMENÆUS ad-st, non ille gratia lecto;
 Eumenides stravere torum.

OVID. MET. vi. 428.

“ Nor HYMEN, nor the Graces here preside,
 “ Nor JUNO to befriend the blooming bride;
 “ But fiends with fun’ral brands the process led,
 “ And furies waited at the genial bed.”

CROKAL.

DESCRIPTION ON AN INQUISITION ON MAIDS AND
 BACHELORS.

MR. SPECTATOR,

YOU have given many hints in your papers to the disadvantage of persons of your own sex, who lay plots upon women. Among other hard words you have published the term *Male Coquettes*, and been very severe upon such as give themselves the liberty of a little dalliance of heart, and playing fast and loose between love and indifference, until perhaps an easy young girl is reduced to sighs, dreams and tears; and languishes away her life for a careless coxcomb, who looks astonished, and wonders at such an effect from what in him was all but common civility. Thus you have treated the men who are irresolute in marriage; but if you design to be impartial, pray be so honest as to print the information I now give you, of a certain set of women who never coquet for the matter, but with an high hand, marry whom they please to whom they please. As for
 my

my part, I should not have concerned myself with them, but that I understand I am pitched upon by them to be married, against my will, to one I never saw in my life. It has been my misfortune, Sir, very innocently to rejoice in a plentiful fortune, of which I am master, to bespeak a fine chariot, to give directions for two or three handsome snuff-boxes, and as many suits of fine clothes: but before any of these were ready, I heard reports of my being to be married to two or three different young women. Upon my taking notice of it to a young gentleman who is often in my company, he told me smiling, I was in the *Inquisition*. You may believe I was not a little startled at what he meant, and more so when he asked me if I had bespoke any thing of late that was fine. I told him several; upon which he produced a description of my person, from the tradesmen whom I had employed, and told me that they had certainly informed against me. Mr. SPECTATOR, whatever the world may think of me, I am more coxcomb than fool, and I grew very inquisitive upon this head, not a little pleased with the novelty. My friend told me there were a certain set of women of fashion, whereof the number of six made a committee, who sat thrice a week, under the title of *The Inquisition on Maids and Bachelors*. It seems, whenever there comes such an unthinking gay thing as myself to town, he must want all manner of necessaries, or be put into the *Inquisition* by the first tradesman he employs. They have constant intelligence with cane-shops, perfumers, toy-men, coach-makers, and china-houses. From these several places these undertakers for marriages have as constant and regular correspondence, as the funeral-men have with vintners and apothecaries. All bachelors are under their immediate inspection, and my friend produced to me a report given in to their board, wherein an old uncle of mine who came to town with me, and myself, were inserted, and we stood thus: the uncle smoky, rotten, poor; the nephew, raw, but no fool,
sound

sound at present, very rich. My information did not end here, but my friend's advices are so good, that he could shew me a copy of the letter sent to the young lady who is to have me; which I inclose to you.

MADAM,

' THIS is to let you know, that you are to be married to a beau that comes out on Thursday six in the evening. Be at the Park. You cannot but know a virgin fop; they have a mind to look saucy, but are out of countenance. The board has denied him to several good families. I wish you joy.

CORINNA.'

What makes my correspondent's case the more deplorable is, that as I find by the report from my *Censor of Marriages*, the friend he speaks of is employed by *The Inquisition*, to take him in, as the phrase is. After all that is told him, he has information only of one woman that is laid for him, and that the wrong one; for the lady commissioners have devoted him to another than the person against whom they have employed their agent his friend to alarm him. The plot is laid so well about this young gentleman, that he has no friend to retire to, no place to appear in, or part of the kingdom to fly into, but he must fall into the notice, and be subject to the power of *The Inquisition*. They have their emissaries and substitutes in all parts of this united kingdom. The first step they usually take, is to find from a correspondence, by their messengers and whispers, with some domestic of the bachelor (who is to be hunted into the toils they have laid for him) what are his manners, his familiarities, his good qualities, or vices; not as the good in him is a recommendation, or the ill a diminution, but as they affect or contribute to the main inquiry, what estate he has in him. When this point is well reported

ported to the board, they can take in a wild roaring fox-hunter, as easily as a soft, gentle young fop of the town. The way is to make all places uneasy to him, but the scenes in which they have allotted him to act. His brother huntsmen, bottle companions, his fraternity of fops, shall be brought into conspiracy against him. Then this matter is not laid in so bare-faced a manner before him as to have it intimated, Mrs. SUCH-A-ONE would make him a very proper wife; but by force of their correspondence they shall make it (as Mr. WALLER said of the marriage of the dwarf) as impracticable to have any woman besides her they design him, as it would have been in ADAM to have refused EVE. The man named by the commission for Mrs. SUCH-A-ONE, shall neither be in fashion, nor dare ever appear in company, should he attempt to evade their determination.

The female sex wholly govern domestic life; and by this means, when they think fit, they can sow dissensions between the dearest friends, nay, make father and son irreconcilable enemies in spite of all the ties of gratitude on one part, and the duty of protection to be paid on the other. The ladies of *The Inquisition* understand this perfectly well; and where love is not a motive to a man's choosing one whom they allot, they can, with very much art, insinuate stories to the disadvantage of his honesty or courage, until the creature is too much dispirited to bear up against a general ill reception, which he every where meets with, and in due time falls into their appointed wedlock for shelter. I have a long letter bearing date the fourth instant, which gives me a large account of the policies of this court; and find there is now before them a very refractory person, who has escaped all their machinations for two years last past: but they have prevented two successive matches which were of his own inclination; the one, by a report that his mistress was to be married, and the very day appointed, wedding-clothes bought, and all things ready for her being given to another; the second time, by insinuating

to all his mistress's friends and acquaintance, that he had been false to several other women, and the like. The poor man is now reduced to profess he designs to lead a single life; but *The Inquisition* give out to all his acquaintance, that nothing is intended but the gentleman's own welfare and happiness. When this is urged, he talks still more humbly, and protests he aims only at a life without pain or reproach; pleasure, honour, and riches are things for which he has no taste. But notwithstanding all this, and what else he may defend himself with, as that the lady is too old or too young, of a suitable humour, or the quite contrary, and that it is impossible they can ever do other than wrangle from June to January, every body tells him all this is spleen, and he must have a wife; while all the members of *The Inquisition* are unanimous in a certain woman for him, and they think they all together are better able to judge than he, or any other private person whatsoever.

Temple, March 3, 1711.

SIR,

‘YOUR Speculation this day on the subject of Idleness has employed me, ever since I read it, in sorrowful reflections on my having loitered away the term (or rather the vacation) of ten years in this place, and unhappily suffered a good chamber and study to lie idle as long. My books (except those I have taken to sleep upon) have been totally neglected, and my Lord Coke and other venerable authors were never so slighted in their lives. I spend most of the day at a neighbouring coffee-house, where we have what I may call a *Lazy Club*. We generally come in night-gowns, with our stockings about our heels, and sometimes but one on. Our salutation at entrance is a yawn and a stretch, and then without more ceremony we take our place at the lolling-table, where our discourse is, what I fear you would not read out therefore shall not insert. But I

assure

assure you, Sir, I heartily lament this loss of time, and am now resolved (if possible, with double diligence) to retrieve it, being effectually awakened, by the arguments of Mr. SLACK, out of the senseless stupidity that has so long possessed me. And to demonstrate that penitence accompanies my confession, and constancy my resolutions, I have locked my door for a year, and desire you would let my companions know I am not within. I am with great respect,

SIR,

Your most obedient servant,

N. E.

T.

N^o. 321.

SATURDAY, MARCH 8, 1711-12.

Nec satis est pulchra esse poemata, dulcia sunt.

HOR. ARS POET. VER. 99.

“It is not enough that poems are beautiful, they must be
“interesting.”

CRITICISM ON MILTON.—FOURTH BOOK.

THOSE, who know how many volumes have been written on the poems of HOMER and VIRGIL, will easily pardon the length of my discourse upon MILTON. The *Paradise Lost* is looked upon by the best judges, as the greatest production, or at least the noblest work of genius in our language, and therefore deserves to be set before an English reader in its full beauty. For this reason, though I have endeavoured to give a general idea of its graces and imperfections in my first six papers, I thought myself obliged to bestow one upon every book in particular. The first three books I have already dispatched, and am now entering upon the fourth. I need not acquaint my reader that there are multitudes of beauties in this great author, especially in the descriptive parts of this poem, which I have not touched upon, it being my intention to point out those only, which appear to me the most exquisite, or those which are not so obvious to ordinary readers. Every one that has read the critics who have written upon the *Odyssey*, the *Iliad*, and the *Æneid*, knows very well, that though they agree in their opinions of the great beauties in those poems, they have nevertheless each of them discovered several master-strokes, which have

have escaped the observation of the rest. In the same manner, I question not but any writer, who shall treat of this subject after me, may find several beauties in MILTON, which I have not taken notice of. I must likewise observe, that as the greatest masters of critical learning differ among one another, as to some particular points in an *Epic Poem*, I have not bound myself scrupulously to the rules which any one of them has laid down upon that art, but have taken the liberty sometimes to join with one, and sometimes with another, and sometimes to differ from all of them, when I have thought that the reason of the thing was on my side.

We may consider the beauties of the fourth book under three heads. In the first are those *pictures* of *still-life*, which we meet with in the description of Eden, Paradise, ADAM's *Bower*, &c. In the next are the *Machines*, which comprehend the speeches and behaviour of the good and bad Angels. In the last is the conduct of ADAM and EVE, who are the principal *Actors* in the *Poem*.

In the description of Paradise, the Poet has observed ARISTOTLE's rule of lavishing all the ornaments of *diction* on the weak unactive parts of the *fable*, which are not supported by the beauty of *sentiments* and *characters*. Accordingly the reader may observe, that the expressions are more florid and elaborate in these descriptions, than in most other parts of the *Poem*. I must further add, that though the *drawings* of gardens, rivers, rainbows, and the like dead pieces of nature, are justly censured in an *Heroic Poem*, when they run out into an unnecessary length, the description of Paradise would have been faulty, had not the Poet been very particular in it, not only as it is the scene of the principal action, but as it is requisite to give us an idea of that happiness from which our first parents fell. The plan of it is wonderfully beautiful, and formed upon the short sketch which we have of it in *Holy Writ*. MILTON's exuberance of imagination has poured forth
such

such a redundancy of ornaments on this seat of happiness and innocence, that it would be endless to point out each particular.

I must not quit this head, without further observing, that there is scarce a speech of ADAM or EVE in the whole poem, wherein the *sentiments* and *allusions* are not taken from this their delightful habitation. The reader, during their whole course of action, always finds himself in the walks of Paradise. In short, as the critics have remarked, that in those poems wherein shepherds are actors, the thoughts ought always to take a tincture from the woods, fields, and rivers; so we may observe, that our first parents seldom lose sight of their happy station in any thing they speak or do; and, if the reader will give me leave to use the expression, that their thoughts are always *paradisiacal*.

We are in the next place to consider the *machines* of the fourth book. SATAN being now within prospect of Eden, and looking round upon the glories of the creation, is filled with sentiments different from those which he discovered whilst he was in Hell. The place inspires him with thoughts more adapted to it. He reflects upon the happy condition from whence he fell, and breaks forth into a speech that is softened with several transient touches of remorse and self-accusation: but at length he confirms himself in impenitence, and in his design of drawing man into his own state of guilt and misery. This conflict of passions is raised with a great deal of art, as the opening of his speech to the sun is very bold and noble.

“ O thou that with surpassing glory crown’d,
Look’st from thy sole dominion like the God
Of this new world; at whose sight all the stars
Hide their diminish’d heads; to thee I call,
But with no friendly voice; and add thy name
O Sun! to tell thee how I hate thy beams,
That bring to my remembrance from what state
I fell, how glorious once above thy sphere.”

This

This speech is, I think, the finest that is ascribed to SATAN in the whole poem. The evil Spirit afterwards proceeds to make his discoveries concerning our first parents, and to learn after what manner they may be best attacked. His bounding over the walls of Paradise; his sitting in the shape of a cormorant upon the tree of life, which stood in the centre of it, and over-topped all the other trees of the garden; his alighting among the herd of animals, which are so beautifully represented as playing about ADAM and EVE, together with his transforming himself into different shapes, in order to hear their conversation; are circumstances that give an agreeable surprise to the reader, and are devised with great art, to connect that series of adventures in which the Poet has engaged this artificer of fraud.

The thought of SATAN's transformation into a cormorant, and placing himself on the tree of life, seems raised upon that passage in the *Iliad*, where two deities are described as perching on the top of an oak in the shape of vultures.

His planting himself at the ear of EVE, under the form of a toad, in order to produce vain dreams and imaginations, is a circumstance of the same nature; as his starting up in his own form is wonderfully fine, both in the literal description, and in the moral which is concealed under it. His answer upon his being discovered, and demanded to give an account of himself, is conformable to the pride and intrepidity of his character.

“Know ye not then, said SATAN, fill'd with scorn,
Know ye not me! Ye knew me once no mate
For you, there sitting where you darst not soar;
Not to know me argues yourselves unknown,
The lowest of your throng——”

ZEPHON's rebuke, with the influence it had on SATAN, is exquisitely graceful and moral. SATAN is afterwards led away to GABRIEL, the chief of the *Guardian Angels*,

who kept watch in Paradise. His disdainful behaviour on this occasion is so remarkable a beauty that the most ordinary reader cannot but take notice of it. GABRIEL's discovering his approach at a distance, is drawn with great strength and liveliness of imagination.

“ O friends, I hear the tread of nimble feet
Hasting this way, and now by glimpse discern
ITHURIEL and ZEPHON through the shade,
And with them comes a third of regal port,
But faded splendor wan ; who by his gait
And fierce demeanour seems the prince of Hell :
Not likely to part hence without contest ;
Stand firm, for in his look defiance low'rs.”

The conference between GABRIEL and SATAN abounds with *sentiments* proper for the occasion, and suitable to the persons of the two speakers. SATAN clothing himself with terror when he prepares for the combat is truly sublime, and at least equal to HOMER's description of DISCORD celebrated by LONGINUS, or to that of FAME in *Virgil*, who are both represented with their feet standing upon the earth, and their heads reaching above the clouds.

“ While thus he spake, th' angelic squadron bright
Turn'd fiery red, sharp'ning in mooned horns
Their phalanx, and began to hem him round
With ported spears, &c.

—— On th' other side SATAN alarm'd,
Collecting all his might dilated stood
Like TENERIFF or ATLAS, unremoved :
His stature reach'd the sky, and on his crest
Sat Horror plum'd ;——”

I must here take notice, that MILTON is every where full of hints, and sometimes literal translations, taken from the greatest of the Greek and Latin Poets. But this I may reserve for a discourse by itself, because I would not break the thread of these speculations, that
are

are designed for English readers, with such reflections as would be of no use but to the learned.

I must however observe in this place, that the breaking off the combat between GABRIEL and SATAN, by the hanging out of the golden scales in Heaven, is a refinement upon HOMER's thought, who tells us, that before the battle between HECTOR and ACHILLES, JUPITER weighed the event of it in a pair of scales. The reader may see the whole passage in the 22d *Iliad*.

VIRGIL, before the last decisive combat, describes JUPITER in the same manner as weighing the fates of TURNUS and ÆNEAS. MILTON, though he fetched this beautiful circumstance from the *Iliad* and *Æneid*, does not only insert it as a poetical embellishment, like the authors above-mentioned; but makes an artful use of it for the proper carrying on of his fable, and for the breaking off the combat between the two warriors, who were upon the point of engaging. To this we may further add, that MILTON is the more justified in this passage, as we find the same noble allegory in *Holy Writ*, where a wicked prince, some few hours before he was assaulted and slain, is said to have been "weighed in the scales, and to have been found wanting."

I must here take notice, under the head of the *Machines*, that URIEL's gliding down to the earth upon a *sun-beam*, with the Poet's device to make him *descend*, as well in his return to the sun as in his coming from it, is a prettiness that might have been admired in a little fanciful poet, but seems below the genius of MILTON. The description of the host of armed Angels walking their nightly round in Paradise is of another spirit.

"So saying, on he led his radiant files,
Dazzling the moon;"

As that account of the hymns which our first parents used to hear them sing in these their midnight walks, is altogether divine, and inexpressibly amusing to the imagination.

We are in the last place, to consider the parts which ADAM and EVE act in the fourth book. The description of them as they first appeared to SATAN, is exquisitely drawn, and sufficient to make the fallen Angel gaze upon them with all that astonishment, and those emotions of envy, in which he is represented.

“ Two of far nobler shape erect and tall,
 God-like erect ! with native honour clad
 In naked majesty, seem'd lords of all ;
 And worthy seem'd : for in their looks divine
 The image of their glorious Maker shone,
 Truth, wisdom, sanctitude, severe and pure ;
 Severe, but in true filial freedom plac'd ;
 For contemplation he and valour form'd,
 For softness she and sweet attractive grace ;
 He for God only, she for God in him.
 His fair large front, and eye sublime, declar'd
 Absolute rule ; and hyacinthin locks
 Round from his parted forelock manly hung
 Clust'ring, but not beneath his shoulders broad,
 She, as a veil, down to her slender waist
 Her unadorned golden tresses wore
 Dis-shevel'd, but in wanton ringlets wav'd.
 So pass'd they naked on, nor shun'd the sight
 Of God or Angel, for they thought n ill :
 So hand in hand they pass'd, the loveliest pair
 That ever since in Love's embraces met.”

There is a fine spirit of poetry in the lines which follow, wherein they are described as sitting on a bed of flowers by the side of a fountain, amidst a mixed assembly of animals.

The speeches of these two first lovers flow equally from passion and sincerity. The professions they make to one another are full of warmth ; but at the same time founded on truth. In a word, they are the gallantries of Paradise.

“ ——— When ADAM first of men——
 Sole partner and sole part of all these joys,

Dearer

Dearer thyself than all;——
 But let us ever praise HIM, and extol
 His bounty, following our delightful task,
 To prune those growing plants, and tend these flow'rs;
 Which were it toilsome, yet with thee were sweet.

“To whom thus EVE reply'd. O thou for whom,
 And from whom I was form'd, flesh of thy flesh,
 And without whom am to no end, my guide
 And head, what thou hast said is just and right,
 For we to HIM indeed all praises owe,
 And daily thanks; I chiefly, who enjoy
 So far the happier lot, enjoying thee
 Pre-eminent by so much odds, while thou
 Like consort to thyself canst no where find, &c.”

The remaining part of EVE's speech, in which she gives an account of herself upon her first creation, and the manner in which she was brought to ADAM, is, I think, as beautiful a passage as any in MILTON, or perhaps in any other poet whatsoever. These passages are all worked off with so much art, that they are capable of pleasing the most delicate reader, without offending the most severe.

“That day I oft remember, when from sleep, &c.”

A poet of less judgment and invention than this great author, would have found it very difficult to have filled these tender parts of the poem with sentiments proper for a state of innocence; to have described the warmth of *Love*, and the professions of it, without artifice or hyperbole; to have made the man speak the most endearing things, without descending from his natural dignity, and the woman receiving them without departing from the modesty of her character; in a word, to adjust the prerogatives of wisdom and beauty, and make each appear to the other in its proper force and loveliness. This mutual subordination of the two sexes is wonderfully kept up in the whole Poem, as particularly in the speech of EVE I have before mentioned, and upon the conclusion of it in the following lines.

So

“ So spake our general mother, and with eyes
Of conjugal attraction unprov'd,
And meek surrender, half embracing lean'd
On our first father; half her swelling breast
Naked met his under the flowing gold
Of her loose tresses hid; he in delight
Both of her beauty and submissive charms
Smil'd with superior love.——”

The Poet adds, that the Devil turned away with envy at the sight of so much happiness.

We have another view of our first parents in their evening discourses, which is full of pleasing images and sentiments suitable to their condition and characters. The speech of EVE, in particular, is dressed up in such a soft and natural turn of words and sentiments, as cannot be sufficiently admired.

I shall close my reflections upon this book, with observing the masterly transition which the Poet makes to their evening worship, in the following lines.

“ Thus at their shady lodge arriv'd, both stood,
Both turn'd, and under open sky ador'd
The God that made both sky, air, earth, and heav'n,
Which they beheld, the moon's resplendent globe
And starry pole: Thou also mad'st the night,
Maker omnipotent, and thou the day, &c.”

Most of the modern Heroic Poets have imitated the ancients, in beginning a speech without premising, that the person said thus or thus; but as it is easy to imitate the ancients in the omission of two or three words, it requires judgment to do it in such a manner as they shall not be missed, and that the speech may begin naturally without them. There is a fine instance of this kind out of HOMER, in the twenty-third chapter of LONGINUS.

L.

NO. 322.

MONDAY, MARCH 10, 1711-12.

—Ad humum mærore gravi deducit et angit.

HOR. ARS POET. V. 110.

“—Grief wrings her soul, and bends it down to earth.”

FRANCIS.

A LETTER FROM A LADY DESERTED BY HER HUSBAND.

IT is often said, after a man has heard a story with extraordinary circumstances, “it is a very good one if it be true:” but as for the following relation, I should be glad were I sure it were false. It is told with such simplicity, and there are so many artless touches of distress in it, that I fear it comes too much from the heart.

MR. SPECTATOR,

‘SOME years ago it happened that I lived in the same house with a young gentleman of merit; with whose good qualities I was so much taken, as to make it my endeavour to shew as many as I was able in myself. Familiar converse improved general civilities into an unfeigned passion on both sides. He watched an opportunity to declare himself to me; and I, who could not expect a man of so great an estate as his, received his addresses in such terms, as gave him no reason to believe I was displeased with them, though I did nothing to make him think me more easy than was decent. His father was a very hard worldly man, and proud; so that there was no reason to believe he would easily be brought to think there was any thing in any woman’s person, or character, that could balance the disadvantage of
of

of an unequal fortune. In the mean time the son continued his application to me, and omitted no occasion of demonstrating the most disinterested passion imaginable to me; and in plain direct terms offered to marry me privately, and keep it so till he should be so happy as to gain his father's approbation, or become possessed of his estate. I passionately loved him, and you will believe I did not deny such a one what was my interest also to grant. However, I was not so young as not to take the precaution of carrying with me a faithful servant, who had been also my mother's maid, to be present at the ceremony. When that was over, I demanded a certificate, signed by the minister, my husband, and the servant I just now spoke of. After our nuptials, we conversed together very familiarly in the same house; but the restraints we were generally under, and the interviews we had being stolen and interrupted, made our behaviour to each other have rather the impatient fondness which is visible in lovers, than the regular and gratified affection which is to be observed in man and wife. This observation made the father very anxious for his son, and press him to a match he had in his eye for him. To relieve my husband from this importunity, and conceal the secret of our marriage, which I had reason to know would not be long in my power in town, it was resolved that I should retire into a remote place in the country, and converse under feigned names by letter. We long continued this way of commerce; and I with my needle, a few books, and reading over and over my husband's letters, passed my time in a resigned expectation of better days. Be pleased to take notice, that within four months after I left my husband, I was delivered of a daughter, who died within a few hours after her birth. This accident, and the retired manner of life I led, gave criminal hopes to a neighbouring brute of a country gentleman, whose folly was the source of all my affliction. This rustic is one of those rich clowns who

supply the want of all manner of breeding by the neglect of it, and with noisy mirth, half understanding, and ample fortune, force themselves upon persons and things, without any sense of time or place. The poor ignorant people where I lay concealed, and now passed for a widow, wondered I could be so shy and strange, as they called it, to the squire; and were bribed by him to admit him whenever he thought fit: I happened to be sitting in a little parlour which belonged to my own part of the house, and musing over one of the fondest of my husband's letters, in which I always kept the certificate of my marriage, when this rude fellow came in, and with the nauseous familiarity of such unbred brutes, snatched the papers out of my hand. I was immediately under so great a concern, that I threw myself at his feet, and begged of him to return them. He, with the same odious pretence to freedom and gaiety, swore he would read them. I grew more importunate, he more curious, till at last, with an indignation arising from a passion I then first discovered in him, he threw the papers into the fire, swearing that since he was not to read them, the man who writ them should never be so happy as to have me read them over again. It is insignificant to tell you my tears and reproaches made the boisterous calf leave the room ashamed and out of countenance, when I had leisure to ruminate on this accident with more than ordinary sorrow. However, such was then my confidence in my husband, that I writ to him the misfortune, and desired another paper of the same kind. He deferred writing two or three posts, and at last answered me in general, That he could not then send me what I asked for; but when he could find a proper conveyance, I should be sure to have it. From this time his letters were more cold every day than other, and as he grew indifferent, I grew jealous. This has at last brought me to town, where I find both the witnesses of my marriage dead, and that my husband, after three months cohabitation, has buried a young lady

lady whom he married in obedience to his father. In a word, he shuns and disowns me. Should I come to the house and confront him, the father would join in supporting him against me, though he believed my story; should I talk it to the world, what reparation can I expect for an injury I cannot make out? I believe he means to bring me, through necessity, to resign my pretensions to him for some provision for my life: but I will die first. Pray bid him remember what he said, and how he was charmed when he laughed at the heedless discovery I often made of myself; let him remember how awkward I was in my dissembled indifference towards him before company; ask him how I who could never conceal my love for him, at his own request can part with him for ever? Oh, Mr. SPECTATOR, sensible spirits know no indifference in marriage: what then do you think is my piercing affliction?— I leave you to represent my distress your own way, in which I desire you to be speedy, if you have compassion for innocence exposed to infamy.

OCTAVIA.*

T.

* The situation of EVELINA's mother, as described by Miss BURNEY, was similar to that of OCTAVIA, and produced a letter to the man who had deceived her, replete with most pathetic eloquence.

N^o. 323.

TUESDAY, MARCH 11, 1711-12.

Modò vir, modò fœmina

VIRG.

" Sometimes a man, sometimes a woman."

JOURNAL OF A FINE LADY.

THE journal, with which I presented my reader on Tuesday last, has brought me in several letters, with accounts of many private lives cast into that form. I have the *Rake's Journal*, the *Sot's Journal*, the *Whoremaster's Journal*, and among several others, a very curious piece, intituled, *The Journal of a Mobock*. By these instances I find that the intention of my last Tuesday's paper has been mistaken by many of my readers. I did not design so much to expose vice as idleness, and aimed at those persons who pass away their time rather in trifles and impertinence, than in crimes and immoralities. Offences of this latter kind are not to be dallied with, or treated in so ludicrous a manner. In short, my journal only holds up folly to the light, and shews the disagreeableness of such actions as are indifferent in themselves, and blameable only as they proceed from creatures endowed with reason.

My following correspondent, who calls herself CLARINDA, is such a journalist as I require. She seems by her letter to be placed in a modish state of indifference between vice and virtue, and to be susceptible of either, were there proper pains taken with her. Had her journal been filled with gallantries, or such occurrences as had shewn her wholly divested of her natural innocence,

cence, notwithstanding it might have been more pleasing to the generality of readers, I should not have published it: but as it is only the picture of a life filled with a fashionable kind of gaiety and laziness, I shall set down five days of it, as I have received it from the hand of my fair correspondent.

DEAR MR. SPECTATOR,

‘ You having set your readers an exercise in one of your last week’s papers, I have performed mine according to your orders, and herewith send it you inclosed. You must know, MR. SPECTATOR, that I am a maiden lady of a good fortune, who have had several matches offered me for these ten years last past, and have at present warm applications made to me by “ A very Pretty Fellow.” As I am at my own disposal, I come up to town every winter, and pass my time in it after the manner you will find in the following journal, which I began to write upon the very day after your *Spe&ator* upon that subject.’

TUESDAY night. Could not go to sleep till one in the morning for thinking of my journal.

WEDNESDAY. *From eight till ten.* Drank two dishes of chocolate in bed, and fell asleep after them.

From ten to eleven. Eat a slice of bread and butter, drank a dish of Bohea, read the *Spe&ator*.

From eleven to one. At my toilette; tryed a new hood. Gave orders for VERNY to be combed and washed. Mem. I look best in blue.

From one, till half an hour after two. Drove to the Change. Cheapened a couple of fans.

Till four. At dinner. Mem. Mr. FROTH passed by in his new liveries.

From four to six. Dressed; paid a visit to old lady
BLITHE

BLITHE and her sister, having before heard they were gone out of town that day.

From six to eleven. At Basset. *Mem.* Never set again upon the ace of diamonds.

THURSDAY. *From eleven at night to eight in the morning.* Dream'd that I punted to Mr. FROTH.

From eight to ten. Chocolate. Read two acts in *Aurengzebe** a bed.

From ten to eleven. Tea-table. Sent to borrow Lady FADDLE's Cupid for VENY. Read the play bills. Received a letter from Mr. FROTH. *Mem.* Locked it up in my strong box.

Rest of the morning. FONTANGE, the tire-woman, her account of my Lady BLITHE's wash. Broke a tooth in my little tortoise-shell comb. Sent FRANK to know how my Lady HECTIC rested after her monkey's leaping out at window. Looked pale. FONTANGE tells me my glass is not true. Dressed by three.

From three to four. Dinner cold before I sat down.

From four to eleven. Saw company. Mr. FROTH's opinion of MILTON. His account of the Mohocks. His fancy of a pin-cushion. Picture in the lid of his snuff box.* Old lady FADDLE promises me her woman to cut my hair. Lost five guineas at Crimp.

Twelve o'clock at night. Went to bed.

FRIDAY. *Eight in the morning.* A-bed. Read over all Mr. FROTH's letters. CUPID and VENY.

Ten o'clock. Stayed within all day, not at home.

From ten to twelve. In conference with my mantua-maker.

* DRYDEN's tragedy of *Aurengzebe* was in very great request among people of fashion, in the time of the SPECTATOR.

* A very natural picture of the desultory conversation of beaux, in an age when they were still more ignorant than they are now. Even they at present partake in some degree of the knowledge so generally diffused.

maker. Sorted a suit of ribbons. Broke my blue china cup.

From twelve to one. Shut myself up in my chamber, practised Lady BETTY MODLEY's skuttle.*

One in the afternoon. Called for my flowered handkerchief. Worked half a violet leaf in it. Eyes ached and head out of order. Threw by my work, and read over the remaining part of *Aurengzebe*.

From three to four. Dined.

From four to twelve. Changed my mind, dressed, went abroad, and played at Crimp till midnight. Found Mrs. SPITELY at home. Conversation: Mrs. BRILLIANT's necklace false stones. Old lady LOVEDAY going to be married to a young fellow that is not worth a groat. Miss PRUE gone into the country. TOM TOWNLEY has red hair. *Mem.* Mrs. SPITELY whispered in my ear that she had something to tell me about Mr. FROTH; I am sure it is not true.

Between twelve and one. Dreamed that Mr. FROTH lay at my feet, and called me INDAMORA.

SATURDAY. Rose at eight o'clock in the morning. Sat down to my toilette.

From eight to nine. Shifted a patch for half an hour before I could determine it. Fixed it above my left eyebrow.

From nine to twelve. Drank my tea, and dressed.

From twelve to two. At chapel. A great deal of good company. *Mem.* The third air in the new opera. Lady BLITHE dressed frightfully.

From three to four. Dined. Miss KITTY called upon me to go to the opera before I was risen from table.

From dinner to six. Drank tea. Turned off a footman for being rude to VENY.

Six

* A pace of affected precipitation:

JOHNSON'S Dict.

Six o'clock. Went to the opera. I did not see Mr. FROTH till the beginning of the second act. Mr. FROTH talked to a gentleman in a black wig; bowed to a lady in the front box. Mr. FROTH and his friend clapped NICOLINI in the third act. Mr. FROTH cried out *Ancora*. Mr. FROTH led me to my chair. I think he squeezed my hand.

Eleven at night. Went to bed. Melancholy dreams, Methought NICOLINI said he was Mr. FROTH.

SUNDAY. Indisposed.

MONDAY. *Eight o'clock.* Waked by Miss KITTY. *Aurengzebe* lay upon the chair by me. KITTY repeated without book the eight best lines in the play. Went in our mobs* to the dumb man according to appointment. Told me that my lover's name began with a G. *Mem.* The conjurer† was within a letter of Mr. FROTH's name, &c.

‘ Upon looking back into this my journal, I find that I am at a loss to know whether I pass my time well or ill; and indeed never thought of considering how I did it before I perused your speculation upon that subject. I scarce find a single action in these five days that I can thoroughly approve of, except the working upon the violet-leaf, which I am resolved to finish the first day I am at leisure. As for Mr. FROTH and VENY, I did not think they took up so much of my time and thoughts as I find they do upon my journal. The latter of them I will turn off, if you insist upon it; and if Mr. FROTH does not bring matters to a conclusion very suddenly, I will not let my life run away in a dream.

Your humble servant,

L 3

CLARINDA.

To

* A huddled dress so called.

† DUNCAN CAMPBELL. The conjuring business is at present in the hands of females.

To resume one of the morals of my first paper, and to confirm CLARINDA in her good inclinations, I would have her consider what a pretty figure she would make among posterity, were the history of her whole life published like these five days of it. I shall conclude my paper with an epitaph written by an uncertain author on Sir PHILLIP SIDNEY's sister, a lady who seems to have been of a temper very much different from that of CLARINDA. The last thought of it is so very noble, that I dare say my reader will pardon me the quotation.

On the Countess Dowager of PEMBROKE.

“ Underneath this marble hearse
Lies the subject of all verse,
SIDNEY's sister, PEMBROKE's mother :
Death, ere thou hadst kill'd another,
Fair and learn'd, and good as she,
Time shall throw a dart at thee.”

L.

N^o. 324.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 12, 1711-12.

O curvæ in terris animæ, & cælestium inanes !

PERS. SAT. ii. 61.

“ O souls in whom no heavenly fire is found,

“ Flat minds, and ever grovelling on the ground !”

DRYDEN.

ON THE MOHOCKS.

MR. SPECTATOR,

THE materials you have collected together towards a general history of clubs, make so bright a part of your speculations, that I think it is but a justice we all owe the learned world, to furnish you with such assistance as may promote that useful work. For this reason I could not forbear communicating to you some imperfect informations of a set of men (if you will allow them a place in that species of being) who have lately erected themselves into a nocturnal fraternity, under the title of the *Mohock-Club*, a name borrowed it seems from a sort of Cannibals in India, who subsist by plundering and devouring all the nations about them. The president is styled *Emperor of the Mohocks*;* and his arms are a Turkish crescent, which his Imperial Majesty bears at present in a very extraordinary manner engraven upon his forehead. Agreeable to their name, the avowed design of their institution is mischief; and upon this foundation all their rules and orders are framed. An outrageous ambition of doing all possible

L 4

hurt

* The title of one of the four Indian kings who visited England in the reign of Queen ANNE.

hurt to their fellow creatures, is the great cement of their assembly, and the only qualification required in the members. In order to exert this principle in its full strength and perfection, they take care to drink themselves to a pitch, that is beyond the possibility of attending to any motions of reason or humanity; then make a general sally, and attack all that are so unfortunate as to walk the streets through which they patrol, some are knocked down, others stabbed, others cut and carbonadoed. To put the watch to a total rout, and mortify some of those inoffensive militia, is reckoned a *coup d'eclat*. The particular talents by which these misanthropes are distinguished from one another, consist in the various kinds of barbarities which they execute upon their prisoners. Some are celebrated for a happy dexterity in tipping the lion upon them; which is performed by squeezing the nose flat to the face, and boring out the eyes with their fingers. Others are called the dancing-masters, and teach their scholars to cut capers, by running swords through their legs; a new invention, whether originally French I cannot tell. A third sort are the tumblers, whose office it is to set women on their heads, and commit certain indecencies, or rather barbarities, on the limbs which they expose. But these I forbear to mention, because they cannot but be very shocking to the reader as well as the spectator. In this manner they carry on a war against mankind; and by the standing maxims of their policy, are to enter into no alliances but one, and that is offensive and defensive with all bawdy-houses in general, of which they have declared themselves protectors and guarantees.*

‘I must own, Sir, these are only broken incoherent memoirs of this wonderful society; but they are the best

* These outrageous proceedings of the *Mohocks* were less unaccountable, bad as they were, than the noted *Monster's* delight in cutting and mangling women. That was a fact which has never been traced to any principle by which men are actuated: It was altogether anomalous.

best I have been yet able to procure: for, being but of late established, it is not ripe for a just history; and, to be serious, the chief design of this trouble is to hinder it from ever being so. You have been pleased, out of a concern for the good of your countrymen, to act under the character of *Spectator*, not only the part of a looker-on, but an overseer of their actions; and whenever such enormities as this infest the town, we immediately fly to you for redress. I have reason to believe, that some thoughtless youngsters, out of a false notion of bravery, and an immoderate fondness to be distinguished for fellows of fire, are insensibly hurried into this senseless scandalous project. Such will probably stand corrected by your reproofs, especially if you inform them that it is not courage for half a score fellows, mad with wine and lust, to set upon two or three soberer than themselves; and that the manners of Indian savages are no becoming accomplishments to an English fine gentleman. Such of them as have been bullies and scowerers of a long standing, and are grown veterans in this kind of service, are, I fear, too hardened to receive any impressions from your admonitions. But I beg you would recommend to their perusal your ninth speculation. They may there be taught to take warning from the club of *Duelists*; and be put in mind, that the common fate of those men of honour was, to be hanged.

I am,

SIR,

Your most humble servant,

PHILANTHROPOS."

March the 10th,

1711-12.

The following letter is of a quite contrary nature; but I add it here, that the reader may observe, at the same view, how amiable ignorance may be when it is shewn in its simplicities, and how detestable in barbarities. It is written by an honest countryman to his mistress, and
came

came to the hands of a lady of good sense, wrapped about a thread-paper, who has long kept it by her as an image of artless love.

TO HER I VERY MUCH RESPECT, MRS. MARGARET CLARK.

‘LOVELY, and oh that I could write loving Mrs. MARGARET CLARK, I pray you let affection excuse presumption. Having been so happy as to enjoy the sight of your sweet countenance and comely body, sometimes when I had occasion to buy treacle or liquorish powder at the apothecary’s shop, I am so enamoured with you, that I can no more keep close my flaming desires to become your servant. And I am the more bold now to write to your sweet self, because I am now my own man, and may match where I please; for my father is taken away, and now I am come to my living, which is ten yard land, and a house; and there is never a yard land in our field, but it is as well worth ten pounds a year, as a thief is worth a halter, and all my brothers and sisters are provided for: besides, I have good household-stuff, though I say it, both brass and pewter, linens and woollens; and though my house be thatched, yet, if you and I match, it shall go hard but I will have one half of it slated. If you think well of this motion, I will wait upon you as soon as my new cloaths are made, and hay-harvest is in. I could, though I say it, have good——’ The rest is torn off; and posterity must be contented to know, that Mrs. MARGARET CLARK was very pretty, but are left in the dark as to the name of her lover.

T.

N^o. 325.

THURSDAY, MARCH 13, 1711-12.

— Quid frustra simulacra fugacia captas ?
 Quod petis, est nusquam : quod amas avertere, perdes.
 Ista repercussæ quam cernis imaginis umbra est,
 Nil habet ista sui ; tecum venitque, manetque,
 Tecum discedet si tu discedere possis.

OVID. METAM. iii. 432.

[*From the Fable of NARCISSUS.*]

- “ What could, fond youth, this helpless passion move ?
 “ What kindled in thee this unpitied love ?
 “ Thy own warm blush within the water glows :
 “ With thee the colour'd shadow comes and goes ;
 “ Its empty being on thyself relies ;
 “ Step thou aside, and the frail charmer dies.”

ADDISON.

ON LOOKING-GLASSES.

WILL HONEYCOMB diverted us last night with an account of a young fellow's first discovering his passion to his mistress. The young lady was one, it seems, who had long before conceived a favourable opinion of him, and was still in hopes that he would some time or other make his advances. As he was one day talking with her in company of her two sisters, the conversation happening to turn upon love, each of the young ladies was by way of raillery, recommending a wife to him ; when, to the no small surprise of her who languished for him in secret, he told them with a more than ordinary seriousness, that his heart had been long engaged to one whose name he thought himself obliged in

in honour to conceal; but that he could shew her picture in the lid of his snuff-box. The young lady, who found herself most sensibly touched by this confession, took the first opportunity that offered of snatching his box out of his hand. He seemed desirous of recovering it, but finding her resolved to look into the lid, begged her that, if she should happen to know the person, she would not reveal her name. Upon carrying it to the window, she was very agreeably surprised to find there was nothing within the lid but a little looking-glass, in which after she had viewed her own face with more pleasure than she had ever done before, she returned the box with a smile, telling him she could not but admire his choice.

WILL, fancying that this story took, immediately fell into a dissertation on the usefulness of looking-glasses; and applying himself to me, asked if there were any looking-glasses in the times of the Greeks and Romans; for that he had often observed in the translations of poems out of those languages, that people generally talked of seeing themselves in wells, fountains, lakes, and rivers. Nay, says he, I remember Mr. DRYDEN in his *Ovid** tells us of a swinging fellow, called POLYPHEME, that made use of the sea for his looking-glass, and could never dress himself to advantage but in a calm.

My friend WILL, to shew us the whole compass of his learning upon this subject, further informed us, that there were still several nations in the world so very barbarous as not to have any looking-glasses among them; and that he had lately read a voyage to the South Sea, in which it is said, that the ladies of Chili always dressed their heads over a bason of water.

I am

* Some years ago an auctioneer, at a sale of books, coming to the works of PUBLIUS VIRGILIUS MARO, called out, "Here is a translation of DRYDEN's *Virgil* into Latin by one MARO."

I am the more particular in my account of WILL's last night's lecture on these natural mirrours, as it seems to bear some relation to the following letter, which I received the day before.

SIR,

' I HAVE read your last Saturday's observations on the fourth book of MILTON with great satisfaction, and am particularly pleased with the hidden moral which you have taken notice of in several parts of the poem. The design of this letter is to desire your thoughts, whether there may not also be some moral couched under that place in the same book where the poet lets us know, that the first woman immediately after her creation ran to a looking-glass, and became so enamoured of her own face, that she had never removed to view any of the other works of nature, had she not been led off to a man. If you think fit to set down the whole passage from MILTON, your readers will be able to judge for themselves, and the quotation will not a little contribute to the filling-up of your paper.

Your humble servant,

R. T.

The last consideration urged by my querist is so strong, that I cannot forbear closing with it. The passage he alludes to is part of EVE's speech to ADAM, and one of the most beautiful passages in the whole poem :

" That day I oft remember, when from sleep
I first awak'd, and found myself repos'd
Under a shade of flowers, much wond'ring where
And what I was, whence hither brought, and how.
Not distant far from thence a murmuring sound
Of waters issued from a cave, and spread
Into a liquid plain, then stood unmov'd

Pure

Pure as th' expanse of heav'n : I thither went
With unexperienc'd thought, and laid me down
On the green bank, to look into the clear
Smooth lake, that to me seem'd another sky.
As I bent down to look, just opposite
A shape within the watery gleam appear'd,
Bending to look on me ; I started back,
It started back ; but pleas'd I soon return'd,
Pleas'd it return'd as soon with answering looks
Of sympathy and love : there I had fix'd
Mine eyes till now, and pin'd with vain desire,
Had not a voice thus warn'd me : What thou seest,
What there thou seest, fair creature, is thyself ;
With thee it came and goes : but follow me,
And I will bring thee where no shadow stays
Thy coming, and thy soft embraces ; he
Whose image thou art, him thou shalt enjoy
Inseparably thine, to him shalt bear
Multitudes like thyself, and thence be call'd
Mother of human race. What could I do,
But follow straight, invisibly thus led ?
Till I espy'd thee, fair, indeed, and tall,
Under a plantan ; yet, methought, less fair,
Less winning soft, less amiably mild,
Than that smooth watery image : back I turn'd ;
Thou following cry'dst aloud, Return, fair EVE,
Whom fly'st thou ? Whom thou fly'st, of him thou art,
His flesh, his bone ; to give thee being I lent
Out of my side to thee, nearest my heart,
Substantial life, to have thee by my side,
Henceforth an individual solace dear :
Part of my soul, I seek thee, and thee claim
My other half !——With that thy gentle hand
Seiz'd mine ; I yielded and from that time see
How beauty is excell'd by manly grace
And wisdom, which alone is truly fair.
So spake our general mother——”

N^o. 326.

FRIDAY, MARCH 14, 1711-12.

Inclusam Danaën turris aenea,
Robustæque fores, & vigilum canum
Tristes excubiæ, munierant satis
Nocturnis ab adulteris ;
Si non ———

HOR. 3 OD. XVI. 1.

" Of watchful dogs an odious ward
" Might well one hapless virgin guard,
" When in a tower of brass immur'd,
" By mighty bars of steel secur'd,
" Although by mortal rake-hells lewd
" With all their midnight arts pursued,
" Had not——

FRANCIS, vol. ii. p. 77.

ADAPTED.

" Be to her faults a little blind,
" Be to her virtues very kind,
" And clap your padlock on her mind."

PADLOCK.

ON FORTUNE-HUNTERS.

MR. SPECTATOR,

'YOUR correspondent's letter relating to Fortune-Hunters, and your subsequent discourse upon it,* have given me encouragement to send you a state of my case, by which you will see, that the matter complained of is a common grievance both to city and country.

' I am a country gentleman of between five and six thousand a-year. It is my misfortune to have a very fine park and an only daughter ; upon which account I have been so plagued with deer-stealers and fops, that for these four years past I have scarce enjoyed a moment's rest. I look upon myself to be in a state of war,
and

* See No. 311.

and am forced to keep as constant watch in my seat, as a governor would do that commanded a town on the frontier of an enemy's country. I have, indeed, pretty well secured my park, having for this purpose provided myself of four keepers who are left-handed, and handle a quarter-staff beyond any other fellows in the country. And for the guard of my house, besides a band of pensioner matrons and an old maiden relation whom I keep on constant duty, I have blunderbusses always charged, and fox-gins planted in private places about my garden, of which I have given frequent notice in the neighbourhood; yet so it is, that in spite of all my care, I shall every now and then have a saucy rascal ride by, reconnoitering (as I think you call it) under my windows, as sprucely dressed as if he were going to a ball. I am aware of this way of attacking a mistress on horseback, having heard that it is a common practice in Spain; and have, therefore, taken care to remove my daughter from the road-side of the house, and to lodge her next the garden. But to cut short my story; what can a man do after all? I durst not stand for member of parliament last election, for fear of some ill-consequence from my being off my post. What I would, therefore, desire of you is, to promote a project I have set on foot, and upon which I have written to some of my friends; and that is, that care may be taken to secure our daughters by law, as well as our deer; and that some honest gentleman, of a public spirit, would move for leave to bring in a bill for the better preserving of the female game.

I am,

SIR,

Your humble servant.

Mile End-Green, March 6, 1711-12.

MR. SPECTATOR,

' HERE is a young man walks by our door every day about the dusk of the evening. He looks up at my window

window, as if to see me; and if I steal towards it to peep at him, he turns another way, and looks frightened at finding what he was looking for. The air is very cold; and pray let him know that if he knocks at the door, he will be carried to the parlour fire, and I will come down soon after, and give him an opportunity to break his mind.

I am,

SIR,

Your humble servant,

MARY COMFIT.*

‘ If I observe he cannot speak, I’ll give him time to recover himself, and ask him how he does.’

DEAR SIR,

‘ I BEG you to print this without delay, and by the first opportunity give us the natural causes of longing in women; or put me out of fear that my wife will one time or other be delivered of something as monstrous as any thing that has yet appeared to the world; for they say the child is to bear a resemblance of what was desired by the mother. I have been married upwards of six years, have had four children, and my wife is now big with the fifth. The expences* she has put me to in procuring what she has longed for during her pregnancy with them, would not only have handsomely defrayed the charges of the month, but of their education too; her fancy being so exorbitant for the first year or two, as not to confine itself to the usual objects of eatables and drinkables, but running out after equipages and furniture, and the like extravagancies. To trouble you only with a few of them; when she was with-child of TOM, my eldest son, she came home one day just faint-
ing,

VOL. V.

M

ing,

* In SMOLLET’S *Perigrine Pickle*, we have a very humorous account of the extravagant and absurd longings of a woman.

ing, and told me she had been visiting a relation, whose husband had made her a present of a chariot, and a stately pair of horses; and that she was positive she could not breathe a week longer, unless she took the air in the fellow to it of her own within that time. This, rather than lose an heir, I readily complied with. Then the furniture of her best room must be instantly changed, or she should mark the child with some of the frightful figures in the old fashioned tapestry. Well, the upholsterer was called, and her longing saved that bout. When she went with MOLLY, she had fixed her mind upon a new set of plate, and as much china as would have furnished an Indian shop: these also I cheerfully granted, for fear of being father to an Indian Pagod. Hitherto I found her demands rose upon every concession; and had she gone on, I had been ruined: but by good fortune, with her third, which was PEGGY, the height of her imagination came down to the corner of a venison pasty, and brought her once even upon her knees to gnaw off the ears of a pig from the spit. The gratifications of her palate were easily preferred to those of her vanity: and sometimes a partridge, or a quail, or a wheat-ear, or the pestle of a lark, were cheerfully purchased; nay, I could be contented though I were to feed her with green peas in April, or cherries in May. But with the babe she now goes, she is turned girl again, and fallen to eating of chalk, pretending it will make the child's skin white; and nothing will serve her but I must bear her company, to prevent its having a shade of my brown. In this, however, I have ventured to deny her. No longer ago than yesterday, as we were coming to town, she saw a parcel of crows heartily at breakfast upon a piece of horse-flesh, that she had an invincible desire to partake with them, and (to my infinite surprise) begged the coachman to cut her off a slice as if it were for himself, which the fellow did; and as soon as she came home, she fell to it with such an appetite, that she seemed rather to devour than

eat it. What her next sally will be, I cannot guess; but in the mean time my request to you is, that if there be any way to come at these wild unaccountable roving of imagination by reason and argument, you'd speedily afford us your assistance. This exceeds the grievance of pin-money, and I think in every settlement there ought to be a clause inserted, that the father should be answerable for the longings of his daughter. But I shall impatiently expect your thoughts in this matter;

And am,

SIR,

Your most obliged and
most faithful humble servant,

T. B.

• LET me know whether you think the next child will love horses as much as MOLLY does china-ware.

T.

N^o. 327.

SATURDAY, MARCH 15, 1711-12.

—Major rerum mihi nascitur ordo.

VIRG. ÆN. vii. 43.

“ A larger scene of action is display'd.

DRYDEN.

CRITICISM ON MILTON.—FIFTH BOOK.

WE were told in the foregoing book, how the evil Spirit practised upon EVE as she lay asleep, in order to inspire her with thoughts of vanity, pride, and ambition. The author, who shews a wonderful art throughout his whole poem, in preparing the reader for the several occurrences that arise in it, founds, upon the above-mentioned circumstance, the first part of the fifth book. ADAM upon his awaking finds EVE still asleep, with an unusual discomposure in her looks. The posture in which he regards her, is described with a tenderness not to be expressed, as the whisper with which he awakens her, is the softest that ever was conveyed to a lover's ear.

“ His wonder was, to find unwaken'd EVE
With tresses discompos'd, and glowing cheek,
As through unquiet rest : he on his side
Leaning half-rais'd, with looks of cordial love
Hung over her enamour'd, and beheld
Beauty, which, whether waking or asleep,
Shot forth peculiar graces : then, with voice *

Mild

* Though MILTON's greatest excellence be sublimity, yet does he excel also in beauty and in tenderness. In describing the

Mild as when Zephyrus on FLORA breathes,
 Her hand soft touching, whisper'd thus: Awake,
 My fairest, my espous'd, my latest found,
 Heaven's last best gift, my ever new delight!
 Awake: the morning shines, and the fresh field
 Calls us; we lose the prime, to mark how spring
 Our tender plants, how blows the citron grove,
 What drops the myrrhe, and what the balmy reed,
 How nature paints her colours, how the bee
 Sits on the bloom, extracting liquid sweet.

Such whispering wak'd her, but with startled eye
 On ADAM, whom embracing, thus she spake:

O sole, in whom my thoughts find all repose,
 My glory, my perfection! glad I see
 Thy face, and morn return'd——"

I cannot but take notice, that MILTON, in the conferences between ADAM and EVE, had his eye very frequently upon the book of *Canticles*, in which there is a noble spirit of eastern poetry, and very often not unlike what we meet with in HOMER, who is generally placed near the age of SOLOMON. I think there is no question but the poet in the preceding speech remembered those two passages, which are spoken on the like occasion, and filled with the same pleasing images of nature.

"My beloved spake, and said unto me, Rise up, my love, my fair one, and come away; for lo the winter is past, the rain is over and gone, the flowers appear on the earth, the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land. The fig-tree putteth forth her green figs, and the vines with the tender grapes give a good smell. Arise, my love, my fair one, and come away.

"Come, my beloved, let us go forth into the field, let us get up early to the vineyards, let us see if the vine flourish.

M 3

the graces of the countenance and figure he surpasses even VAR.
 411, by being more particular.

flourish, whether the tender grapes appear, and the pomegranates bud forth."

His preferring the garden of EDEN to that

"———Where the sapient king
Held dalliance with his fair Egyptian spouse,"

shews that the Poet had this delightful scene in his mind.

EVE's dream is full of those high conceits engendering pride, which, we are told, the Devil endeavoured to instil into her. Of this kind is that part of it where she fancies herself awakened by ADAM in the following beautiful lines:

"Why sleep'st thou, EVE? Now is the pleasant time,
The cool, the silent, save where silence yields
To the night-warbling bird, that now awake
Tunes sweetest his love-labour'd song; now reigns
Full orb'd the moon, and with more pleasing light
Shadowy sets off the face of things. In vain,
If none regard. Heav'n wakes with all his eyes,
Whom to behold but thee, nature's desire,
In whose sight all things joy, with ravishment,
Attracted by thy beauty still to gaze!"

An injudicious poet would have made ADAM talk through the whole work in such sentiments as these: but flattery and falsehood are not the courtship of MILTON'S ADAM, and could not be heard by EVE in her state of innocence, excepting only in a dream produced on purpose to taint her imagination. Other vain sentiments of the same kind, in this relation of her dream, will be obvious to every reader. Though the catastrophe of the poem is finely presaged on this occasion, the particulars of it are so artfully shadowed, that they do not anticipate the story which follows in the ninth book. I shall only add, that though the vision itself is founded upon truth, the circumstances of it are full of that wildness and inconsistency which are natural to
a dream.

a dream. ADAM, conformable to his superior character for wisdom, instructs and comforts EVE upon this occasion :

“ So chear'd he his fair spouse, and she was chear'd,
But silently a gentle tear let fall
From either eye, and wip'd them with her hair;
Two other precious drops, that ready stood
Each in their crystal sluice, he ere they fell
Kiss'd, as the gracious signs of sweet remorse
And pious awe, that fear'd to have offended.”

The morning hymn is written in imitation of one of those psalms, where, in the overflowings of gratitude and praise, the Psalmist calls not only upon the Angels, but upon the most conspicuous parts of the inanimate creation, to join with him in extolling their common maker. Invocations of this nature fill the mind with glorious ideas of God's works, and awaken that divine enthusiasm, which is so natural to devotion. But if this calling upon the dead parts of nature is at all times a proper kind of worship, it was in a particular manner suitable to our first parents, who had the creation fresh upon their minds, and had not seen the various dispensations of Providence, nor consequently could be acquainted with those many topics of praise which might afford matter to the devotions of their posterity. I need not remark the beautiful spirit of poetry which runs through this whole hymn, nor the holiness of that resolution with which it concludes.

Having already mentioned those speeches which are assigned to the persons in this poem, I proceed to the description which the Poet gives of RAPHAEL. His departure from before the throne, and his flight through the choirs of Angels, is finely imagined. As MILTON every where fills his poem with circumstances that are marvellous and astonishing, he describes the gate of heaven as framed after such a manner, that it opened of itself upon

upon the approach of the Angel who was to pass through it.

“ —————Till at the gate
Of Heav’n arriv’d, the gate self open’d wide,
On golden hinges turning, as, by work
Divine, the sovereign architect had fram’d.”

The Poet here seems to have regarded two or three passages in the 18th *Iliad*, as that in particular, where, speaking of VULCAN, HOMER says, that he had made twenty tripods running on golden wheels; which, upon occasion, might go of themselves to the assembly of the Gods, and when there was no more use for them, return again after the same manner. SCALIGER has rallied HOMER very severely upon this point, as M. DACIER has endeavoured to defend it. I will not pretend to determine, whether, in this particular of HOMER, the marvellous does not lose sight of the probable. As the miraculous workmanship of MILTON’s gates is not so extraordinary as this of the tripods, so I am persuaded he would not have mentioned it, had he not been supported in it by a passage in the Scripture, which speaks of wheels in Heaven that had life in them, and moved of themselves, or stood still, in conformity with the cherubims, whom they accompanied.

There is no question but MILTON had this circumstance in his thoughts, because in the following book he describes the chariot of the MESSIAH with living wheels, according to the plan in EZEKIEL’s vision:

“ —————Forth rush’d with whirlwind sound
The chariot of *Paternal** Deity,
Flashing thick flames, wheel within wheel undrawn,
Itself instinct with spirit —————”

I question

* From some passages, MILTON has been suspected to verge towards Arrianism.

I question not but BOSSU, and the two DACIERS, who are for vindicating every thing that is censured in HOMER, by something parallel in holy writ, would have been very well pleased, had they thought of confronting VULCAN's tripods with EZEKIEL's wheels.

RAPHAEL's descent to the earth, with the figure of his person, is represented in very lively colours. Several of the French, Italian, and English poets, have given a loose to their imaginations in the description of Angels; but I do not remember to have met with any so finely drawn, and so conformable to the notions which are given of them in Scripture, as this in MILTON. After having set him forth in all his heavenly plumage, and represented him as alighting upon the earth, the poet concludes his description with a circumstance, which is altogether new, and imagined with the greatest strength of fancy;

“ ————— Like MARIA's son he stood,
And shook his plumes, that heav'nly fragrance fill'd
The circuit wide. ————— ”

RAPHAEL's reception by the guardian angels, his passing through the wilderness of sweets, his distant appearance to ADAM, have all the graces that poetry is capable of bestowing. The author afterwards gives us a particular description of EVE in her domestic employments:

“ So saying, with dispatchful looks in haste
She turns, on hospitable thoughts intent,
What choice to choose for delicacy best,
What order, so contriv'd, as not to mix
Tastes, not well join'd, inelegant, but bring
Taste after taste, upheld with kindest change;
Bestirs her then, ” &c.

Though in this, and other parts of the same book, the subject is only the housewifery of our first parent, it is set off with so many pleasing images and strong expressions,

expressions, as make it none of the least agreeable parts in this divine work.

The natural majesty of ADAM, and, at the same time, his submissive behaviour to the superior Being who had vouchsafed to be his guest; the solemn *bail* which the Angel bestows upon the mother of mankind, with the figure of EVE ministering at the table; are circumstances which deserve to be admired.

RAPHAEL'S behaviour is every way suitable to the dignity of his nature, and to that character of a sociable spirit, with which the author has so judiciously introduced him. He had received instructions to converse with ADAM, as one friend converses with another, and to warn him of the enemy who was contriving his destruction: accordingly he is represented as sitting down at table with ADAM, and eating of the fruits of Paradise. The occasion naturally leads him to his discourse on the food of Angels. After having thus entered into conversation with man upon more indifferent subjects, he warns him of his obedience, and makes a natural transition to the history of that Angel who was employed in the circumvention of our first parents.

Had I followed Monsieur Bossu's method in my first paper on MILTON, I should have dated the action of *Paradise Lost* from the beginning of RAPHAEL'S speech in this book, as he supposes the action of the *Æneid* to begin in the second book of that poem. I could alledge many reasons for my drawing the action of the *Æneid* rather from its immediate beginning in the first book, than from its remote beginning in the second; and shew why I have considered the sacking of Troy as an episode, according to the common acceptation of that word. But as this would be a dry unentertaining piece of criticism, and perhaps unnecessary to those who have read my first paper, I shall not enlarge upon it. Whichever of the notions be true, the unity of MILTON'S action is preserved according to either of them; whether

ther we consider the fall of man in its immediate beginning, as proceeding from the resolutions taken in the infernal council, or in its more remote beginning, as proceeding from the first revolt of the Angels in Heaven. The occasion which MILTON assigns for this revolt, as it is founded on hints in holy writ, and on the opinion of some great writers, so it was the most proper that the Poet could have made use of.

The revolt in Heaven is described with great force of imagination, and a fine variety of circumstances. The learned reader cannot but be pleased with the Poet's imitation of HOMER in the last of the following lines:

" At length into the limits of the north
They came, and SATAN took his royal seat
High on a hill, far blazing, as a mount
Rais'd on a mount, with pyramids and tow'rs
From diamond quarries hewn, and rocks of gold,
The palace of great LUCIFER, (so call
That structure in the dialect of men
Interpreted)——"

HOMER mentions persons and things, which he tells us in the language of the gods are called by different names from those they go by in the language of men. MILTON has imitated him with his usual judgment in this particular place, wherein he has likewise the authority of Scripture to justify him. The part of ABDIEL, who was the only Spirit that in this infinite host of Angels preserved his allegiance to his Maker, exhibits to us a noble moral of religious singularity. The zeal of the seraphim breaks forth in a becoming warmth of sentiments and expressions, as the character which is given us of him denotes that generous scorn and intrepidity which attends heroic virtue. The author doubtless designed it as a pattern to those who live among mankind in their present state of degeneracy and corruption:

" So speak the seraph ABDIEL, faithful found
Among the faithless, faithful only he;

Among

Among innumerable false, unmov'd,
 Unshaken, uneduc'd, untterrify'd ;
 His loyalty he kept, his love, his zeal :
 Nor number, nor example with him wrought
 To swerve from truth, or change his constant mind,
 Though single. From amidst them forth he pass'd,
 Long way thro' hostile scorn, which he sustain'd
 Superior, nor of violence fear'd aught ;
 And, with retorted scorn, his back he turn'd
 On those proud tow'rs to swift destruction doom'd."

L.

No. 328.

MONDAY, MARCH 17, 1711-12.*

Nullum me à labore reclinat otium.

HOR. EPOD. XVII. 24.

"Day chases night, and night the day,

"But no relief to me convey."

DUNCOMBE.

FEMALE EXTRAVAGANCE.

MR. SPECTATOR,

AS I believe this is the first complaint that ever was made to you of this nature, so you are the first person I ever could prevail upon myself to lay it before. When I tell you I have a healthy, vigorous constitution, a plentiful estate, no inordinate desires, and am married to a virtuous, lovely woman, who neither wants wit nor good-nature, and by whom I have a numerous offspring to perpetuate my family, you will naturally conclude me a happy man. But notwithstanding these promising appearances, I am so far from it, that the prospect of being ruined and undone by a sort of extravagance, which, of late years, is in a less degree crept into every fashionable family, deprives me of all the comforts of my life, and renders me the most anxious, miserable man on earth. My wife, who was the only child and darling care of an indulgent mother, employed her early

* This Paper, on no very common source of domestic unhappiness, is the only one that now appears as No. 328, in any edition of the *Spectator* in volumes. It had, however, no place in the original publication *in folio*, nor was it ever printed in a half-sheet form. The original paper *in folio*, marked No. 328, and distinguished by the signature T, having been complained of on two accounts, both as trifling in itself, and as disrespectful besides to a family of some distinction, it was silently withdrawn on the first republication of the *Spectator* in volumes, and this paper was substituted in its stead.

early years in learning all those accomplishments we generally understand by good-breeding and polite education. She sings, dances, plays on the lute and harpsichord, paints prettily, is a perfect mistress of the French tongue, and has made a considerable progress in the Italian. She is, besides, excellently skilled in all domestic sciences, as preserving, pickling, pastry, making wines of fruits of our own growth, embroidering, and needleworks of every kind. Hitherto you will be apt to think there is very little cause of complaint; but suspend your opinion till I have further explained myself, and then I make no question you will come over to mine. You are not to imagine I find fault that she either possesses or takes delight in the exercises of those qualifications I just now mentioned; 'tis the immoderate fondness she has to them that I lament, and that what is only designed for the innocent amusement and recreation of life, is become the whole business and study of hers. The six months we are in town (for the year is equally divided between that and the country), from almost break of day till noon, the whole morning is laid out in practising with her several masters; and to make up the losses occasioned by her absence in summer, every day in the week their attendance is required; and as they are all people eminent in their professions, their skill and time must be recompenced accordingly. So how far these articles extend I leave you to judge. Limning, one would think, is no expensive diversion; but, as she manages the matter, it is a very considerable addition to her disbursements; which you will easily believe, when you know she paints fans for all her female acquaintance, and draws all her relations pictures in miniature: the first must be mounted by nobody but CULMAR, and the other set by nobody but CHARLES MATHER.* What follows, is still

* A noted Toyman at this time in Fleet-street, who retired, and died afterwards at Teddington.

still much worse than the former; for, as I told you, she is a great artist at her needle, 'tis incredible what sums she expends in embroidery; for besides what is appropriated to her personal use, as mantuas, petticoats, stomachers, handkerchiefs, purses, pin-cushions, and working aprons, she keeps four French protestants continually employed in making divers pieces of superfluous furniture, as quilts, toilets, hangings for closets, beds, window-curtains, easy-chairs, and tabourets: nor have I any hopes of ever reclaiming her from this extravagance, while she obstinately persists in thinking it a notable piece of good housewifry, because they are made at home, and she has had some share in the performance. There would be no end of relating to you the particulars of the annual charge, in furnishing her store-room with a profusion of pickles and preserves; for she is not contented with having every thing, unless it be done every way, in which she consults an hereditary book of receipts; for her female ancestors have been always famed for good housewifry, one of whom is made immortal, by giving her name to an eye-water, and two sorts of puddings. I cannot undertake to recite all her medicinal preparations, as salves, sere-cloths, powders, confections, cordials, ratafia, persico, orange-flower, and cherry-brandy, together with innumerable sorts of simple waters. But there is nothing I lay so much to my heart, as that detestable catalogue of counterfeit wines, which derive their names from the fruits, herbs, or trees, of whose juices they are chiefly compounded. They are loathsome to the taste, and pernicious to the health; and as they seldom survive the year, and then are thrown away, under a false pretence of frugality, I may affirm they stand me in more than if I entertained all our visitors with the best burgundy and champagne. Coffee, chocolate, and green, imperial, peco, and bohea teas, seem to be trifles; but when the proper appurtenances of the tea-table are added, they swell the account higher than one would imagine. I cannot

not conclude without doing her justice in one article; where the frugality is so remarkable, I must not deny her the merit of it, and that is in relation to her children, who are all confined, both boys and girls, to one large room in the remotest part of the house, with bolts on the doors, and bars to the windows, under the care and tuition of an old woman, who had been dry-nurse to her grandmother. This is their residence all the year round; and, as they are never allowed to appear, she prudently thinks it needless to be at any expence in apparel, or learning. Her eldest daughter to this day would have neither read nor wrote, if it had not been for the butler, who, being the son of a country attorney, has taught her such a hand as is generally used for engrossing bills in Chancery. By this time I have sufficiently tired your patience with my domestic grievances; which I hope you will agree could not well be contained in a narrower compass, when you consider what a paradox I undertook to maintain in the beginning of my epistle, and which manifestly appears to be but too melancholy a truth. And now I heartily wish the relation I have given of my misfortunes may be of use and benefit to the public. By the example I have set before them, the truly virtuous wives may learn to avoid these errors which have so unhappily misled mine, and which are visibly these three. First, In mistaking the proper objects of her esteem, and fixing her affections upon such things as are only the trappings and decorations of her sex. Secondly, In not distinguishing what becomes the different stages of life. And, lastly, The abuse and corruption of some excellent qualities, which, if circumscribed within just bounds, would have been the blessing and prosperity of her family, but, by a vicious extreme, are like to be the bane and destruction of it.

N^o. 328.*

MONDAY, MARCH 17, 1711 12.

Delectata illa urbanitate tam stulta.

PETRON. ARE.

“ Delighted with unaffected plainness.”

LOVE-LETTERS.

THAT useful part of learning which consists in emendations, knowledge of different readings, and the like, is what in all ages persons extremely wise and learned have had in great veneration. For this reason I cannot but rejoice at the following epistle, which lets us into the true author of the letter to Mrs. MARGARET CLARK, part of which I did myself the honour to publish in a former paper. I must confess I do not naturally affect critical learning; but finding myself not so much regarded as I am apt to flatter myself I may deserve from some professed patrons of learning, I could not but do myself the justice to shew I am not a stranger to such erudition as they smile upon, if I were duly encouraged. However, this is only to let the world see what I could do; and shall not give my reader any more of this kind, if he will forgive the ostentation I shew at present.

March 13, 1711-12.

SIR,

‘UPON reading your paper of yesterday, I took the pains to look out a copy I had formerly taken, and re-

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membered

* As many of our readers may be pleased to see, *in puris naturalibus*, the original paper in room of which the preceding number was very early substituted, and as this curiosity may now be inoffensively gratified, it is here faithfully reprinted from the copy in folio, only with the addition of an asterisk.

membered to be very like your last letter: comparing them, I found they were the very same; and have, underwritten, sent you that part of it which you say was torn off. I hope you will insert it, that posterity may know 'twas GABRIEL BULLOCK that made love in that natural stile of which you seem to be fond. But to let you see I have other manuscripts in the same way, I have sent you inclosed three copies, faithfully taken by my own hand from the originals, which were wrote by a Yorkshire gentleman of a good estate to Madam MARY, and an uncle of hers, a Knight very well known by the most ancient gentry in that and several other counties of Great Britain. I have exactly followed the form and spelling. I have been credibly informed that Mr. WILLIAM BULLOCK, the famous comedian, is the descendant of this GABRIEL, who begot Mr. WILLIAM BULLOCK's great grandfather on the body of the above mentioned Mrs. MARGARET CLARK. As neither SPEED nor BAKER, nor SELDEN take notice of it, I will not pretend to be positive; but desire that the letter may be reprinted, and what is here recovered may be in Italics.

I am,

SIR,

Your daily Reader.

TO HER I VERY MUCH RESPECT, MRS. MARGARET CLARK.

* LOVELY, and oh that I could write loving Mrs. MARGARET CLARK, I pray you let affection excuse presumption. Having been so happy as to enjoy the sight of your sweet countenance and comely body, sometimes when I had occasion to buy treacle or liquorish powder at the apothecary's shop, and am so enamoured with you, that I can no more keep close my flaming desire to become your servant. And I am the more bold now to write to your sweet self, because I am now my own man, and may match where I please;
for

for my father is taken away; and now I am come to my living, which is ten yardland, and a house; and there is never a yardland * in our field but is as well worth ten pound a year, as a thief's worth a halter; and all my brothers and sisters are provided for: besides I have good household-stuff, though I say it, both brass and pewter, linens and woollens; and though my house be thatched, yet if you and I match, it shall go hard but I will have one half of it slated. If you shall think well of this motion, I will wait upon you as soon as my new cloaths are made, and hay-harvest is in. I could, though I say it, have good matches in our town; but my mother (God's peace be with her) charged me upon her death bed to marry a gentlewoman, one who had been well trained up in the sowing and cookery. I do not think but that if you and I can agree to marry, and lay our means together, I shall be made grand jurymen ere two or three years come about, and that will be a great credit to us. If I could have got a messenger for sixpence, I would have sent one on purpose, and some trifle or other for a token of my love; but I hope there is nothing lost for that neither. So hoping you will take this letter in good part, and answer it with what care and speed you can, I rest and remain,

Yours, if my own,

Steepeston,
Lecestershire.

MR. GABRIEL BULLOCK,
now my father is dead.

'When the coal carts come, I shall send oftner; and may come in one of them myself.'

For Sir WILLIAM to go to london at Westminster remember a parlement.

SIR,

'WILLIAM, i hope that you are well. i write to let you know that i am in troubel about a lady you nease; and
N 2 I do

* In some countys 20, in some 24, and in others 30 acres of land. *Virgata Terra.*

I do desire that you will be my friend; for when i did com to see her at your hall, i was mighty Abuesed. i would fain a see you at topecliff, and thay would not let me go to you; but i desire that you will be our friends, for it is no dishonor neither for you nor she, for God did make us all. i wish that i might see you, for thay say that you are a good man; and many doth wounder at it, but madam NORTON is abuesed and ceated two i believe. i might a had many a lady, but I con have none but her with a good consons, for there is a God that know our hearts. if you and madam NORTON will come to York, there i shill meet you if God be willing and if you be pleased. so be not angterie till you know the trutes of things.

GEORGE NELSON,

I give my to me lady, and
to Mr. AYSEBY, and to
madam NORTON, March
the 19th, 17c6.

This is for madam MARY NORTON disforth Lady she to
York.

‘MADAM MARY. Deare loving sweet lady, i hope you are well. Do not go to london, for they will put you in the nunnery; and heed not Mrs. LUCY what she saith to you, for she will ly and ceat you. go from to another place, and we will gate wed so with speed. mind what i write to you, for if they gate you to london, they will keep you there; and so let us get wed, and we will both go. so if you go to london, you rueing yourself. so heed not what none of them saith to you. let us gate wed, and we shall lie to gader any time. i will do any thing for you to my poore. i hope the devill will fail them all, for a hellish company there be. from there cursed trick and mischiefus ways good lord bless and deliver both you and me.

‘I think to be at york the 24 day.’

This

This is for madam MARY NORTON to go to london for a lady that belongs to dishforth.

‘ MADAM MARY, i hope you are well!. i am soary that you went away from York. deare loving sweet lady, i writt to let you know that I do remain faithfull; and if can let me know where i can meet you, i will wed you, and i will do any thing to my poor; for you are a good woman, and will be a loving misteris. i am in troubel for you, so if you will come to york i will wed you. so with speed come and i will have none but you. so, sweet love, heed not what to say to me, and with speed come; heed not what none of them say to you; your Maid makes you believe ought.

‘ So deare love think of Mr. GEORGE NILLSON with speed; i sent 2 or 3 letters before.

‘ I gave misteris ELCOCK some nots, and thay put me in pruson all the night for me pains, and non new whear i was, and i did gat cold.

‘ But it is for mrs. LUCY to go a good way from home, for in york and round about she is known; to writ any more her deeds, the same will tell hor soul is back within, hor corkis stinks of hell.

March 19th, 1706.

N^o. 329.

TUESDAY, MARCH 18, 1711-12.

Ire tamen restat, NUMA qua devenit, et ANCUS.

HOR. 1 EP. vi. 27.

"With ANCUS, and with NUMA, kings of Rome,

"We must descend into the silent tomb."

THE SPECTATOR VISITS WESTMINSTER-ABBEY WITH
SIR ROGER.

MY friend Sir ROGER DE COVERLY told me t'other night, that he had been reading my paper upon Westminster Abbey, * in which, says he, there are a great many ingenious fancies. He told me at the same time, that he observed I promised another paper upon the tombs, and that he should be glad to go and see them with me, not having visited them since he had read history. I could not at first imagine how this came into the Knight's head, till I recollected that he had been very busy all last summer upon BAKER's *Chronicle*, which he has quoted † several times in his disputes with Sir ANDREW FREEPORT since his last coming to town. Accordingly I promised to call upon him the next morning, that we might go together to the Abbey.

I found the Knight under his butler's hands, who always shaves him. He was no sooner dressed, than
he

* See No. 26.

† ADDISON supports the character of Sir ROGER admirably whenever he introduces the honest Knight. Men of confined knowledge very frequently bring forward the little which they know, and are apt to subscribe to the sentiments of the last book which they have read. Sir ROGER reckons BAKER's *Chronicle* a very extraordinary performance.

he called for a glass of the Widow TRUBY's water, which, he told me, he always drank before he went abroad. He recommended to me a dram of it at the same time, with so much heartiness, that I could not forbear drinking it. As soon as I had got it down, I found it very unpalatable, upon which the Knight, observing that I had made several wry faces, told me that he knew I should not like it at first, but that it was the best thing in the world against the stone or gravel.

I could have wished, indeed, that he had acquainted me with the virtues of it sooner; but it was too late to complain, and I knew what he had done was out of good-will. Sir ROGER told me further, that he looked upon it to be very good for a man whilst he staid in town, to keep off infection, and that he got together a quantity of it upon the first news of the sickness being at Dantzick: when, of a sudden, turning short to one of his servants, who stood behind him, he bid him call a hackney-coach, and take care it was an elderly man that drove it.

He then resumed his discourse upon Mrs. TRUBY's water, telling me that the Widow TRUBY was one who did more good than all the doctors and apothecaries in the country; that she distilled every poppy that grew within five miles of her; that she distributed her water *gratis* among all sorts of people: to which the Knight added, that she had a very great jointure, and that the whole country would fain have it a match between him and her; and truly, says Sir ROGER, if I had not been engaged, perhaps I could not have done better.

His discourse was broken off by his man's telling him he had called a coach. Upon our going to it, after having cast his eye upon the wheels, he asked the coachman if his axle-tree was good: upon the fellow's telling him he would warrant it, the Knight turned to me, told me he looked like an honest man, and went in without further ceremony.

We had not gone far when Sir ROGER, popping out his head, called the coachman down from his box, and, upon presenting himself at the window, asked him if he smoked. As I was considering what this would end in, he bid him stop by the way at any good tobacconist's, and take in a roll of their best Virginia.* Nothing material happened in the remaining part of our journey, till we were set down at the west end of the Abbey.

As we went up the body of the church, the Knight pointed at the trophies upon one of the new monuments, and cry'd out, 'A brave man, I warrant him!' Passing afterwards by Sir CLOUDSLEY SHOVEL, he flung his hand that way, and cry'd, 'Sir CLOUDSLEY SHOVEL! a very gallant man.' As we stood before BUSBY's tomb, the Knight uttered himself again after the same manner: 'Dr. BUSBY! a great man: he whipp'd my grandfather; a very great man! I should have gone to him myself, if I had not been a blockhead: a very great man!'

We were immediately conducted into the little chapel on the right hand. Sir ROGER planting himself at our historian's elbow, was very attentive to every thing he said, particularly to the account he gave us of the Lord who cut off the King of Morocco's head. Among several other figures, he was very well pleased to see the statesman CECIL upon his knees; and concluding them all to be great men, was conducted to the figure which represents that martyr to good housewifery, who died by the prick of a needle. Upon our interpreter's telling us that she was a maid of honour to Queen ELIZARETH, the Knight was very inquisitive into her name and family; and after having regarded her finger for some time, 'I wonder,' says he, 'that Sir RICHARD BAKER has said nothing of her in his *Chronicle*.

We

* The movements of either a good or a bad heart are often best seen in little circumstances.

We were then conveyed to the two coronation chairs, where my old friend, after having heard that the stone underneath the most ancient of them, which was brought from Scotland, was called JACOB's pillar, sat himself down in the chair; and, looking like the figure of an old gothic king, asked our interpreter, 'what authority they had to say, that JACOB had ever been in Scotland?' The fellow, instead of returning him an answer, told him, 'that he hoped his honour would pay his forfeit.' I could observe Sir ROGER a little ruffled upon being thus trepanned; but our guide not insisting upon his demand, the Knight soon recovered his good humour, and whispered in my ear, 'that if WILL WIMBLE were with us, and saw those two chairs, it would go hard but he would get a tobacco stopper out of one or t'other of them.'

Sir ROGER, in the next place, laid his hand upon EDWARD the Third's sword, and leaning upon the pomel of it, gave us the whole history of the BLACK PRINCE; concluding, that, in Sir RICHARD BAKER's opinion, 'EDWARD the Third was one of the greatest princes that ever sat upon the English throne.*

We were then shewn EDWARD the Confessor's tomb; upon which Sir ROGER acquainted us, 'that he was the first who touched for the evil; and afterwards HENRY the Fourth's; upon which he shook his head, and told us, 'there was fine reading in the casualties of that reign.' *

Our conductor then pointed to that monument where
there

* Observations on historical characters, and other subjects of knowledge which appear trite to men of learning, may to the ignorant wear the appearance of novelty.

ADDISON, with great judgment, makes the observations of Sir ROGER general and vague. Thus Sir CLOUDSLEY SHOVEL, *a very gallant man*, and Dr. BUSBY, *a very great man*; the casualties of the reign of HENRY IV. *fine reading*. Men of Sir ROGER's intellects content themselves with applying some general epithets to the objects of their approbation or disapprobation, without considering their appropriate merit or demerit.

there is the figure of one of our English kings without an head; and upon giving us to know, that the head, which was of beaten silver, had been stolen away several years since; 'Some Whig, I'll warrant you,' says Sir Roger; 'you ought to lock up your kings better; they will carry off the body too, if you don't take care.'

The glorious names of HENRY the Fifth and Queen ELIZABETH gave the Knight great opportunities of shining, and of doing justice to Sir RICHARD BAKER, 'who,' as our Knight observed with some surprise, 'had a great many kings in him, whose monuments he had not seen in the Abbey.'

For my own part, I could not but be pleased to see the Knight shew such an honest passion for the glory of his country, and such a respectful gratitude to the memory of its princes.

I must not omit, that the benevolence of my good old friend, which flows out towards every one he converses with, made him very kind to our interpreter, whom he looked upon as an extraordinary man: for which reason he shook him by the hand at parting, telling him, 'that he should be very glad to see him at his lodgings in Norfolk Buildings, and talk over these matters with him more at leisure.'

L.

No. 330.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 19, 1711-12.

Maxima debetur pueris reverentia——

JUV. SAT. XIV. 47.

“The greatest reverence is due to boys.”

LETTERS ON EDUCATION.

THE following letters, written by two very considerate correspondents, both under twenty years of age, are very good arguments of the necessity of taking into consideration the many incidents which affect the education of youth.

SIR,

‘I HAVE long expected, that, in the course of your observations upon the several parts of human life, you would one time or other fall upon a subject, which, since you have not, I take the liberty to recommend to you. What I mean, is the patronage of young modest men to such as are able to countenance, and introduce them into the world. For want of such assistances, a youth of merit languishes in obscurity or poverty when his circumstances are low, and runs into riot and excess when his fortunes are plentiful. I cannot make myself better understood, than by sending you an history of myself, which I shall desire you to insert in your paper, it being the only way I have of expressing my gratitude for the highest obligations imaginable.

‘I am a son of a merchant of the city of London, who, by many losses, was reduced from a very luxuriant trade and credit to very narrow circumstances, in comparison

parison to that of his former abundance. This took away the vigour of his mind, and all manner of attention to a fortune which he now thought desperate; insomuch that he died without a will, having before buried my mother in the midst of his other misfortunes. I was sixteen years of age when I lost my father; and an estate of 200l. a year came into my possession, without friend or guardian to instruct me in the management or enjoyment of it. The natural consequence of this was (though I wanted no director, and soon had fellows who found me out for a smart young gentleman, and led me into all the debaucheries of which I was capable) that my companions and I could not well be supplied without running in debt, which I did very frankly, till I was arrested, and conveyed, with a guard strong enough for the most desperate assassin, to a bailiff's house, where I lay four days, surrounded with very merry, but not very agreeable company. As soon as I had extricated myself from that shameful confinement, I reflected upon it with so much horror, that I deserted all my old acquaintance, and took chambers in an inn of court, with a resolution to study the law with all possible application. I trifled away a whole year in looking over a thousand intricacies, without a friend to apply to in case of doubt; so that I only lived there among men, as little children are sent to school before they are capable of improvement, only to be out of harm's way. In the midst of this state of suspence, not knowing how to dispose of myself, I was sought for by a relation of mine; who, upon observing a good inclination in me, used me with great familiarity, and carried me to his seat in the country. When I came there, he introduced me to all the good company in the county; and the great obligation I have to him for this kind notice, and residence with him ever since, has made so strong an impression upon me, that he has an authority of a father over me, founded upon the love of a brother. I have a good study of books, a good stable of horses
always

always at my command; and though I am not now quite eighteen years of age, familiar converse on his part, and a strong inclination to exert myself on mine, have had an effect upon me that makes me acceptable wherever I go. Thus, MR. SPECTATOR, by this gentleman's favour and patronage, it is my own fault if I am not wiser and richer every day I live. I speak this as well by subscribing the initial letters of my name to thank him, as to incite others to an imitation of his virtue. It would be a worthy work to shew what great charities are to be done without expence, and how many noble actions are lost out of inadvertency in persons capable of performing them, if they were put in mind of it. If a gentleman of figure in a county would make his family a pattern of sobriety, good sense, and breeding, and would kindly endeavour to influence the education and growing prospects of the younger gentry about him, I am apt to believe it would save him a great deal of stale beer on a public occasion, and render him the leader of his country from their gratitude to him, instead of being a slave to their riots and tumults in order to be made their representative. The same thing might be recommended to all who have made any progress in any parts of knowledge, or arrived at any degree in a profession: others may gain preferments and fortunes from their patrons; but I have, I hope, received from mine good habits and virtues. I repeat to you, Sir, my request to print this, in return for all the evil an helpless orphan shall ever escape, and all the good he shall receive in this life; both which are wholly owing to this gentleman's favour to,

SIR,

Your most obedient servant,

S. P.

MR.

MR. SPECTATOR,

'I AM a lad of about fourteen. I find a mighty pleasure in learning. I have been at the Latin school four years. I don't know I ever played truant, or neglected any task my master set me in my life. I think on what I read in school as I go home at noon and night, and so intently, that I have often gone half a mile out of my way, not minding whither I went. Our maid tells me, she often hears me talk Latin in my sleep, and I dream two or three nights in a week I am reading *Juvenal* and *Homer*. My master seems as well pleased with my performances as any boy's in the same class. I think, if I know my own mind, I would choose rather to be a scholar, than a prince without learning. I have a very good affectionate father; but though very rich, yet so mighty near, that he thinks much of the charges of my education. He often tells me he believes my schooling will ruin him; that I cost him God-knows what, in books. I tremble to tell him I want one. I am forced to keep my pocket-money, and lay it out for a book, now and then, that he don't know of. He has ordered my master to buy no more books for me, but says he will buy them himself. I asked him for *Horace* t'other day, and he told me in a passion he did not believe I was fit for it, but only my master had a mind to make him think I had got a great way in my learning. I am sometimes a month behind other boys in getting the books my master gives orders for. All the boys in the school, but I, have the classic authors in *usum Delphini*, gilt and lettered on the back. My father is often reckoning up how long I have been at school, and tells me he fears I do little good. My father's carriage so discourages me, that he makes me grow dull and melancholy. My master wonders what is the matter with me; I am afraid to tell him; for he is a man that loves to encourage learning, and would be apt to chide my father, and not knowing his temper, may make him worse. Sir, if you have any love for learning, I beg you would

give me some instructions in this case, and persuade parents to encourage their children when they find them diligent and desirous of learning. I have heard some parents say, they would do any thing for their children, if they would but mind their learning: I would be glad to be in their place. Dear Sir, pardon my boldness. If you will but consider and pity my case, I will pray for your prosperity as long as I live.

Your humble servant,

JAMES DISCIPULUS.

London, March 2, 1711.

T.

N^o. 331.

THURSDAY, MARCH 20, 1711-12.

Stolidam præbet tibi vellere barbam.

PERS. SAT. ii. l. 28.

“ Holds out his foolish beard for thee to pluck.”

ON BEARDS.

WHEN I was last with my friend Sir ROGER in Westminster-Abbey, I observed that he stood longer than ordinary before the bust of a venerable old man. I was at a loss to guess the reason of it; when, after some time, he pointed to the figure, and asked me if I did not think that our forefathers looked much wiser in their beards than we do without them? For my part, says he, when I am walking in my gallery in the country, and see my ancestors, who many of them died before they were of my age, I cannot forbear regarding them as so many old patriarchs, and at the same time looking upon myself as an idle smock-faced young fellow. I love to see your ABRAHAMs, your ISAACs, and your JACOBs, as we have them in old pieces of tapestry, with beards below their girdles, that cover half the hangings. The Knight added, if I would recommend beards in one of my papers, and endeavour to restore human faces to their ancient dignity, that upon a month's warning he would undertake to lead up the fashion himself in a pair of whiskers.

I smiled at my friend's fancy; but, after we parted, could not forbear reflecting on the metamorphosis our faces have undergone in this particular.

The beard, conformable to the notion of my friend Sir ROGER, was for many ages looked upon as the type
of

of wisdom. LUCIAN more than once rallies the philosophers of his time, who endeavoured to rival one another in beards; and represents a learned man who stood for a professorship in philosophy, as unqualified for it by the shortness of his beard. *

ÆLIAN, in his account of ZOILUS, the pretended critic, who wrote against HOMER and PLATO, and thought himself wiser than all who had gone before him, tells us that this ZOILUS had a very long beard that hung down upon his breast, but no hair upon his head, which he always kept close shaved, regarding, it seems, the hairs of his head as so many suckers, which, if they had been suffered to grow might have drawn away the nourishment from his chin, and by that means have starved his beard.

I have read somewhere, that one of the Popes refused to accept an edition of a saint's works, which were presented to him, because the saint, in his effigies before the book, was drawn without a beard.

We see by these instances what homage the world has formerly paid to beards; and that a barber was not then allowed to make those depredations on the faces of the learned, which have been permitted him of late years.

Accordingly several wise nations have been so extremely jealous of the least ruffle offered to their beards, that they seem to have fixed the point of honour principally in that part. The Spaniards were wonderfully tender in this particular. DON QUEVEDO, in his third vision on the last judgment, has carried the humour very far, when he tells us, that one of his vain-glorious countrymen, after having received sentence, was taken

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into

* Beards, in the time of LUCIAN, conferred the character of wisdom on their possessors, as the title of Doctor now confers the character of learning. Beards, in modern times, have been most frequently used to bestow sanctity on the wearer, as in the cases of these pure saints in *Gil Blas*, DON RHAPHEL and AMBROSE DE LAMDA, men no less holy than some of our Doctors are learned.

into custody by a couple of evil spirits ; but that his guides happening to disorder his mustachoes, they were forced to recompose them with a pair of curling-irons before they could get him to file off.

If we look into the history of our own nation, we shall find that the beard flourished in the Saxon heptarchy, but was very much discouraged under the Norman line. It shot out, however, from time to time, in several reigns under different shapes. The last effort it made, seems to have been in Queen MARY's days, as the curious reader may find, if he pleases to peruse the figures of Cardinal POLE and Bishop GARDINER ; though, at the same time, I think it may be questioned, if zeal against popery has not induced our protestant painters to extend the beards of these two persecutors beyond their natural dimensions, in order to make them appear the more terrible.

I find but few beards worth taking notice of in the reign of King JAMES the First.

During the civil wars there appeared one, which makes too great a figure in story to be passed over in silence ; I mean that of the redoubted HUDIBRAS, an account of which BUTLER has transmitted to posterity in the following lines :

“ His tawny beard was th' equal grace
Both of his wisdom and his face ;
In cut and dye so like a tye,
A sudden view it would beguile :
The upper part thereof was whey,
The nether orange mixt with grey.”

The whisker continued for some time among us after the expiration of beards ; but this is a subject which I shall not here enter upon, having discussed it at large in a distinct treatise, which I keep by me in manuscript, upon the mustachoe.*

If

* The beard dwindled under the CHARLES's, until it was reduced to a pair of whiskers, and became extinct in the reign of JAMES II. It has never revived since the Revolution.

If my friend Sir ROGER's project of introducing beards should take effect, I fear the luxury of the present age would make it a very expensive fashion. There is no question but the beaux would soon provide themselves with false ones of the lightest colours, and the most immoderate lengths. A fair beard, of the tapestry size, which Sir ROGER seems to approve, could not come under twenty guineas. The famous golden beard of *ÆSCULAPIUS* would hardly be more valuable than one made in the extravagance of the fashion.

Besides, we are not certain that the ladies would not come into the mode, when they take the air on horseback. They already appear in hats and feathers, coats and periwigs; and I see no reason why we may not suppose that they would have their Riding-Beards on the same occasion.

N. B. I may give the moral of this discourse in another paper.

X.

N^o. 332.

FRIDAY, MARCH 21, 1711-12.

Minus aptus acutis
Naribus horum hominum.

HOR. I. SAT. iii. 29.

"He cannot bear the raillery of the age."

CREECH.

ANOTHER LETTER CONCERNING THE MOHOCKS.

DEAR SHORT FACE,

IN your speculation of Wednesday last, you have given us some account of that worthy society of brutes, the Mohocks; wherein you have particularly specified the ingenious performances of the Lion-Tippers, the Dancing-Masters, and the Tumblers: but as you acknowledge you had not then a perfect history of the whole club, you might very easily omit one of the most notable species of it, the Sweaters, which may be reckoned a sort of dancing-masters too. It is, it seems, the custom for half a dozen, or more, of these well-disposed savages, as soon as they have inclosed the person upon whom they design the favour of a sweat, to whip out their swords, and, holding them parallel to the horizon, they describe a sort of magic circle round about him with the points. As soon as this piece of conjuration is performed, and the patient without doubt already beginning to wax warm, to forward the operation, that member of the circle towards whom he is so rude as to turn his back first, runs his sword directly into that part of the patient wherein school-boys are punished; and as it is very natural to imagine this will soon make him

tack

tack about to some other point, every gentleman does himself the same justice as often as he receives the affront. After this jig has gone two or three times round, and the patient is thought to have sweat sufficiently, he is very handsomely rubbed down by some attendants, who carry with them instruments for that purpose, and so discharged. This relation I had from a friend of mine, who has lately been under this discipline. He tells me he had the honour to dance before the Emperor himself, not without the applause and acclamations both of his Imperial Majesty and the whole ring; though I dare say neither I, nor any of his acquaintance, ever dreamt he would have merited any reputation by his activity.

‘I can assure you, Mr. SPECTATOR, I was very near being qualify’d to have given you a faithful and painful account of this walking bagnio, if I may so call it, myself. Going the other night along Fleet-street, and having, out of curiosity, just enter’d into discourse with a wandering female who was travelling the same way, a couple of fellows advanced towards us, drew their swords, and cry’d out to each other, A sweat! a sweat! Whereupon suspecting they were some of the ringleaders of the bagnio, I also drew my sword, and demanded a parley; but finding none would be granted me, and perceiving others behind them filing off with great diligence to take me in flank, I began to sweat for fear of being forced to it: but very luckily betaking myself to a pair of heels, which I had good reason to believe would do me justice, I instantly got possession of a very snug corner in a neighbouring ailey that lay in my rear; which post I maintain’d for above half an hour with great firmness and resolution, tho’ not letting this success so far overcome me, as to make me unmindful of the circumspexion that was necessary to be observed upon my advancing again towards the street; by which prudence and good management I made a handsome and orderly retreat, having suffered no other damage in this action than the loss of my baggage, and the dislocation of one

of my shoe-heels, which last I am just now inform'd is in a fair way of recovery. These sweaters, by what I can learn from my friend, and by as near a view as I was able to take of them myself, seem to me to have at present but a rude kind of discipline amongst them. It is probable, if you would take a little pains with them, they might be brought into better order. But I'll leave this to your own discretion; and will only add, that if you think it worth while to insert this by way of caution to those who have a mind to preserve their skins whole from this sort of cupping, and tell them at the same time the hazard of treating with night walkers, you will perhaps oblige others, as well as

Your very humble servant,

JACK LIGHTFOOT.

P. S. 'My friend will have me acquaint you, that though he would not willingly detract from the merit of that extraordinary strokes-man Mr. SPRIGHTLY,* yet it is his real opinion, that some of those fellows who are employed as rubbers to this new fashioned bagnio, have struck as bold strokes as ever he did in his life.

'I had sent this four and twenty hours sooner, if I had not had the misfortune of being in a great doubt about the orthography of the word bagnio. I consulted several dictionaries, but found no relief; at last having recourse both to the bagnio in Newgate-street, and to that in Chancery-lane, and finding the original manuscripts upon the sign posts of each to agree literally with my own spelling, I returned home, full of satisfaction, in order to dispatch this epistle.'

MR. SPECTATOR,

'As you have taken most of the circumstances of human life into your consideration, we the underwritten thought

* See No. 319.

thought it not improper for us also to represent to you our condition. We are three ladies who live in the country, and the greatest improvement we make is by reading. We have taken a small journal of our lives, and find it extremely opposite to your last Tuesday's speculation. We rise by seven, and pass the beginning of each day in devotion, and looking into those affairs that fall within the occurrences of a retired life: in the afternoon, we sometimes enjoy the good company of some friend or neighbour, or else work or read; at night we retire to our chambers, and take leave of each other for the whole night at ten o'clock. We take particular care never to be sick of a Sunday. MR. SPECTATOR, we are all very good maids, but ambitious of characters which we think more laudable, that of being very good wives. If any of your correspondents inquire for a spouse for an honest country gentleman, whose estate is not dipped, and wants a wife that can save half his revenue, and yet make a better figure than any of his neighbours of the same estate, with finer-bred women, you shall have further notice from,

SIR,

Your courteous readers,

MARTHA BUSIE,

DEBORATH THRIFTY,

ALICE EARLY.

T.

N^o. 333.

SATURDAY, MARCH 22, 1711-12.

—— Vocat in certamina divos.

VIRG.

“ He calls embattled deities to arms.”

CRITICISM ON MILTON.—SIXTH BOOK.

WE are now entering upon the sixth book of *Paradise Lost*, in which the Poet describes the battle of the Angels; having raised his reader's expectation, and prepared him for it by several passages in my observations on the former books, having purposely reserved them for the opening of this, the subject of which gave occasion to them. The Author's imagination was so inflamed with this great scene of action, that wherever he speaks of it, he rises, if possible, above himself. Thus where he mentions SATAN in the beginning of his poem :

“ —— Him the almighty Power
Hurl'd headlong flaming from th' ethereal sky,
With hideous ruin and combustion down
To bottomless perdition, there to dwell
In adamant chains and penal fire,
Who durst defy th' Omnipotent to arms.”

We have likewise several noble hints of it in the infernal conference.

“ O prince ! O chief of many-throned powers,
That led th' embattled seraphim to war,
Too well I see and rule the dire event,
That with sad overthrow and foul defeat
Hath lost us Heav'n ; and all this mighty host
In horrible destruction laid thus low.

But

But see ! the angry victor has recall'd
 His ministers of vengeance and pursuit
 Back to the gates of Heav'n. The sulphurous hail
 Shot after us in storm, o'erblown, hath laid
 The fiery surge, that from the precipice
 Of Heav'n receiv'd us falling : and the thunder,
 Wing'd with red lightning and impetuous rage,
 Perhaps has spent his shafts, and ceases now
 To bellow through the vast and boundless deep."

There are several other very sublime images on the same subject in the first book, as also in the second :

" What when we fled amain, pursued and struck
 With Heav'n's afflicting thunder, and besought
 The deep to shelter us ; this hell then seem'd
 A refuge from those wounds.——— "

In short, the Poet never mentions any thing of this battle, but in such images of greatness and terror as are suitable to the subject. Among several others, I cannot forbear quoting that passage where the power, who is described as presiding over the chaos, speaks in the second book :

" Thus SATAN ; and him thus the ANARCH old,
 With falt'ring speech, and visage in compos'd,
 Answer'd : I know thee, stranger, who thou art,
 That mighty leading Angel, who of late
 Made head against Heav'n's King, tho' overthrown,
 I saw and heard ; for such a num'rous host
 Fled not in silence through the frighted deep
 With ruin upon ruin, rout on rout,
 Confusion worse confounded ; and Heaven's gates
 Pour'd out by millions her victorious bands
 Pursuing——— "

It required great pregnancy of invention, and strength of imagination, to fill this battle with such circumstances as should raise and astonish the mind of the reader ; and at the same time an exactness of judgment, to avoid every thing that might appear light or trivial. Those
 who

who look into HOMER, are surprised to find his battles still rising one above another, and improving in horror to the conclusion of the *Iliad*. MILTON's fight of Angels is wrought up with the same beauty. It is ushered in with such signs of wrath as are suitable to Omnipotence incensed. The first engagement is carried on under a cope of fire occasioned by the flights of innumerable burning darts and arrows which are discharged from either host. The second onset is still more terrible, as it is filled with those artificial thunders, which seem to make the victory doubtful, and produce a kind of consternation even in the good Angels. This is followed by the tearing up of mountains and promontories; till in the last place MESSIAH comes forth in the fulness of majesty and terror. The pomp of his appearance, amidst the roarings of his thunders, the flashes of his lightnings, and the noise of his chariot-wheels, is described with the utmost flights of human imagination.

There is nothing in the first and last day's engagement which does not appear natural, and agreeable enough to the ideas most readers would conceive of a fight between two armies of Angels.

The second day's engagement is apt to startle an imagination, which has not been raised and qualified for such a description, by the reading of the ancient poets, and of HOMER in particular. It was certainly a very bold thought in our Author, to ascribe the first use of artillery to the rebel Angels. But as such a pernicious invention * may be well supposed to have proceeded from
such

* The effects of artillery have been much less hurtful than *a priori* reasoners might have apprehended. "This furious engine," says HUME, "though it seemed contrived for the destruction of mankind, and the overthrow of empires, has in the issue rendered battles less bloody, and has given greater stability to civil societies. Nations, by its means, have been brought more to a level; conquests have been less frequent and rapid. Success in war has been reduced nearly to a matter of calculation. And any nation over-matched by its enemies, either yields to their demands, or secures itself by alliances against their violence and invasion."

such authors, so it enters very properly into the thoughts of that being, who is all along described as aspiring to the majesty of his Maker. Such engines were the only instruments he could have made use of to imitate those thunders, that in all poetry, both sacred and profane, are represented as the arms of the Almighty. The tearing up the hills was not altogether so daring a thought as the former. We are, in some measure, prepared for such an incident by the description of the giants war, which we meet with among the ancient poets. What still made this circumstance the more proper for the Poets's use, is the opinion of many learned men, that the fable of the giants war, which makes so great a noise in antiquity, and gave birth to the sublimest description in HESIOD's works, was an allegory founded upon this very tradition of a fight between the good and bad Angels.

It may, perhaps, be worth while to consider with what judgment MILTON, in this narration, has avoided every thing that is mean and trivial in the descriptions of the Latin and Greek poets; and at the same time improved every great hint which he met with in their works upon this subject. HOMER, in that passage which LONGINUS has celebrated for its sublimeness, and which VIRGIL and OVID have copied after him, tells us, that the giants threw OSSA upon OLYMPUS, and PELION upon OSSA. He adds an epithet to PELION (*εινόςφυλλον*) which very much swells the idea, by bringing up to the reader's imagination all the woods that grew upon it.—There is further a greater beauty in his singling out by names these three remarkable mountains so well known to the Greeks. This last is such a beauty, as the scene of MILTON's war could not possibly furnish him with. CLAUDIAN, in his fragment upon the giants war, has given full scope to that wildness of imagination which was natural to him. He tells us, that the giants tore up whole islands by the roots, and threw them at the Gods. He describes one of them in particular taking up LEM-

nos in his arms, and whirling it to the skies, with all VULCAN's shop in the midst of it. Another tears up Mount Ida, with the river Enipeus, which ran down the sides of it; but the Poet not content to describe him with this mountain upon his shoulders, tells us that the river flowed down his back as he held it up in that posture. It is visible to every judicious reader, that such ideas favour more of the burlesque than of the sublime. They proceed from a wantonness of imagination, and rather divert the mind than astonish it. MILTON has taken every thing that is sublime in these several passages, and composes out of them the following great image;

“ From their foundations loos'ning to and fro,
They pluck'd the seated hills, with all their load,
Rocks, waters, woods, and by the shaggy tops
Uplifting bore them in their hands.”

We have the full majesty of HOMER in this short description, improved by the imagination of CLAUDIAN, without its puerilities.

I need not point out the description of the fallen Angels seeing the promontories hanging over their heads in such a dreadful manner, with the other numberless beauties in this book, which are so conspicuous, that they cannot escape the notice of the most ordinary reader.

There are indeed so many wonderful strokes of poetry in this book, and such a variety of sublime ideas, that it would have been impossible to have given them a place within the bounds of this paper. Besides that I find it in a great measure done to my hand at the end of my Lord ROSCOMMON's *Essay on Translated Poetry*. I shall refer my reader thither for some of the master-strokes of the sixth book of *Paradise Lost*, though at the same time there are many others which that noble author has not taken notice of.

MILTON, notwithstanding the sublime genius he was

master of, has in this book drawn to his assistance all the helps he could meet with among the ancient poets. The sword of MICHAEL, which makes so great a havock among the bad Angels, was given him, we are told, out of the armoury of God:

“ ————— But the sword
Of MICHAEL from the armoury of God
Was giv'n him temper'd so, that neither keen
Nor solid might resist that edge: it met
The sword of SATAN, with steep force to smite
Descending, and in half cut sheer ——— ”

This passage is a copy of that in VIRGIL, wherein the Poet tells, that the sword of ÆNEAS, which was given him by a deity, broke into pieces the sword of TURNUS, which came from a mortal forge. As the moral in this place is divine, so by the way we may observe, that the bestowing on a man who is favoured by heaven such an allegorical weapon, is very conformable to the old eastern way of thinking. Not only HOMER has made use of it, but we find the Jewish hero in the book of *Macca-bees*, who had fought the battles of the chosen people with so much glory and success, receiving in his dream a sword from the hand of the prophet JEREMIAH. The following passage, wherein SATAN is described as wounded by the sword of MICHAEL, is in imitation of HOMER:

“ The griding sword with discontinuous wound
Pass'd through him; but th' ethereal substance clos'd
Not long divisible; and from the gash
A stream of nectarous humour issuing flow'd
Sanguine, (such as celestial spirits may bleed)
And all his armour stain'd ——— ”

HOMER tells us in the same manner, that upon DIO-MEDE's wounding the Gods, there flowed from the wound an ichor, or pure kind of blood, which was not bred from mortal viands; and that though the pain was exquisitely

quisitely great, the wound soon closed up and healed in those beings who are vested with immortality.

I question not but MILTON, in his description of his furious MOLOCH flying from the battle, and bellowing with the wound he had received, had his eye on MARS in the *Iliad*; who, upon his being wounded, is represented as retiring out of the fight, and making an outcry louder than that of a whole army when it begins the charge. HOMER adds, that the Greeks and Trojans, who were engaged in a general battle, were terrified on each side with the bellowing of this wounded deity. The reader will easily observe how MILTON has kept all the horror of this image, without running into the ridicule of it:

“——Where the might of GABRIEL fought,
And with fierce ensigns pierc'd the deep array
Of MOLOCH, furious king! who him defy'd,
And at his chariot-wheels to drag him bound
Threaten'd, nor from the Holy One of Heav'n
Refrain'd his tongue blasphemous: but anon
Down cloven to the waste, with shatter'd arms
And uncouth pain, fled bellowing ——”

MILTON has likewise raised his description in this book with many images taken out of the poetical parts of Scripture. The MESSIAH's chariot, as I have before taken notice, is formed upon a vision of EZEKIEL, who, as GROTIUS observes, has very much in him of HOMER's spirit in the poetical parts of his prophecy.

The following lines, in that glorious commission which is given the MESSIAH to extirpate the host of rebel Angels, is drawn from a sublime passage in the Psalms:

“Go then, thou mightiest, in thy Father's might!
Ascend my chariot, guide the rapid wheels
That take Heav'n's basis; bring forth all my war,
My bow, my thunder, my almighty arms,
Gird on thy sword on thy puissant thigh.”

The

The reader will easily discover many other strokes of the same nature.

There is no question but MILTON had heated his imagination with the fight of the Gods in HOMER, before he entered into this engagement of the Angels. * HOMER there gives us a scene of men, heroes and gods, mixed together in battle. MARS animates the contending armies, and lifts up his voice in such a manner, that it is heard distinctly amidst all the shouts and confusion of the fight. JUPITER at the same time thunders over their heads, while NEPTUNE raises such a tempest, that the whole field of battle, and all the tops of the mountains, shake about them. The Poet tells us that PLUTO himself, whose habitation was in the very center of the earth, was so affrighted at the shock, that he leapt from his throne. HOMER afterwards describes VULCAN as pouring down a storm of fire upon the river Xanthus, and MINERVA as throwing a rock at MARS; who, he tells us, covered seven acres in his fall.

As HOMER has introduced into his battle of the Gods every thing that is great and terrible in nature, MILTON has filled his fight of good and bad Angels with all the like circumstances of horror. The shout of armies, the rattling of brazen chariots, the hurling of rocks and mountains, the earthquake, the fire, the thunder, are all of them employed to lift up the reader's imagination, and give him a suitable idea of so great an action. With what art has the Poet represented the whole body of the earth trembling, even before it was created!

“ All heav'n resounded; and had earth been then,
All earth had to its center shook ——— ”

In how sublime and just a manner does he afterwards describe the whole heaven shaking under the wheels of the

* Resemblance between passages in the works of two men of genius, is no proof that the one has studiously imitated the other. Similar objects excite similar ideas in men of similar genius.

the MESSIAH's chariot, with that exception to the throne of God!

“ ——— Under his burning wheels
The stedfast Empyrean shook throughout,
All but the throne itself of God ——— ”

Notwithstanding the MESSIAH appears cloathed with so much terror and majesty, the Poet has still found means to make his readers conceive an idea of him, beyond what he himself is able to describe :

“ Yet half his strength he put not forth, but check'd
His thunder in mid volley ; for he meant
Not to destroy, but root them out of Heaven.”

In a word, MILTON's genius, which was so great in itself, and so strengthened by all the helps of learning, appears in this book every way equal to his subject, which was the most sublime that could enter into the thought of a poet. As he knew all the arts of affecting the mind, he has given it certain resting places, and opportunities of recovering itself from time to time ; several speeches, reflections, similitudes, and the like reliefs, being interspersed to diversify his narration and ease the attention of the reader.

L.

No. 334.

MONDAY, MARCH 24, 1711-12.

Voluisti, in suo genere, unumquemque nostrum quasi quendam esse Roscium, dixistique non tam ea quæ recta essent probari, quàm quæ prava sunt fastidiis adhærescere.

CICERO DE GESTU.

"You would have each of us be a kind of Roscius in his way ;
 "and you have said that the fastidious are not so much pleased
 "with what is right, as disgusted at what is wrong."

ON DANCING.

IT is very natural to take for our whole lives a light impression of a thing, which at first fell into contempt with us for want of consideration. The real use of a certain qualification (which the wiser part of mankind look upon as at best an indifferent thing, and generally a frivolous circumstance) shews the ill consequence of such prepossessions. What I mean is the art, skill, accomplishment, or whatever you will call it, of *Dancing*.* I knew a gentleman of great abilities, who bewailed the

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* The style of this elegant amusement has in this age been very much improved. Instead of the French mode of dancing, people of fashion have now adopted the Scotch, which is much more suited to the spirit of their country, and also to the music congenial to that spirit. This improvement has been principally owing to the ingenuity and exertions of Mr. JENKINS, and to those masterly performers the Messrs. GOW, whose inspiring strains excite a desire of excelling in those beautiful indigenous dances, to which their compositions and performances are so admirably adapted. The age of JENKINS and the GOWS will be hereafter considered as an important epoch in the history of British Dancing and British Music. The GOWS inherit the musical genius of their father, the celebrated NIEL GOW, and have super-added science to his beauty, animation, and pathos.

want of this part of his education to the end of a very honourable life. He observed that there was not occasion for the common use of great talents; that they are but seldom in demand; and that these very great talents were often rendered useless to a man for want of small attainments. A good mien (a becoming motion, gesture, and aspect) is natural to some men; but even these would be highly more graceful in their carriage, if what they do from the force of nature, were confirmed and heightened from the force of reason. To one who has not at all considered it, to mention the force of reason on such a subject, will appear fantastical; but when you have a little attended to it, an assembly of men will have quite another view; and they will tell you, it is evident from plain and infallible rules, why this man, with those beautiful features, and a well-fashioned person, is not so agreeable as he who sits by him without any of those advantages. When we read, we do it without any exerted act of memory that presents the shape of the letters; but habit makes us do it mechanically, without staying, like children, to recollect and join those letters. A man who has not had the regard of his gesture in any part of his education, will find himself unable to act with freedom before new company, as a child that is but now learning would be to read without hesitation. It is for the advancement of the pleasure we receive in being agreeable to each other in ordinary life, that one would wish Dancing were generally understood as conducive, as it really is, to a proper deportment in matters that appear the most remote from it. A man of learning and sense is distinguished from others as he is such, though he never runs upon points too difficult for the rest of the world; in like manner the reaching out of the arm, and the most ordinary motion, discovers whether a man ever learnt to know what is the true harmony and composure of his limbs and countenance. Whoever has seen BOOTH in the character of PYRRHUS march to his throne to receive ORESTES,

is convinced that majestic and great conceptions are expressed in the very step; but perhaps, though no other man could perform that incident as well as he does, he himself would do it with a yet greater elevation, were he a Dancer. This is so dangerous a subject to treat with gravity, that I shall not at present enter into it any further; but the author of the following letter has treated it in the essay he speaks of in such a manner, that I am beholden to him for a resolution, that I will never hereafter think meanly of any thing, till I have heard what they who have another opinion of it have to say in its defence.

MR. SPECTATOR,

'SINCE there are scarce any of the arts and sciences that have not been recommended to the world by the pens of some of the professors, masters, or lovers of them, whereby the usefulness, excellence, and benefit arising from them, both as to the speculative and practical part, have been made public, to the great advantage and improvement of such arts and sciences; why should Dancing, an art celebrated by the ancients in so extraordinary a manner, be totally neglected by the moderns, and left destitute of any pen to recommend its various excellencies, and substantial merit to mankind?

'The low ebb to which Dancing is now fallen, is altogether owing to this silence. The art is esteemed only as an amusing trifle; it lies altogether uncultivated, and is unhappily fallen under the imputation of illiterate and mechanic. As *TERENCE*, in one of his prologues, complains of the rope-dancers drawing all the spectators from his play, so we may well say, that capering and tumbling is now preferred to, and supplies the place of, just and regular Dancing on our theatres. It is therefore, in my opinion, high time that some one should come to its assistance, and relieve it from the many gross and growing errors that have crept into it, and overcast

its real beauties; and, to set Dancing in its true light, would shew the usefulness and elegance of it, with the pleasure and instruction produced from it; and also lay down some fundamental rules, that might so tend to the improvement of its professors, and information of the spectators, that the first might be the better enabled to perform, and the latter rendered more capable of judging what is (if there be any thing) valuable in this art.

‘To encourage therefore some ingenious pen capable of so generous an undertaking, and in some measure to relieve Dancing from the disadvantages it at present lies under, I who teach to dance,* have attempted a small treatise as an Essay towards an History of Dancing; in which I have enquired into its antiquity, original, and use, and shew what esteem the ancients had for it. I have likewise considered the nature and perfection of all its several parts, and how beneficial and delightful it is, both as a qualification and an exercise; and endeavoured to answer all objections that have been maliciously raised against it. I have proceeded to give an account of the particular Dances of the Greeks and Romans, whether religious, warlike, or civil; and taken particular notice of that part of Dancing relating to the ancient stage, in which the pantomimes had so great a share. Nor have I been wanting in giving an historical account of some particular masters excellent in that surprising art; after which I have advanced some observations on modern Dancing, both as to the stage, and that part of it so absolutely necessary for the qualification of gentlemen and ladies; and have concluded with some short remarks on the origin and progress of the character by which Dances are writ down, and communicated to one master from another. If some great genius after this would arise, and advance this art to that perfection it seems capable of receiving, what might not be expected from it? For, if we consider the origin of
arts

* *An Essay towards an History of Dancing, by JOHN WEAVER, 12MO. 1712.*

arts and sciences, we shall find that some of them took rise from beginnings so mean and unpromising, that it is very wonderful to think that ever such surprising structures should have been raised upon such ordinary foundations. But what cannot a great genius effect? Who would have thought that the clangorous noise of a smith's hammers should have given the first rise to music? Yet MACROBIUS in his second book relates, that PYTHAGORAS, in passing by a smith's shop, found that the sounds proceeding from the hammers were either more grave, or acute, according to the different weights of the hammers. The philosopher, to improve this hint, suspends different weights by strings of the same bigness, and found in like manner that the sounds answered to the weights. This being discovered, he finds out those numbers which produced sounds that were consonant: as, that two strings of the same substance and tension, the one being double the length of the other, gave that interval which is called Diapason, or an eighth: the same was also effected from two strings of the same length and size, the one having four times the tension of the other. By these steps, from so mean a beginning did this great man reduce, what was only before noise, to one of the most delightful sciences, by marrying it to the mathematics; and by that means caused it to be one of the most abstract and demonstrative of sciences. Who knows therefore but motion, whether decorous or representative, may not (as it seems highly probable it may) be taken into consideration by some person capable of reducing it into a regular science, though not so demonstrative as that proceeding from sounds, yet sufficient to entitle it to a place among the magnified arts?

‘Now, Mr. SPECTATOR, as you have declared yourself visitor of Dancing-schools, and this being an undertaking which more immediately respects them, I think myself indispensably obliged, before I proceed to the publication of this my Essay, to ask your advice; and hold it absolutely necessary to have your approbation, in

order to recommend my Treat se to the perusal of the parents of such as learn to dance, as well as to the young ladies, to whom, as visitor, you ought to be Guardian.

I am,

SIR,

Your most humble servant.'

Salop, March 19,

1711-12.

T.

N^o. 335.

TUESDAY, MARCH 25, 1712.

Respicere exemplar vitæ morumque jubebo
Doctum imitatore, et veras hinc ducere voces.

HOR. ARS POET. 327.

"Keep NATURE's great original in view,
"And thence the living images pursue."

FRANCIS.

SPECTATOR AND SIR ROGER AT A TRAGEDY.

MY friend Sir ROGER DE COVERLEY, when we last met together at the club, told me that he had a great mind to see the new tragedy * with me, assuring me at the same time, that he had not been at a play these twenty years. The last I saw, said SIR ROGER, was *The Committee*, † which I should not have gone to neither, had not I been told beforehand that it was a good Church of England comedy. He then proceeded to enquire of me who this *Distrest Mother* was; and upon hearing that she was HECTOR's widow, he told me that her husband was a brave man, and that when he was a school-boy, he had read his life at the end of the *Dictionary*. My friend asked me, in the next place, if there would not be some danger in coming home late, in case the Mohocks should be abroad. I assure you, says he, I thought I had fallen into their hands last night; for I

P 4

observed

* *The Distrest Mother*.

† A comedy by Sir ROBERT HOWARD, written soon after the Restoration, intended to ridicule the Round Heads, and their proceedings during the usurpation of CROMWELL.

observed two or three lusty black men that followed me half way up Fleet-street, and mended their pace behind me, in proportion as I put on to get away from them. You must know, continued the Knight with a smile, I fancied they had a mind to hunt me; for I remember an honest gentleman in my neighbourhood, who was served such a trick in King CHARLES the Second's time, for which reason he has not ventured himself in town ever since. I might have shewn them very good sport, had this been their design; for as I am an old fox-hunter, I should have turned and dodged, and have played them a thousand tricks they had never seen in their lives before. Sir ROGER added, that if these gentlemen had any such intention, they did not succeed very well in it; for I threw them out, says he, at the end of Norfolk-street, where I doubled the corner, and got shelter in my lodgings before they could imagine what was become of me. However, says the Knight, if Captain SENTRY will make one with us to-morrow night, and you will both of you call upon me about four o'clock, that we may be at the house before it is full, I will have my own coach in readiness to attend you, for JOHN tells me he has got the fore-wheels mended.

The Captain, who did not fail to meet me there at the appointed hour, bid Sir ROGER fear nothing, for that he had put on the same sword which he made use of at the battle of Steenkirk. Sir ROGER's servants, and among the rest my old friend the butler, had, I found, provided themselves with good oaken plants, to attend their master upon this occasion. When we had placed him in his coach, with myself at his left hand, the Captain before him, and his butler at the head of his footmen in the rear, we convoyed him in safety to the play-house, where, after having marched up the entry in good order, the Captain and I went in with him, and seated him betwixt us in the pit. As soon as the house was full, and the candles lighted, my old friend stood
up

up, and looked about him with that pleasure which a mind seasoned with humanity naturally feels in itself, at the sight of a multitude of people who seem pleased with one another, and partake of the same common entertainment. I could not but fancy to myself, as the old man stood up in the middle of the pit, that he made a very proper center to a tragic audience. Upon the entering of PYRRHUS, the Knight told me, that he did not believe the King of France himself had a better strut. I was indeed very attentive to my old friend's remarks, because I looked upon them as a piece of natural criticism, and was well pleased to hear him, at the conclusion of almost every scene, telling me that he could not imagine how the play would end. One while he appeared much concerned for ANDROMACHE; and a little while after, as much for HERMIONE; and was extremely puzzled to think what would become of PYRRHUS.

When Sir ROGER saw ANDROMACHE's obstinate refusal to her lover's importunities, he whispered me in the ear, that he was sure she would never have him; to which he added, with a more than ordinary vehemence, You can't imagine, Sir, what it is to have to do with a widow. Upon PYRRHUS his threatening afterwards to leave her, the Knight shook his head and muttered to himself, "Ay, do if you can." This part dwelt so much upon my friend's imagination, that at the close of the third act, as I was thinking of something else, he whispered me in my ear, These widows, Sir, are the most perverse creatures in the world. But pray, says he, you that are a critic, is the play according to your dramatic rules, as you call them? Should your people in tragedy always talk to be understood? Why, there is not a single sentence in this play that I do not know the meaning of.

The fourth act very luckily began before I had time to give the old gentleman an answer. Well, says the Knight, sitting down with great satisfaction, I suppose
we

we are now to see HECTOR's ghost. He then renewed his attention, and, from time to time, fell a praising the widow. He made, indeed, a little mistake as to one of her pages, whom at his first entering he took for ASTYANAX; but quickly set himself right in that particular, though, at the same time, he owned he should have been very glad to have seen the little boy, who, says he, must needs be a very fine child by the account that is given of him. Upon HERMIONE's going off with a menace to PYRRHUS, the audience gave a loud clap, to which Sir ROGER added, "On my word, a notable young baggage!"

As there was a very remarkable silence and stillness in the audience during the whole action, it was natural for them to take the opportunity of the intervals between the acts, to express their opinion of the players, and of their respective parts. Sir ROGER, hearing a cluster of them praise ORESTES, stuck in with them, and told them, that he thought his friend PYLADES was a very sensible man. As they were afterwards applauding PYRRHUS, Sir ROGER put in a second time. And let me tell you, says he, though he speaks but little, I like the old fellow in whiskers, as well as any of them. Captain SENTRY seeing two or three wags, who sat near us, lean with an attentive ear towards Sir ROGER, and fearing least they should *smoke* the Knight, plucked him by the elbow, and whispered something in his ear, that lasted till the opening of the fifth act. The Knight was wonderfully attentive to the account which ORESTES gives of PYRRHUS his death, and, at the conclusion of it, told me it was such a bloody piece of work, that he was glad it was not done upon the stage. * Seeing afterwards

* Mr. ADDISON's ideas concerning tragedy appear to have been formed in a great measure from the practice of EURIPIDES and SOPHOCLES, who did not permit their characters to be killed on the stage. We have in our British tragedies many instances in which the death of the principal personages on the stage heightens the

wards ORESTES in his raving fit, he grew more than ordinarily serious, and took occasion to moralize (in his way) upon an evil conscience, adding, that ORESTES in his madness, looked as if he saw something.

As we were the first that came into the house, so we were the last that went out of it; being resolved to have a clear passage for our old friend, whom we did not care to venture among the justling of the croud. Sir ROGER went out fully satisfied with his entertainment, and we guarded him to his lodging in the same manner that we brought him to the play-house; being highly pleased for my own part, not only with the performance of the excellent piece which had been presented, but with the satisfaction which it had given to the old man.

L.

the pathos. Thus the death of DOUGLAS in the presence of his mother, of BELVIDERA in the presence of her father, of HAMLET in the presence of his friends, is much more affecting, by representation, than it could have been rendered by narration.

Where the sufferings excite pity or terror, without exciting horror, their admission on the stage will, we believe, be found from experience to produce better effect than their exclusion:

“Segnius irritant animos demissa per aures,
Quam quæ sunt oculis subjecta fidelibus ———”

Hor. de Arte Poetica.

“We are much less affected by what we hear, than by what we see.”

N^o. 336.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 26, 1712.

———Clamant periisse pudorem
Cuncti penè patres, ea cùm reprehendere coner,
Quæ gravis *Æsopus*, quæ doctus *Roscius* egit :
Vel quia nil rectum, nisi quod placuit sibi, ducunt ;
Vel quia turpe putant parere minoribus, et quæ
Imberbes didicere, senes perdenda fateri.

HOR. I. EP. ii. 80.

IMITATED.

" One tragic sentence if I dare deride,
" Which *BETTERTON*'s grave action dignify'd,
" Or well-mouth'd *BOOTH* with emphasis proclaims
" (Tho' but, perhaps, a muster-roll of names)
" How will our fathers rise up in a rage,
" And swear, all shame is lost in *GEORGE*'s age !
" You'd think no fools disgrac'd the former reign,
" Did not some grave examples yet remain,
" Who scorn a lad should teach his father skill,
" And having once been wrong, will be so still."

POPE.

ON THE BEHAVIOUR OF THE YOUNG TO THE AGED.

MR. SPECTATOR,

' AS you are the daily endeavourer to promote learning and good sense, I think myself obliged to suggest to your consideration whatever may promote, or prejudice them. There is an evil which has prevailed from generation to generation, which grey hairs and tyrannical custom continue to support : I hope your Spectatorial authority will give a seasonable check to the spread of the infection ; I mean old men's overbearing the strongest sense of their juniors by the mere force of seniority ;

seniority; so that for a young man in the bloom of life, and vigour of age, to give a reasonable contradiction to his elders, is esteemed an unpardonable insolence, and regarded as reversing the decrees of Nature. I am a young man, I confess; yet I honour the grey head as much as any one: however, when in company with old men, I hear them speak obscurely, or reason preposterously (into which absurdities, prejudice, pride, or interest, will sometimes throw the wisest) I count it no crime to rectify their reasonings, unless conscience must truckle to ceremony, and truth fall a sacrifice to complaisance. The strongest arguments are enervated, and the brightest evidence disappears, before those tremendous reasonings and dazzling discoveries of venerable old-age. You are young giddy-headed fellows; you have not yet had experience of the world. Thus we young folks find our ambition cramped, and our laziness indulged, since while young, we have little room to display ourselves, when old, the weakness of nature must pass for strength of sense, and we hope that hoary heads will raise us above the attacks of contradiction. Now, Sir, as you would enliven our activity in the pursuit of learning, take our case into consideration; and, with a gloss on brave ELIHU's sentiments, assert the rights of youth, and prevent the pernicious encroachments of age. The generous reasonings of that gallant youth would adorn your paper; and I beg you would insert them, not doubting but that they will give good entertainment to the most intelligent of your readers.'

"So these three men ceased to answer JOB, because he was righteous in his own eyes. Then was kindled the wrath of ELIHU, the son of BARACHEL the Buzite, of the kindred of RAM. Against JOB was his wrath kindled, because he justified himself rather than God. Also against his three friends was his wrath kindled, because they had found no answer, and yet had condemned JOB. Now ELIHU had waited till JOB had spoken,

spoken, because they were elder than he. When ELIHU saw there was no answer in the mouth of these three men, then his wrath was kindled. And ELIHU, the son of BARACHEL the Buzite, answered and said, I am young, and ye are very old; wherefore I was afraid; and durst not shew you mine opinion. I said, Days should speak, and multitude of years should teach wisdom. But there is a spirit in man, and the inspiration of the Almighty giveth them understanding. Great men are not always wise: neither do the aged understand judgment. Therefore I said, hearken to me, I also will shew mine opinion. Behold I waited for your words; I gave ear to your reasons, whilst you searched out what to say. Yea, I attended unto you. And behold there was none of you that convinced JOB, or that answered his words; lest you should say, We have found out wisdom: God thrusteth him down, not man. Now he hath not directed his words against me: neither will I answer him with your speeches. They were amazed: they answered no more; they left off speaking. When I had waited (for they spake not, but stood still and answered no more) I said, I will answer also my part; I also will shew mine opinion. For I am full of matter, the spirit within me constraineth me. Behold, my belly is as wine which hath no vent, it is ready to burst like new bottles. I will speak that I may be refreshed: I will open my lips and answer. Let me not, I pray you, accept any man's person, neither let me give flattering titles unto man. For I know not to give flattering titles; in so doing my Maker would soon take me away."

MR. SPECTATOR,

'I HAVE formerly read with great satisfaction your paper about Idols,* and the behaviour of gentlemen in those

* See No. 73, 79, 87, 155, 534, lett. 5.

those coffee-houses where women officiate; and impatiently waited to see you take India and China shops into consideration: but since you have passed us over in silence, either that you have not as yet thought us worth your notice, or that the grievances we lie under, have escaped your discerning eye, I must make my complaints to you, and am encouraged to do it because you seem a little at leisure, at this present writing. I am, dear Sir, one of the top China-women about town; and, though I say it, keep as good things, and receive as fine company, as any over this end of the town, let the other be who she will. In short, I am in a fair way to be easy, were it not for a club of female rakes, who under pretence of taking their innocent rambles forsooth, and diverting the spleen, seldom fail to plague me twice or thrice a day, to cheapen tea, or buy a screen. What else should they mean? as they often repeat it. These rakes are your idle ladies of fashion, who, having nothing to do, employ themselves in tumbling over my ware. One of these no-customers (for by the way they seldom or never buy any thing) calls for a set of tea-dishes, another for a basin, a third for my best green-tea, and even to the punch-bowl, there's scarce a piece in my shop but must be displaced, and the whole agreeable architecture disordered; so that I can compare them to nothing but to the night-goblins, that take a pleasure to overturn the disposition of plates and dishes in the kitchens of your housewifely maids. Well, after all this racket and clutter, this is too dear, that is their aversion; another thing is charming, but not wanted: the ladies are cured of the spleen, but I am not a shilling the better for it. Lord, what signifies one poor pot of tea, considering the trouble they put me to? Vapours, Mr. SPECTATOR, are terrible things; for though I am not possessed by them myself, I suffer more from them than if I were. Now I must beg you to admonish all such day-goblins to make fewer visits,

or

or to be less troublesome when they come to one's shop; and to convince them that we honest shopkeepers have something better to do, than to cure folks of the vapours *gratis*. A young son of mine, a school-boy, is my secretary, so I hope you will make allowances.

I am,

SIR,

Your constant reader,

And very humble servant,

REBECCA the distressed."

March 22.

T.

N^o. 337.

THURSDAY, MARCH 27, 1712.

Fingit equum tenerâ docilem cervice magister,
Ire viam quam monstrat eques —————

HOR. I. EP. ii. 63.

“ The jockey trains the young and tender horse
“ While yet soft-mouth’d, and breeds him to the course.”

CREECH.

EDUCATION, PRIVATE and PUBLIC COMPARED.

I HAVE lately received a third letter from the gentleman who has already given the public two Essays upon *Education*.* As his thoughts seem to be very just and new upon this subject, I shall communicate them to the reader.

SIR,

‘ IF I had not been hindered by some extraordinary business, I should have sent you sooner my further thoughts upon Education. You may please to remember, that in my last letter I endeavoured to give the best reasons that could be urged in favour of a Private or Public Education. Upon the whole, it may perhaps be thought that I seemed rather inclined to the latter, though at the same time I confessed that virtue, which ought to be our first and principal care, was more usually acquired in the former.

VOL. V.

Q

I intended

* No. 307, and No. 313, by Mr. BUDCELL.

‘ I intended, therefore, in this letter, to offer at methods, by which I conceive boys might be made to improve in virtue, as they advance in letters.

‘ I know that in most of our public schools vice is punished and discouraged, whenever it is found out; but this is far from being sufficient, unless our youth are at the same time taught to form a right judgment of things, and to know what is properly virtue.

‘ To this end, whenever they read the lives and actions of such men as have been famous in their generation, it should not be thought enough to make them barely understand so many Greek or Latin sentences; but they should be asked their opinion of such an action or saying, and obliged to give their reasons why they take it to be good or bad. By this means they would insensibly arrive at proper notions of courage, temperance, honour, and justice.

‘ There must be great care taken how the example of any particular persons is recommended to them in gross; instead of which they ought to be taught wherein such a man, though great in some respects, was weak and faulty in others. For want of this caution, a boy is often so dazzled with the lustre of a great character, that he confounds its beauties with its blemishes, and looks even upon the faulty part of it, with an eye of admiration.

‘ I have often wondered how ALEXANDER, who was naturally of a generous and merciful disposition, came to be guilty of so barbarous an action as that of dragging the governor of a town after his chariot. I know this is generally ascribed to his passion for HOMER; but I lately met with a passage in *Plutarch*, which, if I am not very much mistaken, still gives us a clearer light into the motives of this action. PLUTARCH tells us, that ALEXANDER in his youth had a master named LYSIMACHUS, who, though he was a man destitute of all politeness, ingratiated himself both with PHILIP and his pupil, and became the second man at court, by calling the king PELEUS, the prince ACHILLES, and himself

PHOENIX.

PHŒNIX. It is no wonder if ALEXANDER, having been thus used not only to admire, but to personate ACHILLES, should think it glorious to imitate him in this piece of cruelty and extravagance.

‘ To carry this thought yet further, I shall submit it to your consideration, whether, instead of a theme or copy of verses, which are the usual exercises, as they are called in the school phrase, it would not be more proper that a boy should be tasked once or twice a week, to write down his opinion of such persons and things as occur to him by his reading; that he should descant upon the actions of TURNUS, or ÆNEAS; shew wherein they excelled, or were defective; censure, or approve any particular action; observe how it might have been carried to a greater degree of perfection, and how it exceeded, or fell short of another. He might at the same time mark what was moral in any speech, and how far it agreed with the character of the person speaking. This exercise would soon strengthen his judgment in what is blameable or praise-worthy, and give him an early seasoning of morality.

‘ Next to those examples which may be met with in books, I very much approve HORACE’s way of setting before youth the infamous or honourable characters of their contemporaries. That poet tells us, this was the method his father made use of to incline him to any particular virtue, or give him an aversion to any particular vice. If, says HORACE, my father advised me to live within bounds, and be contented with the fortune he should leave me; “ Do you not see (says he) the miserable condition of BURRUS, and the son of ALBUS? Let the misfortunes of those two wretches teach you to avoid luxury and extravagance.” If he would inspire me with an abhorrence to debauchery, “ Do not (says he) make yourself like SECTANUS, when you may be happy in the enjoyment of lawful pleasures.” “ How scandalous (says he) is the character of TREBONIUS, who was lately caught in bed with another man’s wife !”

To illustrate the force of this method, the poet adds, That as a head strong patient, who will not at first follow his physician's prescriptions, grows orderly when he hears that the neighbours die all about him; so youth is often frightened from vice, by hearing the ill report it brings upon others.

'XENOPHON's schools of equity, in his Life of CYRUS the Great, are sufficiently famous. He tells us, that the Persian children went to school, and employed their time as diligently in learning the principles of justice and sobriety, as the youth in other countries did to acquire the most difficult arts and sciences: their governors spent most part of the day in hearing their mutual accusations one against the other, whether for violence, cheating, slander, or ingratitude; and taught them how to give judgment against those who were found to be any ways guilty of these crimes. I omit the story of the long and short coat, for which CYRUS himself was punished, as a case equally known with any in Littleton.

'The method which APULEIUS tells us, the Indian Gymnosophists took to educate their disciples, is still more curious and remarkable. His words are as follow. When their dinner is ready, before it is served up, the masters inquire of every particular scholar how he has employed his time since sun-rising: some of them answer, that having been chosen as arbiters between two persons, they have composed their differences, and made them friends; some, that they have been executing the orders of their parents; and others, that they have either found out something new by their own application, or learnt it from the instructions of their fellows. But if there happens to be any one among them, who cannot make it appear that he has employed the morning to advantage, he is immediately excluded from the company, and obliged to work while the rest are at dinner.

'It is not impossible, that from these several ways
of

of producing virtue in the minds of boys, some general method might be invented. What I would endeavour to inculcate is, that our youth cannot be too soon taught the principles of virtue, seeing the first impressions which are made on the mind are always the strongest.

‘ The Archbishop of CAMBRAY makes TELEMACHUS say, that, though he was young in years, he was old in the art of knowing how to keep both his own and his friends secrets. When my father, says the Prince, went to the siege of Troy, he took me on his knees, and after having embraced and blessed me, as he was surrounded by the nobles of Ithaca, O my friends, (says he) into your hands I commit the education of my son: if ever you loved his father, shew it in your care towards him; but, above all, do not omit to form him just, sincere, and faithful in keeping a secret. These words of my father, says TELEMACHUS, were continually repeated to me by his friends in his absence; who made no scruple of communicating to me their uneasiness to see my mother surrounded with lovers, and the measures they designed to take on that occasion. He adds, that he was so ravished at being thus treated like a man, and at the confidence reposed in him, that he never once abused it; nor could all the insinuations of his father’s rivals ever get him to betray what was committed to him under the seal of secrecy.

‘ There is hardly any virtue which a lad might not thus learn by practice and example.

‘ I have heard of a good man, who used at certain times to give his scholars sixpence a-piece, that they might tell him the next day how they had employed it. The third part was always to be laid out in charity, and every boy was blamed, or commended, as he could make it appear he had chosen a fit object.

‘ In short, nothing is more wanting to our public schools, than that the masters of them should use the same care in fashioning the manners of their scholars, as in forming their tongues to the learned languages.

Where-ever the former is omitted, I cannot help agreeing with Mr. LOCKE, that a man must have a very strange value for words, when, preferring the languages of the Greeks and Romans to that which made them such brave men, he can think it worth while to hazard the innocence and virtue of his son, for a little Greek and Latin.

‘ As the subject of this essay is of the highest importance, and what I do not remember to have yet seen treated by any author, I have sent you what occurred to me on it from my own observation, or reading, and which you may either suppress or publish, as you think fit.

I am,

SIR,

Yours, &c.,

X.

N^o. 338.

FRIDAY, MARCH 28, 1712.

— Nil fuit unquam
Tam dispar sibi —

HOR. I. SAT. iii. 18.

“ Nothing was ever so inconsistent with itself.”

ON THE EPILOGUE TO THE DISTRESS MOTHER. .

I FIND the tragedy of *The Distressed Mother* is published to-day. The author of the prologue, I suppose, pleads an old excuse I have read somewhere, of ‘ being dull with design ; ’ and the gentleman who writ the epilogue, * has, to my knowledge, so much of greater moment to value himself upon, that he will easily forgive me for publishing the exceptions made against gaiety at the end of serious entertainments, in the following letter: I should be more unwilling to pardon him, than any body, a practice which cannot have any ill consequence, but from the abilities of the person who is guilty of it.

MR. SPECTATOR,

‘ I HAD the happiness the other night of sitting very near you, and your worthy friend Sir ROGER, at the acting of the new tragedy, which you have, in a late paper or two, so justly recommended. I was highly pleased with the advantageous situation fortune had given me in placing me so near two gentlemen, from

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* Mr. BUDGELL. The reader will find the Epilogue transcribed in the *Life of that Gentleman*, vol. I. of this edition, page 204.

one of which I was sure to hear such reflections on the several incidents of the play as pure nature suggested, and, from the other, such as flowed from the exactest art and judgment: though I must confess that my curiosity led me so much to observe the Knight's reflections, that I was not so well at leisure to improve myself by yours. Nature, I found, played her part in the Knight pretty well, till at the last concluding lines she entirely forsook him. You must know, Sir, that it is always my custom, when I have been well entertained at a new tragedy, to make my retreat before the facetious epilogue enters; not but that those pieces are often very well written, but having paid down my half crown, and made a fair purchase of as much of the pleasing melancholy as the poet's art can afford me, or my own nature admit of, I am willing to carry some of it home with me; and cannot endure to be at once tricked out of all, though by the wittiest dexterity in the world. However I kept my seat the other night, in hopes of finding my own sentiments of this matter favoured by your friend's; when, to my great surprise, I found the Knight entering with equal pleasure into both parts, and as much satisfied with Mrs. OLDFIELD's gaiety, as he had been before with ANDROMACHE's greatness. Whether this were no more than an effect of the Knight's peculiar humanity, pleased to find at last, that, after all the tragical doings, every thing was safe and well, I do not know. But, for my own part, I must confess I was so dissatisfied, that I was sorry the poet had saved ANDROMACHE, and could heartily have wished that he had left her stone-dead upon the stage. For you cannot imagine, Mr. SPECTATOR, the mischief she was reserved to do me. I found my soul, during the action, gradually worked up to the highest pitch; and felt the exalted passion which all generous minds conceive at the sight of virtue in distress. The impression, believe me, Sir, was so strong upon me, that I am persuaded, if I had been let alone in it, I could

could at an extremity have ventured to defend yourself and Sir ROGER against half a score of the fiercest Mohocks; but the ludicrous epilogue in the close extinguished all my ardour, and made me look upon all such noble achievements as downright silly and romantic. What the rest of the audience felt, I cannot so well tell. For myself I must declare, that at the end of the play I found my soul uniform, and all of a piece; but at the end of the epilogue, it was so jumbled together and divided between jest and earnest, that, if you will forgive me an extravagant fancy, I will here set it down. I could not but fancy, if my soul had at that moment quitted my body, and descended to the poetical shades in the posture it was then in, what a strange figure it would have made among them. They would not have known what to have made of my motley spectre, half comic and half tragic, all over resembling a ridiculous face, that, at the same time, laughs on one side, and cries on the other. The only defence, I think, I have ever heard made for this, as it seems to me the most unnatural tack of the comic tail to the tragic head, is this, that the minds of the audience must be refreshed, and gentlemen and ladies not sent away to their own homes with too dismal and melancholy thoughts about them: for who knows the consequence of this? We are much obliged, indeed, to the poets for the great tenderness they express for the safety of our persons, and heartily thank them for it. But if that be all, pray, good Sir, assure them, that we are none of us like to come to any great harm; and that, let them do their best, we shall, in all probability, live out the length of our days, and frequent the theatres more than ever. What makes me more desirous to have some information of this matter, is, because of an ill consequence or two attending it: for a great many of our church musicians being related to the theatre, they have, in imitation of these epilogues, introduced, in their farewell voluntaries, a sort of music quite foreign to the design

design of church services, to the great prejudice of well-disposed people. Those fingering gentlemen should be informed, that they ought to suit their airs to the place, and business; and that the musician is obliged to keep to the text as much as the preacher. For want of this, I have found, by experience, a great deal of mischief. When the preacher has often, with great piety, and art enough, handled his subject, and the judicious clerk has with the utmost diligence culled out two staves proper to the discourse, and I have found in myself, and in the rest of the pew, good thoughts and dispositions, they have been all in a moment dissipated by a merry jig from the organ-loft. One knows not what further ill effects the epilogues I have been speaking of may in time produce: but this I am credibly informed of, that PAUL LORRAIN has resolved upon a very sudden reformation in his tragical dramas; and that, at the next monthly performance, he designs, instead of a penitential psalm, to dismiss his audience with an excellent new ballad of his own composing. Pray, Sir, do what you can to put a stop to these growing evils, and you will very much oblige

Your humble servant,

PHYSIBULUS.*

* Supposed to be written by STEELE.

N^o. 339.

SATURDAY, MARCH 29, 1712.

——— Ut his exordia primis
 Omnia, & ipse tener mundi concreverit orbis.
 Tum durare solum & discludere Nerea ponto
 Cæperit, & rerum paullatim sumere formas.

VIRG. ECL. vi. 33.

" He sung the secret seeds of nature's frame :
 " How seas, and earth, and air, and active flame,
 " Fell through the mighty void, and in their fall
 " Were blindly gather'd in this goodly ball.
 " The tender soil then stiff'ning by degrees,
 " Shut from the bounded earth the bounding seas,
 " The earth and ocean various forms disclose,
 " And a new son to the new world arose."

DRYDEN.

CRITICISM ON MILTON.—SEVENTH BOOK.

LONGINUS has observed, that there may be a loftiness in sentiments where there is no passion, and brings instances out of ancient authors to support this his opinion. The pathetic, as that great critic observes, may animate and inflame the sublime, but is not essential to it. Accordingly, as he further remarks, we very often find that those who excel most in stirring up the passions, very often want the talent of writing in the great and sublime manner, and so on the contrary. MILTON has shewn himself a master in both these ways of writing. The seventh book, which we are now entering upon, is an instance of that sublime which is not mixed and worked up with passion. The author appears in a kind of composed and sedate majesty; and though the sentiments do not give so great an emotion as those in the former book, they abound with as magnificent

nificent ideas. The sixth book, like a troubled ocean, represents greatness in confusion; the seventh affects the imagination like the ocean in a calm, and fills the mind of the reader, without producing in it any thing like tumult, or agitation.

The critic above mentioned, among the rules which he lays down for succeeding in the sublime way of writing, proposes to his reader, that he should imitate the most celebrated authors who have gone before him, and have been engaged in works of the same nature; as in particular, that, if he writes on poetical subjects, he should consider how HOMER would have spoken on such an occasion. By this means one great genius often catches the flame from another, and writes in his spirit, without copying servilely after him. There are a thousand shining passages in VIRGIL, which have been lighted up by HOMER.

MILTON, though his own natural strength of genius was capable of furnishing out a perfect work, has, doubtless, very much raised and enobled his conceptions by such an imitation as that which LONGINUS has recommended.

In this book, which gives us an account of the six days works, the Poet received but very few assistances from heathen writers, who are strangers to the wonders of creation. But as there are many glorious strokes of poetry upon this subject in Holy Writ, the Author has numberless allusions to them through the whole course of this book. The great critic I have before mentioned, though an heathen, has taken notice of the sublime manner in which the lawgiver of the Jews has described the creation in the first chapter of Genesis; and there are many other passages in Scripture which rise up to the same majesty, where this subject is touched upon. MILTON has shewn his judgment very remarkably, in making use of such of these as were proper for his poem, and in duly qualifying those strains of Eastern poetry, which were suited to readers whose imaginations were set to an higher pitch than those of colder climates.

ADAM'S

ADAM's speech to the Angel, wherein he desires an account of what had passed within the regions of nature before the creation, is very great and solemn. The following lines, in which he tells him, that the day is not too far spent for him to enter upon such a subject, are exquisite in their kind :

“ And the great light of day yet wants to run
Much of his race, though sleep, suspense in Heav'n
Held by thy voice ; thy potent voice he hears,
And longer will delay to hear thee tell
His generation,” &c.

The Angel's encouraging our first parents in a modest pursuit after knowledge, with the causes which he assigns for the creation of the world, are very just and beautiful. The MESSIAH, by whom, as we are told in Scripture, the Heavens were made, goes forth in the power of his Father, surrounded with an host of Angels, and cloathed with such a majesty as becomes his entering upon a work, which, according to our conceptions, appears the utmost exertion of Omnipotence. What a beautiful description has our Author raised upon that hint in one of the Prophets ! And behold there came four chariots out from between two mountains, and the mountains were mountains of brass :

“ About his chariot numberless were pour'd
Cherub and Seraph, potentates and thrones,
And virtues, winged spirits, and chariots wing'd
From the armoury of GOD, where stand of old
Myriads between two brazen mountains lodg'd
Against a solemn day, harness'd at hand,
Celestial equipage ! and now came forth
Spontaneous, for within them Spirit liv'd,
Attendant on the LORD : Heav'n open'd wide
Her ever-during gates, harmonious sound !
On golden hinges moving ————”

I have before taken notice of these chariots of God, and of these gates of Heaven ; and shall here only add, that

that HOMER gives us the same idea of the latter, as opening of themselves; though he afterwards takes off from it, by telling us, that the hours first of all removed those prodigious heaps of clouds which lay as a barrier before them.

I do not know any thing in the whole poem more sublime than the description which follows, where the MESSIAH is represented at the head of his Angels, as looking down into the Chaos, calming its confusion, riding into the midst of it, and drawing the first outline of the creation:

“ On heav’nly ground they stood, and from the shore
They view’d the vast immeasurable abyss
Outrageous as a sea, dark, wasteful, wild,
Up from the bottom turn’d by furious winds
And surging waves, as mountains to assault
Heaven’s height, and with the centre mix the pole.
Silence, ye troubled waves; and thou deep, peace!
Said then th’ omnific Word, your discord end:
Nor staid, but on the wings of Cherubim
Up-lifted, in paternal glory rode
Far into CHAOS, and the world unborn;
For CHAOS heard his voice. Him all his train
Follow’d in bright procession, to behold
Creation, and the wonders of his might.
Then stay’d the fervid wheels; and in his hand
He took the golden compasses, prepar’d
In GOD’s eternal store to circumscribe
This universe, and all created things:
One foot he center’d, and the other turn’d
Round through the vast profundity obscure,
And said, Thus far extend, thus far thy bounds,
This be thy just circumference, O world!”

The thoughts of the golden compasses is conceived altogether in HOMER’s spirit, and is a very noble incident in this wonderful description. HOMER, when he speaks of the Gods, ascribes to them several arms and instruments with the same greatness of imagination.

Let

Let the reader only peruse the description of MINERVA'S *Ægis*, or buckler, in the fifth book, with her spear which would overturn whole squadrons, and her helmet that was sufficient to cover an army drawn out of an hundred cities. The golden compasses in the above-mentioned passage, appear a very natural instrument in the hand of him whom PLATO somewhere calls the Divine Geometrician. As poetry delights in cloathing abstracted ideas in allegories and sensible images, we find a magnificent description of the creation, formed after the same manner, in one of the Prophets, wherein he describes the Almighty Architect as measuring the waters in the hollow of his hand, meeting out the Heavens with his span, comprehending the dust of the earth in a measure, weighing the mountains in scales, and the hills in a balance. Another of them, describing the Supreme Being in this great work of creation, represents him as laying the foundations of the earth, and stretching a line upon it; and, in another place, as garnishing the Heavens, stretching out the north over the empty place, and hanging the earth upon nothing. This last noble thought MILTON has expressed in the following verse :

“ An earth self-balanc'd on her centre hung.”

The beauties of description in this book lie so very thick, that it is impossible to enumerate them in this paper. The Poet has employed on them the whole energy of our tongue. The several great scenes of the creation rise up to view one after another, in such a manner, that the reader seems present at this wonderful work, and to assist among the choirs of Angels who are the spectators of it. How glorious is the conclusion of the first day !

“———Thus was the first day ev'n and morn :
Nor past uncelebrated, nor unsung
By the celestial choirs, when orient light

Exhaling

Exhaling first from darkness they beheld;
 Birth-day of Heav'n and Earth! with joy and shout
 The hollow universal orb they fill'd."

We have the same elevation of thought in the third day, when the mountains were brought forth, and the deep was made:

"Immediately the mountains huge appear
 Emergent, and their broad bare backs up-heave
 Into the clouds, their tops ascend the sky:
 So high as Heav'n the tumid hills, so low
 Down sunk a hollow bottom broad and deep,
 Capacious bed of waters——"

We have also the rising of the whole vegetable world described in this day's work, which is filled with all the graces that other Poets have lavished on their description of the spring, and leads the reader's imagination into a theatre equally surprising and beautiful.

The several glories of the Heavens make their appearance on the fourth day:

"First in his east the glorious lamp was seen,
 Regent of day, and all the horizon round
 Invested with bright rays, jocund to run
 His longitude through Heaven's high road; the gray
 Dawn, and the Pleiades before him danc'd,
 Shedding sweet influence. Less bright the Moon,
 But opposite in level'd west was set
 His mirrour, with full face borrowing her light
 From him, for other lights she needed none
 In that aspect, and still the distance keeps
 Till night: then in the east her turn she shines,
 Revolv'd on Heaven's great axle, and her reign
 With thousand lesser lights dividual holds,
 With thousand thousand stars, that then appear'd
 Spangling the hemisphere——"

One would wonder how the Poet could be so concise in his description of the six days works, as to comprehend them within the bounds of an episode, and at the same

same time so particular, as to give us a lively idea of them. This is still more remarkable in his account of the fifth and sixth days, in which he has drawn out to our view the whole animal creation, from the reptile to the Behemoth. As the Lion and the Leviathan are two of the noblest productions in the world of living creatures, the reader will find a most exquisite spirit of poetry in the account which our Author gives us of them. The sixth day concludes with the formation of man, upon which the Angel takes occasion, as he did after the battle in Heaven, to remind ADAM of his obedience, which was the principal design of this visit.

The Poet afterwards represents the MESSIAH returning into Heaven, and taking a survey of his great work. There is something inexpressibly sublime in this part of the poem, where the Author describes the great period of time, filled with so many glorious circumstances; when the heavens and earth were finished; when the MESSIAH ascended up in triumph through the everlasting gates; when he looked down with pleasure upon his new creation; when every part of nature seemed to rejoice in its existence; when the morning-stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy.

“ So ev’n and morn accomplish’d the sixth day :
Yet not till the Creator form’d his work
Desisting, though unwearied, up return’d,
Up to the Heaven of Heavens, his high abode ;
Thence to behold his new-created world
Th’ addition of his empire, how it shew’d
In prospect from his throne, how good, how fair,
Answering HIS great idea. Up he rode,
Follow’d with acclamation and the sound
Symphonious of ten thousand harps, that tun’d
Angelic harmonies ; the earth, the air
Resounded, (thou remember’st, for thou heard’st)
The heavens and all the constellations rung,
The planets in their station list’ning stood,
While the bright pomp ascended jubilant.
Open, ye everlasting gates, they sung,

Open, ye Heavens, your living doors ; let in
The great Creator from his work return'd
Magnificent, his six days work, a world !"

I cannot conclude this book upon the creation without mentioning a poem which has lately appeared under that title.* The work was undertaken with so good an intention, and is executed with so great a mastery, that it deserves to be looked upon as one of the most useful and noble productions in our English verse. The reader cannot but be pleased to find the depths of philosophy enlivened with all the charms of poetry, and to see so great a strength of reason, amidst so beautiful a redundancy of the imagination. The Author has shewn us that design in all the works of nature, which necessarily leads us to the knowledge of its first cause. In short, he has illustrated, by numberless and incontestible instances, that divine wisdom which the son of SIRACH has so nobly ascribed to the Supreme Being in his formation of the world, when he tells us, that "He created her, and saw her, and numbered her, and poured her out upon all his works."

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* *Creation*. See note in No. 6 of this edition.

N^o. 340.

MONDAY, MARCH 31, 1712.

Quis novus hic nostris successit sedibus hospes ?
 Quem sese ore ferens ! quàm forti pectore et armis !

VIRG. ÆN. IV. 10.

“ What won’drous stranger at our court

“ Is here arriv’d ! how godlike he appears !

“ In mien how graceful ! and how brave in arms !”

TRAPP.

ON PRINCE EUGENE.

I TAKE it to be the highest instance of a noble mind, to bear great qualities without discovering in a man’s behaviour any consciousness that he is superior to the rest of the world. Or, to say it otherwise, it is the duty of a great person so to demean himself, as that whatever endowments he may have, he may appear to value himself upon no qualities but such as any man may arrive at. He ought to think no man valuable but for his public spirit, justice, and integrity ; and all other endowments to be esteemed only as they contribute to the exerting those virtues. Such a man, if he is wise or valiant, knows it is of no consideration to other men that he is so, but as he employs those high talents for their use and service. He who affects the applauses and addresses of a multitude, or assumes to himself a pre-eminence upon any other consideration, must soon turn admiration into contempt. It is certain, that there can be no merit in any man who is not conscious of it ; but the sense that it is valuable only according to the application of it, makes that superiority amiable, which would otherwise be invidious. In this light it is considered

sidered as a thing in which every man bears a share. It annexes the ideas of dignity, power, and fame, in an agreeable and familiar manner, to him who is possessor of it; and all men who are strangers to him are naturally incited to indulge a curiosity in beholding the person, behaviour, feature, and shape, of him in whose character, perhaps, each man had formed something in common with himself.

Whether such, or any other, are the causes, all men have a yearning curiosity to behold a man of heroic worth. I have had many letters from all parts of this kingdom, that request I would give them an exact account of the stature, the mien, the aspect of the Prince who lately visited England, and has done such wonders for the liberty of Europe. It would puzzle the most curious to form to himself the sort of man my several correspondents expect to hear of, by the action mentioned, when they desire a description of him. There is always something that concerns themselves, and growing out of their own circumstances, in all their inquiries. A friend of mine in Wales beseeches me to be very exact in my account of that wonderful man, who had marched an army and all its baggage over the Alps; and, if possible, to learn whether the peasant who shewed him the way, and is drawn in the map, be yet living. A gentleman from the University, who is deeply intent on the study of humanity, desires me to be as particular, if I had opportunity, in observing the whole interview between his Highness and our late General. Thus do men's fancies work according to their several educations and circumstances; but all pay a respect, mixed with admiration, to this illustrious character. I have waited for his arrival in Holland, before I would let my correspondents know, that I have not been so uncurious a SPECTATOR, as not to have seen Prince EUGENE. It would be very difficult, as I said just now, to answer every expectation of those who have written to me on that head; nor is it possible for me to find words to let

one know what an artful glance there is in his countenance who surprised CREMONA; how daring he appears who forced the trenches at Turin: but in general I can say, that he who beholds him, will easily expect from him any thing that is to be imagined, or executed, by the wit or force of man. The Prince is of that stature which makes a man most easily become all parts of exercise; has height to be graceful on occasions of state and ceremony, and no less adapted for agility and dispatch: his aspect is erect and composed; his eye lively and thoughtful, yet rather vigilant than sparkling; his action and address the most easy imaginable, and his behaviour in an assembly peculiarly graceful in a certain art of mixing insensibly with the rest, and becoming one of the company, instead of receiving the courtship of it. The shape of his person, and composure of his limbs, are remarkably exact and beautiful. There is in his looks something sublime, which does not seem to arise from his quality or character, but the innate disposition of his mind. It is apparent that he suffers the presence of much company, instead of taking delight in it; and he appeared in public, while with us, rather to return goodwill or satisfy curiosity, than to gratify any taste he himself had of being popular. As his thoughts are never tumultuous in danger, they are as little discomposed on occasions of pomp and magnificence. A great soul is affected, in either case, no farther than in considering the properest methods to extricate itself from them. If this hero has the strong incentives to uncommon enterprises that were remarkable in ALEXANDER, he prosecutes and enjoys the fame of them with the justness, propriety, and good sense of CÆSAR. It is easy to observe in him a mind as capable of being entertained with contemplation as enterprise; a mind ready for great exploits, but not impatient for occasions to exert itself. The Prince has wisdom, and valour in as high perfection as man can enjoy it; which noble

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faculties,

faculties, in conjunction, banish all vain-glory, ostentation, ambition, and all other vices which might intrude upon his mind, to make it unequal. These habits and qualities of soul and body render this personage so extraordinary, that he appears to have nothing in him but what every man should have in him, the exertion of his very self, abstracted from the circumstances in which fortune has placed him. Thus, were you to see Prince EUGENE, and were told he was a private gentleman, you would say he is a man of modesty and merit. Should you be told that was Prince EUGENE, he would be diminished no otherwise, than that part of your distant admiration would turn into a familiar good-will.

This I thought fit to entertain my reader with, concerning an hero who never was equalled but by one man; * over whom also he has this advantage, that he has had an opportunity to manifest an esteem for him in his adversity.

T.

* The Duke of MARLBOROUGH, who was at this time turned out of all his public employments.

NO. 341.

TUESDAY, APRIL 1, 1712.

—Revocate animos, moestumque timorem

Mittite—

VIRG. ÆN. i. 206.

“ Resume your courage, and dismiss your fear.

DRYDEN.

MR. BUDGELL'S ANSWER TO THE STRICTURE ON HIS
EPILOGUE IN NO. 338.

HAVING, to oblige my correspondent *PHYSIBULUS*, printed his letter last Friday, in relation to the new epilogue, he cannot take it amiss, if I now publish another, which I have just received from a gentleman who does not agree with him in his sentiments upon that matter.

SIR,

‘ I AM amazed to find an epilogue attacked in your last Friday's paper, which has been so generally applauded by the town, and received such honours as were never before given to any in an English theatre.

‘ The audience would not permit Mrs. *OLDFIELD* to go off the stage the first night till she had repeated it twice; the second night the noise of *ancora* was as loud as before, and she was obliged again to speak it twice; the third night it was still called for a second time; and, in short, contrary to all other epilogues, which are dropt after the third representation of the play, this has already been repeated nine times.

‘ I must own, I am the more surprised to find this censure, in opposition to the whole town, in a paper

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which

which has hitherto been famous for the candour of its criticisms.

‘ I can by no means allow your melancholy correspondent, that the new epilogue is unnatural, because it is gay. If I had a mind to be learned, I could tell him that the prologue and epilogue were real parts of the ancient tragedy; but every one knows, that, on the British stage, they are distinct performances by themselves, pieces intirely detached from the play, and no way essential to it.

‘ The moment the play ends, Mrs. OLDFIELD is no more ANDROMACHE, but Mrs. OLDFIELD; and though the poet had left ANDROMACHE stone-dead upon the stage, as your ingenious correspondent phrases it, Mrs. OLDFIELD might still have spoke a merry epilogue. We have an instance of this in a tragedy where there is not only a death but a martyrdom. St. CATHERINE was there personated by NELL GWIN; she lies stone-dead upon the stage, but, upon those gentlemen’s offering to remove her body, whose business it is to carry off the slain in our English tragedies, she breaks out into that abrupt beginning of what was a very ludicrous, but at the same time thought a very good epilogue:

“ Hold! are you mad? you damn’d confounded dog,

“ I am to rise and speak the epilogue.”

‘ This diverting manner was always practised by Mr. DRYDEN, who, if he was not the best writer of tragedies in his time, was allowed by every one to have the happiest turn for a prologue or an epilogue. The epilogues to *Cleomènes*, *Don Sebastian*, *The Duke of Guise*, *Aurengzebe*, and *Love Triumphant*, are all precedents of this nature.

‘ I might further justify this practice by that excellent epilogue which was spoken, a few years since, after the tragedy

tragedy of PHÆDRA and HIPPOLITUS;* with a great many others, in which the authors have endeavoured to make the audience merry. If they have not all succeeded so well as the writer of this, they have, however, shewn, that it was not for want of good-will.

‘ I must further observe, that the gaiety of it may be still the more proper, as it is at the end of a French play: since every one knows that nation, who are generally esteemed to have as polite a taste as any in Europe, always close their tragic entertainments with what they call a *Petite Pièce*, which is purposely designed to raise mirth, and send away the audience well pleased. The same person who has supported the chief character in the tragedy, very often plays the principal part in the *Petite Pièce*; so that I have myself seen, at Paris, ORESTES and LUBIN acted the same night, by the same man.

‘ Tragi-comedy, indeed, you have yourself, in a former speculation, found fault with very justly, because it breaks the tide of the passions while they are yet flowing; but this is nothing at all to the present case, where they have had already their full course.

‘ As the new epilogue is written conformably to the practice of our best poets, so it is not such an one, which, as the Duke of BUCKINGHAM says, in his *Rehearsal*, might serve for any other play; but wholly rises out of the occurrences of the piece it was composed for.

‘ The only reason your mournful correspondent gives against this facetious epilogue, as he calls it, is, that he has a mind to go home melancholy. I wish the gentleman may not be more grave than wise. For my own part, I must confess, I think it very sufficient to have
the

* A tragedy by Mr. EDMUND NEAL, known by the name of SMITH, 8vo. 1707. ADDISON wrote a prologue to this play when Italian operas were in vogue, to rally the vitiated taste of the town in preferring sound to sense. PRIOR wrote the epilogue here mentioned.

the anguish of a fictitious piece remain upon me while it is representing; but I love to be sent home to bed in a good humour. If *PHYSIPLUS* is, however, resolved to be inconsolable, and not to have his tears dried up, he need only continue his old custom, and when he has had his half-crown's worth of sorrow, slink out before the epilogue begins.

It is pleasant enough to hear this tragical genius complaining of the great mischief *ANDROMACHE* had done him. What was that? Why she made him laugh. The poor gentleman's sufferings put me in mind of *Harlequin's* case, who was tickled to death. He tells us soon after, through a small mistake of sorrow, for rage, that during the whole action he was so very sorry, that he thinks he could have attacked half a score of the fiercest *Mohocks* in the excess of his grief. I cannot but look upon it as an unhappy accident, that a man who is so bloody-minded in his affliction, was diverted from this fit of outrageous melancholy. The valour of this gentleman in his distress brings to one's memory the Knight of the sorrowful countenance, who lays about him at such an unmerciful rate in an old romance. I shall readily grant him that his soul, as he himself says, would have made a very ridiculous figure, had it quitted the body, and descended to the poetical shades, in such an encounter.

As to his conceit of tacking a tragic head with a comic tail, in order to refresh the audience, it is such a piece of jargon, that I don't know what to make of it.

The elegant writer makes a very sudden transition from the play-house to the church, and from thence to the gallows.

As for what relates to the church, he is of opinion that these epilogues have given occasion to those merry jigs from the organ-loft, which have dissipated those goods thoughts and dispositions he has found in himself, and

and the rest of the pew, upon the singing of two staves culled out by the judicious and diligent clerk.

‘ He fetches his next thought from Tyburn; and seems very apprehensive lest there should happen any innovations in the tragedies of his friend PAUL LORRAIN.

‘ In the mean time, Sir, this gloomy writer, who is so mightily scandalized at a gay epilogue after a serious play, speaking of the fate of those unhappy wretches who are condemned to suffer an ignominious death by the justice of our laws, endeavours to make the reader merry on so improper an occasion, by those poor burlesque expressions of tragical dramas, and monthly performances.

I am, SIR, with great respect,

Your most obedient, most humble servant,

PHILOMEDES.

X.

N^o. 342.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 2, 1712.

Justitiæ partes sunt non violare homines; verecundiæ, non offendere.

TULL.

"Justice consists in doing no injury to men; decency, in giving them no offence."

A LETTER CONCERNING AN EXTRAVAGANT WIFE.

AS regard to *decency* is a great rule of life in general, but more especially to be consulted by the female world, I cannot overlook the following letter, which describes an egregious offender.

MR. SPECTATOR,

'I WAS this day looking over your papers, and reading, in that of December the 6th, with great delight, the amiable grief of ASTERIA for the absence of her husband, it threw me into a great deal of reflection. I cannot say but this arose very much from the circumstances of my own life, who am a soldier, and expect every day to receive orders, which will oblige me to leave behind me a wife that is very dear to me, and that very deservedly. She is at present, I am sure, no way below your ASTERIA for conjugal affection: but I see the behaviour of some women so little suited to the circumstances wherein my wife and I shall soon be, that it is with a reluctance I never knew before, I am going to my duty. What puts me to present pain, is the example of a young lady, whose story you shall have as well

well as I can give it you. HORTENSIVS, an officer of good rank in His Majesty's service, happened, in a certain part of England, to be brought to a country gentleman's house, where he was received with that more than ordinary welcome, with which men of domestic lives entertain such few soldiers whom a military life, from the variety of adventures, has not rendered over-bearing, but humane, easy, and agreeable. HORTENSIVS staid here some time, and had easy access at all hours, as well as unavoidable conversation at some parts of the day, with the beautiful SYLVANA, the gentleman's daughter. People who live in cities are wonderfully struck with every little country abode they see when they take the air; and it is natural to fancy they could live in every neat cottage (by which they pass) much happier than in their present circumstances. The turbulent way of life which HORTENSIVS was used to, made him reflect with much satisfaction on all the advantages of a sweet retreat one day; and, among the rest, you will think it not improbable it might enter into his thought, that such a woman as SYLVANA would consummate the happiness. The world is so debauched with mean considerations, that HORTENSIVS knew it would be received as an act of generosity, if he asked for a woman of the highest merit, without further questions, of a parent who had nothing to add to her personal qualifications. The wedding was celebrated at her father's house. When that was over, the generous husband did not proportion his provision for her to the circumstances of her fortune, but considered his wife as his darling, his pride, and his vanity, or rather that it was in the woman he had chosen that a man of sense could shew pride or vanity with an excuse, and therefore adorned her with rich habits, and valuable jewels. He did not however omit to admonish her, that he did his very utmost in this; that it was an ostentation he could not be guilty of but to a woman he had so much pleasure in, desiring her to consider it as such; and begged of her also to take these matters
rightly,

rightly, and believe the gems, the gowns, the laces, would still become her better, if her air and behaviour was such, that it might appear she dressed thus rather in compliance to his humour that way, than out of any value she herself had for the trifles. To this lesson, too hard for a woman, HORTENSIVS added that she must be sure to stay with her friends in the country till his return. As soon as HORTENSIVS departed, SYLVANA saw in her looking glass, that the love he conceived for her was wholly owing to the accident of seeing her: and she was convinced it was only her misfortune the rest of mankind had not beheld her, or men of much greater quality and merit had contended for one so genteel, though bred in obscurity; so very witty, though never acquainted with court or town. She therefore resolved not to hide so much excellence from the world; but, without any regard to the absence of the most generous man alive, she is now the gayest lady about this town, and has shut out the thoughts of her husband, by a constant retinue of the vainest young fellows this age has produced; to entertain whom, she squanders away all HORTENSIVS is able to supply her with, though that supply is purchased with no less difficulty than the hazard of his life.

‘Now, Mr. SPECTATOR, would it not be a work becoming your office, to treat this criminal as she deserves? You should give it the severest reflections you can. You should tell women, that they are more accountable for behaviour in absence, than after death.—The dead are not dishonoured by their levities; the living may return, and be laughed at by empty fops, who will not fail to turn into ridicule the good man, who is so unseasonable as to be still alive, and come and spoil good company. I am, SIR,

Your most obedient humble servant.’

All strictness of behaviour is so unmercifully laughed at in our age, that the other much worse extreme is the more

more common folly. But let any woman consider, which of the two offences an husband would the more easily forgive, that of being less entertaining than she could to please company, or raising the desires of the whole room to his disadvantage; and she will easily be able to form her conduct. We have indeed carried women's characters too much into public life, and you shall see them now-a-days affect a sort of fame: but I cannot help venturing to disoblige them for their service, by telling them, that the utmost of a woman's character is contained in domestic life; she is blameable or praiseworthy according as her carriage affects the house of her father, or her husband. All she has to do in this world, is contained within the duties of a daughter, a sister, a wife, and a mother. All these may be well performed, though a lady should not be the very finest woman at an opera, or an assembly. They are likewise consistent with a moderate share of wit, a plain dress, and a modest air. But when the very brains of the sex are turned, and they place their ambition on circumstances, wherein to excel is no addition to what is truly commendable, where can this end, but as it frequently does, in their placing all their industry, pleasure, and ambition, on things which will naturally make the gratifications of life last, at best, no longer than youth, and good fortune? When we consider the least ill consequence, it can be no less than looking on their own condition, as years advance, with a disrelish of life, and falling into contempt of their own persons, or being the derision of others. But when they consider themselves as they ought, no other than an additional part of the species, (for their own happiness and comfort, as well as that of those for whom they were born) their ambition to excel will be directed accordingly: and they will in no part of their lives want opportunities of being shining ornaments to their fathers, husbands, brothers, or children.

N^o. 343.

THURSDAY, APRIL 3, 1712.

Errat, et illinc
 Huc venit, hinc illuc, et quoslibet occupat artus
 Spiritus; eque feris humana in corpora transit
 Inque feras noster

OVID. METAM. XV. 165.

" ——— All things are but alter'd, nothing dies ;
 " And here and there th' unbody'd spirit flies,
 " By time, or force, or sickness dispossess'd,
 " And lodges, where it lights, in man, or beast."

DRYDEN.

ON THE TRANSMIGRATION OF SOULS.

WILL HONEYCOMB, who loves to shew upon occasion all the little learning he has picked up, told us yesterday at the club, that he thought there might be a great deal said for the *Transmigration of Souls*, and that the eastern parts of the world believed in that doctrine to this day. Sir PAUL RYCAUT, says he, gives us an account of several well-disposed Mahometans that purchase the freedom of any little bird they see confined to a cage, and think they merit as much by it, as we should do here, by ransoming any of our countrymen from their captivity at Algiers. You must know, says WILL, the reason is, because they consider every animal as a brother or sister in disguise, and therefore think themselves obliged to extend their charity to them, though under such mean circumstances. They'll tell you, says WILL, that the soul of a man, when he dies, immediately passes into the body of another man, or of some brute, which he resembled in his humour, or his fortune, when he was one of us.

As

As I was wondering what this profusion of learning would end in, WILL told us that JACK FREELOVE, who was a fellow of whim, made love to one of those ladies who throw away all their fondness on parrots, monkeys, and lap-dogs. Upon going to pay her a visit one morning, he writ a very pretty epistle upon this hint. JACK, says he, was conducted into the parlour, where he diverted himself for some time with her favourite monkey, which was chained in one of the windows; till at length observing a pen and ink lie by him, he writ the following letter to his mistress in the person of the monkey; and, upon her not coming down so soon as he expected, left it in the window, and went about his business.

The lady soon after coming into the parlour, and seeing her monkey look upon a paper with great earnestness, took it up, and to this day is in some doubt, says WILL, whether it was written by JACK, or the monkey.

MADAM,

‘Not having the gift of speech, I have a long time waited in vain for an opportunity of making myself known to you; and having at present the conveniencies of pen, ink, and paper by me, I gladly take the occasion of giving you my history in writing, which I could not do by word of mouth. You must know, Madam, that about a thousand years ago I was an Indian Brachman, and versed in all those mysterious secrets which your European philosopher, called PYTHAGORAS, is said to have learned from our fraternity. I had so ingratiated myself, by my great skill in the occult sciences, with a dæmon whom I used to converse with, that he promised to grant me whatever I should ask of him. I desired that my soul might never pass into the body of a brute creature; but this, he told me, was not in his power to grant me. I then begged, that into whatever creature I should chance to transmigrate, I should still retain my memory, and be conscious that I was the same person who lived in

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different animals. This, he told me, was within his power, and accordingly promised on the word of a dæmon that he would grant me what I desired. From that time forth I lived so very unblameably that I was made president of a college of Brachmans, an office which I discharged with great integrity, till the day of my death.

‘I was then shuffled into another human body, and acted my part so well in it, that I became first minister to a prince who reigned upon the banks of the Ganges. I here lived in great honour for several years, but by degrees lost all the innocence of the Brachman, being obliged to rifle and oppress the people to enrich my sovereign; till at length I became so odious, that my master, to recover his credit with his subjects, shot me through the heart with an arrow, as I was one day addressing myself to him at the head of his army.

Upon my next remove, I found myself in the woods under the shape of a jackal, and soon listed myself in the service of a lion. I used to yelp near his den about midnight, which was his time of rousing and seeking after prey. He always followed me in the rear, and when I had run down a fat buck, a wild goat, or an hare, after he had feasted very plentifully upon it himself, would now and then throw me a bone that was but half picked, for my encouragement; but upon my being unsuccessful in two or three chases, he gave me such a confounded gripe in his anger, that I died of it.

‘In my next transmigration, I was again set upon two legs, and became an Indian tax-gatherer; but having been guilty of great extravagancies, and being married to an expensive jade of a wife, I ran so cursedly in debt, that I durst not shew my head. I could no sooner step out of my house, but I was arrested by some body or other that lay in wait for me. As I ventured abroad one night in the dusk of the evening, I was taken up and hurried into a dungeon, where I died a few months after.

‘ My soul then entered into a flying-fish, and in that state led a most melancholy life for the space of six years. Several fishes of prey pursued me when I was in the water; and if I betook myself to my wings, it was ten to one but I had a flock of birds aiming at me. As I was one day flying amidst a fleet of English ships, I observed a huge sea-gull whetting his bill, and hovering just over my head: upon my dipping into the water to avoid him, I fell into the mouth of a monstrous shark, that swallowed me down in an instant.

‘ I was some years afterwards, to my great surprise, an eminent banker in Lombard-street; and remembering how I had formerly suffered for want of money, became so very sordid and avaricious, that the whole town cried shame of me. I was a miserable little old fellow to look upon; for I had in a manner starved myself, and was nothing but skin and bone when I died.

‘ I was afterwards very much troubled and amazed to find myself dwindled into an emmet. I was heartily concerned to make so insignificant a figure, and did not know but some time or other I might be reduced to a mite, if I did not mend my manners. I therefore applied myself with great diligence to the offices that were allotted to me, and was generally looked upon as the notablest ant in the whole mole-hill. I was at last picked up, as I was groaning under a burthen, by an unlucky cock sparrow that lived in the neighbourhood, and had before made great depredations upon our common-wealth.

‘ I then bettered my condition a little, and lived a whole summer in the shape of a bee; but being tired with the painful and penurious life I had undergone in my two last transmigrations, I fell into the other extreme, and turned drone. As I one day headed a party to plunder an hive, we were received so warmly by the swarm which defended it, that we were most of us left dead upon the spot.

‘ I might tell you of many other transmigrations

which I went through: how I was a town-rake, and afterwards did penance in a bay gelding for ten years; as also how I was a tailor, a shrimp, and a tom-tit. In the last of these my shapes, I was shot in the Christmas holidays by a young jackanapes, who would needs try his new gun upon me.

‘But I shall pass over these and several other stages of life, to remind you of the young beau who made love to you about six years since. You may remember, Madam, how he masked, and danced, and sung, and played a thousand tricks to gain you; and how he was at last carried off by a cold that he got under your window one night in a serenade. I was that unfortunate young fellow to whom you were then so cruel.* Not long after my shifting that unlucky body, I found myself upon a hill in Æthiopia, where I lived in my present grotesque shape, till I was caught by a servant of the English factory, and sent over into Great Britain. I need not inform you how I came into your hands. You see, Madam, this is not the first time that you have had me in a chain: I am, however, very happy in this my captivity, as you often bestow on me those kisses and caresses which I would have given the world for when I was a man. I hope this discovery of my person will not tend to my disadvantage, but that you will still continue your accustomed favours to

Your most devoted humble servant,

PUGG.

P. s. ‘I would advise your little shock dog to keep out of my way; for as I look upon him to be the most formidable of my rivals, I may chance one time or other to give him such a snap as he won’t like.’

L.*

* There is a very humorous account of a transmigrating soul in FIELDING’S *Journey from this World to the next*.

N^o. 344.

FRIDAY, APRIL 4, 1712.

In solo vivendi causa palato est

JUV. SAT. XI. II.

"Such, whose sole bliss is eating; who can give

"But that one brutal reason why they live."

CONGREVE.

ON GLUTTONY.

MR. SPECTATOR,

'I THINK it has not yet fallen into your way to discourse on little ambition, or the many whimsical ways men fall into, to distinguish themselves among their acquaintance. Such observations, well pursued, would make a pretty history of *Low Life*. I myself am got into a great reputation, which arose (as most extraordinary occurrences in a man's life seem to do) from a mere accident. I was some days ago unfortunately engaged among a set of gentlemen who esteem a man according to the quantity of food he throws down at a meal. Now I, who am ever for distinguishing myself according to the notions of superiority which the rest of the company entertain, ate so immoderately for their applause, as had like to have cost me my life. What added to my misfortune was, that having naturally a good stomach, and having lived soberly for some time, my body was as well prepared for this contention as if it had been by appointment. I had quickly vanquished every glutton in company but one, who was such a prodigy in his way, and withal so very merry during the whole entertainment, that he insensibly betrayed me to

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continue

continue his competitor, which in a little time concluded in a complete victory over my rival; after which, by way of insult, I ate a considerable proportion beyond what the spectators thought me obliged in honour to do. The effect however of this engagement has made me resolve never to eat more for renown; and I have, pursuant to this resolution, compounded three wagers I had depending on the strength of my stomach; which happened very luckily, because it had been stipulated in our articles either to play or pay. How a man of common sense could be thus engaged, is hard to determine; but the occasion of this is, to desire you to inform several gluttons of my acquaintance, who look on me with envy, that they had best moderate their ambition in time, lest infamy or death attend their success. I forgot to tell you, Sir, with what unspeakable pleasure I received the acclamations and applause of the whole board, when I had almost eat my antagonist into convulsions. It was then that I returned his mirth upon him with such success, as he was hardly able to swallow, though prompted by a desire of Fame, and a passionate fondness for distinction. I had not endeavoured to excel so far, had not the company been so loud in their approbation of my victory. I do not question but the same thirst after glory has often caused a man to drink quarts without taking breath, and prompted men to many other as difficult enterprises; which, if otherwise pursued, might turn very much to a man's advantage. This ambition of mine was indeed extravagantly pursued; however I cannot help observing, that you hardly ever see a man commended for a good stomach, but he immediately falls to eating more (though he had been before dined) as well to confirm the person that commended him in his good opinion of him, as to convince any other at the table, who may have been unattentive enough not to have done justice to his character.

I am, SIR,

Your humble servant,

EPICURE MAMMON.

MR. SPECTATOR,

‘ I HAVE wrote to you three or four times, to desire you would take notice of an impertinent custom the women, the fine women, have lately fallen into, of taking *snuff*. This silly trick is attended with such a coquette air in some ladies, and such a sedate masculine one in others, that I cannot tell which most to complain of; but they are to me equally disagreeable. Mrs. SANTER is so impatient of being without it, that she takes it as often as she does salt at meals; and as she affects a wonderful ease and negligence in all her manner, an upper lip mixed with snuff and the sauce, is what is presented to the observation of all who have the honour to eat with her. The pretty creature her niece does all she can to be as disagreeable as her aunt; and if she is not as offensive to the eye, she is quite as much to the ear, and makes up all the wants in a confident air, by a nauseous rattle of the nose, when the snuff is delivered, and the fingers make the stops and closes on the nostrils. This, perhaps, is not a very courtly image in speaking of ladies; that is very true: but where arises the offence? Is it in those who commit, or those who observe it? As for my part, I have been so extremely disgusted with this filthy physic hanging on the lip, that the most agreeable conversation, or person, has not been able to make up for it. As to those who take it for no other end but to give themselves occasion for pretty action, or to fill up little intervals of discourse, I can bear with them; but then they must not use it when another is speaking, who ought to be heard with too much respect, to admit of offering at that time from hand to hand the snuff-box. But FLAVILLA is so far taken with her behaviour in this kind, that she pulls out her box (which is indeed full of good Brazil) in the middle of the sermon; and, to shew she has the audacity of a well-bred woman, she offers it the men as well as the women who sit near her: but since by this time all the world knows she has a fine hand, I am in hopes she may

give herself no further trouble in this matter. On Sunday was sevensnight, when they came about for the offering, she gave her charity with a very good air, but at the same time asked the church-warden, if he would take a pinch. Pray, Sir, think of these things in time, and you will oblige

Your humble servant,

T.

N^o. 345.

SATURDAY, APRIL 5, 1712.

Sanctius his animal, mentisque capacious altæ
 Deerat adhuc, et quod dominari in cætera posset,
 Natus Homo est ———

OVID. MET. i. 76.

“A creature of a more exalted kind
 “Was wanting yet, and then was MAN design’d;
 “Conscious of thought, of more capacious breast,
 “For empire form’d, and fit to rule the rest.”

DRYDEN.

CRITICISM ON MILTON.—EIGHTH BOOK.

THE accounts which RAPHAEL gives of the battle of Angels, and the creation of the world, have in them those qualifications which the critics judge requisite to an episode. They are nearly related to the principal action, and have a just connection with the fable.

The eighth book opens with a beautiful description of the impression which this discourse of the Archangel made on our first parents. ADAM afterwards, by a very natural curiosity, enquires concerning the motions of those celestial bodies which make the most glorious appearance among the six days work. The Poet here, with a great deal of art, represents EVE as withdrawing from this part of their conversation, to amusements more suitable to her sex. He well knew that the episode in this book, which is filled with ADAM’s account of his passion and esteem for EVE, would have been improper for her hearing, and has therefore devised very just and beautiful reasons for her retiring:

“So spake our Sire, and by his countenance seem’d
 Ent’ring on studious thoughts abstruse; which EVE
 Perceiving,

Perceiving, where she sat retir'd in sight,
 With lowliness majestic from her seat,
 And grace that won who saw to wish her stay,
 Rose; and went forth among her fruits and flowers,
 To visit how they prosper'd, bud and bloom,
 Her nursery: they at her coming sprung,
 And, touch'd by her fair tendance, gladlier grew.
 Yet went she not, as not with such discourse
 Delighted, or not capable her ear
 Of what was high: such pleasure she reserv'd,
 ADAM relating, she sole auditress;
 Her husband the relater she preferr'd
 Before the Angel, and of him to ask
 Chose rather: he, she knew, would intermix
 Grateful digressions, and solve high dispute
 With conjugal caresses; from his lip
 Not words alone pleas'd her. O when meet now
 Such pairs, in love and mutual honour join'd!"

The Angel's returning a doubtful answer to ADAM's enquiries, was not only proper for the moral reason which the Poet assigns, but because it would have been highly absurd to have given the sanction of an Archangel to any particular system of philosophy. The chief points in the Ptolemaic and Corpernican *hypotheses* are described with great conciseness and perspicuity, and at the same time dressed in very pleasing and poetical images.

ADAM, to detain the Angel, enters afterwards upon his own history, and relates to him the circumstances in which he found himself upon his creation; as also his conversation with his Maker, and his first meeting with EVE. There is no part of the poem more apt to raise the attention of the reader, than this discourse of our great ancestor; as nothing can be more surprising and delightful to us, than to hear the sentiments that arose in the first Man, while he was yet new and fresh from the hands of his Creator. The Poet has interwoven every thing which is delivered upon this subject in holy writ, with so many beautiful imaginations of his own, that nothing can be conceived more just and natural than this

this whole episode. As our Author knew this subject could not but be agreeable to his reader, he would not throw it into the relation of the six days work, but reserved it for a distinct episode, that he might have an opportunity of expatiating upon it more at large. Before I enter on this part of the poem, I cannot but take notice of two shining passages in the dialogue between ADAM and the Angel. The first is that wherein our ancestor gives an account of the pleasure he took in conversing with him, which contains a very noble moral :

“ For while I sit with thee, I seem in heaven,
And sweeter thy discourse is to my ear
Than fruits of palm-trees (pleasantest to thirst
And hunger both, from labour) at the hour
Of sweet repast ; they satiate, and soon fill,
Though pleasant ; but thy words, with grace divine
Imbued, bring to their sweetness no satiety.”

The other I shall mention, is that in which the Angel gives a reason why he should be glad to hear the story ADAM was about to relate.

“ For I that day was absent as befel,
Bound on a voyage uncouth and obscure,
Far on excursion towards the gates of hell,
Squar’d in full legion (such command we had)
To see that none thence issued forth a spy,
Or enemy, while GOD was in his work,
Lest he, incens’d at such irruption bold,
Destruction with creation might have mix’d.”

There is no question but our Poet drew the image in what follows, from that in VIRGIL’s sixth book, where ÆNEAS and the Sibyl stand before the adamantine gates, which are there described as shut upon the place of torments, and listen to the groans, the clank of chains, and the noise of iron whips, that were heard in those regions of pain and sorrow.

“ ——— Fast we found, fast shut
The dismal gates, and barricado’d strong ;

But

But long ere our approaching heard within
 Noise, other than the sound of dance or song,
 Torment, and loud lament, and furious rage."

ADAM then proceeds to give an account of his condition and sentiments immediately after his creation. How agreeably does he represent the posture in which he found himself, the delightful landscape that surrounded him, and the gladness of heart which grew up in him on that occasion!

" ——— As new wak'd from soundest sleep,
 Soft on the flow'ry herb I found me laid
 In balmy sweat, which with his beams the sun
 Soon dry'd, and on the reaking moisture fed.
 Straight toward heaven my wond'ring eyes I turn'd,
 And gaz'd a while the ample sky, till rais'd
 By quick instinctive motion, up I sprung,
 As thitherward endeavouring, and upright
 Stood on my feet. About me round I saw
 Hill, dale, and shady woods, and sunny plains,
 And liquid lapse of murmuring streams; by these,
 Creatures that liv'd and mov'd and walk'd, or flew,
 Birds on the branches warbling; all things smil'd
 With fragrance, and with joy my heart o'erflowed."

ADAM is afterwards described as surprised at his own existence, and taking a survey of himself, and of all the works of nature. He likewise is represented as discovering by the light of reason, that he, and every thing about him, must have been the effect of some Being infinitely good and powerful, and that this Being had a right to his worship and adoration. His first address to the Sun, and to those parts of the creation which made the most distinguished figure, is very natural and amusing to the imagination:

"Thou Sun, said I, fair light,
 And thou enlighten'd Earth, so fresh and gay,
 Ye hills, and dales, ye rivers, woods, and plains,
 And ye that live and move, fair creatures, tell,
 Tell, if ye saw, how came I thus? how here?"

His

His next sentiment, when upon his first going to sleep he fancies himself losing his existence, and falling away into nothing, can never be sufficiently admired.* His dream, in which he still preserves the consciousness of his existence, together with his removal into the garden which was prepared for his reception, are also circumstances finely imagined, and grounded upon what is delivered in sacred story.

These and the like wonderful incidents in this part of the work, have in them all the beauties of novelty, at the same time that they have all the graces of nature.

They are such as none but a great genius could have thought of, though, upon the perusal of them, they seem to rise of themselves from the subject of which he treats. In a word, though they are natural, they are not obvious; which is the true character of all fine writing.

The impression which the interdiction of the tree of life left in the mind of our first parent, is described with great strength and judgment; as the image of the several beasts and birds passing in review before him, is very beautiful and lively:

“ ————— Each bird and beast behold
Approaching two and two, these cowering low
With blandishment; each bird stoop'd on his wing.
I nam'd them as they pass'd ————— ”

ADAM in the next place describes a conference which he held with his Maker upon the subject of solitude.— The Poet here represents the Supreme Being, as making an essay of his own work, and putting to the trial that reasoning faculty with which he had endued his creature. ADAM urges, in this divine colloquy, the impossibility of his being happy, though he was the inhabitant of Paradise, and lord of the whole creation, without the conversation and society of some rational creature,

* See Dr. BEATTIE'S *Essay on the Nature and Immutability of Truth.*

ture, who should partake those blessings with him. This dialogue, which is supported chiefly by the beauty of the thoughts, without any other poetical ornament, is as fine a part as any in the whole poem. The more the reader examines the justness and delicacy of its sentiments, the more he will find himself pleased with it. The Poet has wonderfully preserved the character of majesty and condescension in the Creator, and at the same time that of humility and adoration in the creature, as particularly in the following lines:

“ Thus I presumptuous ; and the vision bright,
As with a smile more brighten'd, thus repli'd, &c.
—— I with leave of speech implor'd,
And humble deprecation, thus reply'd:
Let not my words offend thee, Heavenly Power,
My Maker, be propitious while I speak,” &c.

ADAM then proceeds to give an account of his second sleep, and of the dream in which he beheld the formation of EVE. The new passion that was awakened in him at the sight of her, is touched very finely :

“ Under his forming hands a creature grew,
Man-like, but diff'rent sex : so lovely fair,
That what seem'd fair in all the world, seem'd now
Mean, or in her summ'd up, in her contain'd,
And in her looks, which from that time infus'd
Sweetness into my heart, unfelt before:
And into all things from her air inspir'd
The spirit of love, and amorous delight.”

ADAM's distress upon losing sight of this beautiful phantom, with his exclamations of joy and gratitude at the discovery of a real creature who resembled the apparition which had been presented to him in his dream; the approaches he makes to her, and his manner of courtship, are all laid together in a most exquisite propriety of sentiments.

Though this part of the poem is worked up with great warmth and spirit, the love which is described in it

it is every way suitable to a state of innocence. If the reader compares the description which ADAM here gives of his leading EVE to the nuptial bower, with that which Mr. DRYDEN has made on the same occasion in a scene of his "Fall of Man," he will be sensible of the great care which MILTON took to avoid all thoughts on so delicate a subject that might be offensive to religion, or good manners. The sentiments are chaste, but not cold; and convey to the mind ideas of the most transporting passion, and of the greatest purity. What a noble mixture of rapture and innocence has the Author joined together, in the reflection which ADAM makes on the pleasures of love, compared to those of sense!

"Thus have I told thee all my state, and brought
My story to the sum of earthly bliss
Which I enjoy; and must confess to find
In all things else delight indeed, but such
As us'd or not, works in the mind no change
Nor vehement desire; these delicacies
I mean of taste, sight, smell, herbs, fruits, and flowers,
Walks, and the melody of birds: but here
Far otherwise, transported I behold,
Transported touch; here passion first I felt,
Commotion strange! in all enjoyments else
Superior and unmov'd, here only weak
Against the charm of beauty's pow'ful glance.
Or nature fail'd in me, and left some part
Not proof enough such object to sustain;
Or from my side subducting, took perhaps
More than enough; at least on her bestow'd
Too much of ornament, in outward shew
Elaborate, of inward less exact.

—————When I approach
Her loveliness, so absolute she seems,
And in herself compleat, so well to know
Her own, that what she wills to do or say,
Seems wisest, virtuousest, discreetest, best;
All higher knowledge in her presence falls
Degraded: wisdom in discourse with her
Loses, discountenanc'd, and like folly shews:

Authority

u. Authority and reason on her wait,
 As one intended first, not after made
 Occasionally; and to consummate all,
 Greatness of mind and nobleness their seat
 Build in her loveliest, and create an awe
 About her, as a guard angelic plac'd."

These sentiments of love in our first parent gave the Angel such an insight in human nature, that he seems apprehensive of the evils which might befall the species in general, as well as ADAM in particular, from the excess of his passion. He therefore fortifies him against it by timely admonitions; which very artfully prepare the mind of the reader for the occurrences of the next book, where the weakness, of which ADAM here gives such distant discoveries, brings about that fatal event which is the subject of the poem. His discourse, which follows the gentle rebuke he received from the Angel, shews that his love, however violent it might appear, was still founded in reason, and consequently not improper for Paradise:

"Neither her outside form'd so fair, nor aught
 In procreation common to all kinds,
 (Though higher of the genial bed by far,
 And with mysterious reverence I deem)
 So much delights me, as those graceful acts,
 Those thousand decencies that daily flow
 From all her words and actions, mixt with love
 And sweet compliance, which declare unfeign'd
 Union of mind, or in us both one soul;
 Harmony to behold in wedded pair!"

ADAM's speech, as parting with the Angel, has in it a deference and gratitude agreeable to an inferior nature, and at the same time a certain dignity and greatness suitable to the father of mankind in his state of innocence.

L.

N^o. 346.

MONDAY, APRIL 7, 1712.

Consuetudinem benignitatis largitioni munerum longè antepono. Hæc est gravium hominum atque magnorum; illa quasi assentatorum populi, multitudinis levitatem voluptate quasi titillantium.

TULL.

"I esteem a habit of benignity greatly preferable to profuse
 "munificence. The former is peculiar to great and dis-
 "tinguished persons; the latter belongs to flatterers of the
 "people, who tickle the levity of the multitude with
 "pleasure."

ON GENEROSITY.

WHEN we consider the offices of human life,* there is, methinks, something in what we ordinarily call *Generosity*, which, when carefully examined, seems to flow rather from a loose and unguarded temper, than an honest and *liberal* mind.* For this reason it is absolutely necessary that all *liberality* should have for its basis and support, *frugality*. By this means the beneficent spirit works in a man from the convictions of reason, not from the impulse of passion. The generous man, in the ordinary acceptation, without respect of the demands of his family, will soon find upon the foot of his account, that he has sacrificed to fools, knaves, flatterers, or the deservedly unhappy, all the

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oppor-

* Miss BURNEY'S *CECILIA* is an excellent picture of liberality. In the beginning, indeed, she from inexperience is led by the goodness of her heart, to be generous to undeserving objects, which is highly natural; as is the regulation of her benefactions by prudence after she experienced the effects of yielding too far to the impulse of her benevolent feelings.

opportunities of affording any future assistance where it ought to be. Let him therefore reflect, that if to bestow be in itself laudable, should not a man take care to secure an ability to do things praise-worthy as long as he lives? Or could there be a more cruel piece of raillery upon a man who should have reduced his fortune below the capacity of acting according to his natural temper, than to say of him, "That gentleman was generous?" My beloved author therefore has, in the sentence on the top of my paper, turned his eye with a certain satiety from beholding the addresses to the people by largesses and public entertainments, which he asserts to be in general vicious, and are always to be regulated according to the circumstances of time, and a man's own fortune. A constant benignity in commerce with the rest of the world, which ought to run through all a man's actions, has effects more useful to those whom you oblige, and is less ostentatious in yourself. He turns his recommendation of this virtue on commercial life: and according to him, a citizen who is frank in his kindnessess, and abhors severity in his demands; he who in buying, selling, lending, doing acts of good neighbourhood, is just and easy; he who appears naturally averse to disputes, and above the sense of little sufferings; bears a nobler character, and does much more good to mankind, than any other man's fortune without commerce, can possibly support. For the citizen, above all other men, has opportunities of arriving at "the highest fruit of wealth, to be liberal without the least expence of a man's own fortune." It is not to be denied but such a practice is liable to hazard; but this therefore adds to the obligation, that, among traders, he who obliges is as much concerned to keep the favour a secret, as he who receives it. The unhappy distinctions among us in England, are so great, that to celebrate the intercourse of commercial friendship (with which I am daily made acquainted) would be to raise the virtuous man so many enemies of the contrary party.

party. I am obliged to conceal all I know of "*Tom the Bounteous*," who lends at the ordinary interest, to give men of less fortune opportunities of making greater advantages. He conceals, under a rough air and distant behaviour, a bleeding compassion and womanish tenderness. This is governed by the most exact circumspection, that there is no industry wanting in the person whom he is to serve, and that he is guilty of no improper expences. This I know of *TOM*: but who dare say it of so known a Tory? The same care I was forced to use some time ago in the report of another's virtue, and said fifty instead of an hundred, because the man I pointed at was a Whig. Actions of this kind are popular, without being invidious: for every man of ordinary circumstances looks upon a man who has this known benignity in his nature, as a person ready to be his friend upon such terms as he ought to expect it; and the wealthy, who may envy such a character, can do no injury to its interests but by the imitation of it, in which the good citizen will rejoice to be rivalled. I know not how to form to myself a greater idea of human life, than in what is the practice of some wealthy men whom I could name, that make no step to the improvement of their own fortunes, wherein they do not also advance those of other men who would languish in poverty without that munificence. In a nation where there are so many public funds to be supported, I know not whether he can be called a good subject, who does not embark some part of his fortune with the state, to whose vigilance he owes the security of the whole. This certainly is an immediate way of laying an obligation upon many, and extending your benignity the farthest a man can possibly, who is not engaged in commerce. But he who trades, besides giving the state some part of this sort of credit he gives his *banker*, may, in all the occurrences of his life, have his eye upon removing want from the door of the industrious, and defending the unhappy upright man from bankruptcy.

Without this benignity, pride or vengeance will precipitate a man to choose the receipt of half his demands from one whom he has undone, rather than the whole from one to whom he has shewn mercy. This benignity is essential to the character of a fair trader, and any man who designs to enjoy his wealth with honour and self-satisfaction: nay, it would not be hard to maintain, that the practice of supporting good and industrious men, would carry a man farther even to his profit, than indulging the propensity of serving and obliging the fortunate. My author argues on this subject, in order to incline men's minds to those who want them most, after this manner. "We must always consider the nature of things, and govern ourselves accordingly. The wealthy man, when he has repaid you, is upon a balance with you; but the person whom you favoured with a loan, if he be a good man, will think himself in your debt after he has paid you. The wealthy and the conspicuous are not obliged by the benefits you do them; they think they conferred a benefit, when they received one. Your good offices are always suspected, and it is with them the same thing to expect their favour as to receive it. But the man below you, who knows in the good you have done him, you respected himself more than his circumstances, does not act like an obliging man only to him from whom he has received a benefit, but also to all who are capable of doing him one. And whatever little offices he can do for you, he is so far from magnifying it, that he will labour to extenuate it in all his actions and expressions. Moreover, the regard to what you do to a great man, at best is taken notice of no further than by himself or his family; but what you do to a man of an humble fortune, (provided always that he is a good and a modest man) raises the affections towards you of all men of that character, (of which there are many in the whole city."

There is nothing gains a reputation to a preacher so much as his own practice; I am therefore casting about
what

what act of benignity is in the power of a Spectator. Alas! that lies but in a very narrow compass; and I think the most immediately under my patronage, are either players, or such whose circumstances bear an affinity with theirs. All therefore I am able to do at this time of this kind, is to tell the town, that on Friday the 11th of this instant, April, there will be performed, in York-Buildings, a concert of vocal and instrumental music, for the benefit of Mr. EDWARD KEEN, the father of twenty children; and that this day the haughty GEORGE POWELL hopes all the good-natured part of the town will favour him, whom they applauded in ALEXANDER, TIMON, LEAR, and ORESTES, with their company this night, when he hazards all his heroic glory for their approbation in the humbler condition of honest JACK FALSTAFFE.

T.

N^o. 347.

TUESDAY, APRIL 8, 1712.

Quis furor, ô Cives ! quæ tanta licentia ferri !

LUCAN, lib. i. 8.

“ What blind, detested fury, could afford

“ Such horrid licence to the barb'rous sword !”

A LETTER FROM THE EMPEROR OF THE MOHOCKS.

I DO not question but my country readers have been very much surprised at the several accounts they have met with in our public papers, of that species of men among us, lately known by the name of MOHOCKS. I find the opinions of the learned, as to their origin and designs, are altogether various, insomuch that very many begin to doubt whether indeed there were ever any such society of men. The terror which spread itself over the whole nation some years since on account of the Irish, is still fresh in most people's memories, though it afterwards appeared there was not the least ground for that general consternation.

The late panic fear was, in the opinion of many deep and penetrating persons, of the same nature. These will have it, that the MOHOCKS are like those spectres and apparitions which frighten several towns and villages in her Majesty's dominions, though they were never seen by any of the inhabitants. Others are apt to think that these MOHOCKS are a kind of bull-beggars, first invented by prudent married men, and masters of families, in order to deter their wives and daughters from taking the air at unseasonable hours ; and that when they tell them “ the Mohocks will catch them,”

it is a caution of the same nature with that of our forefathers, 'when they bid their children have a care of Raw-head and Bloody-bones.

For my own part, I am afraid there was too much reason for the great alarm the whole city has been in upon this occasion; though at the same time I must own, that I am in some doubt whether the following pieces are genuine and authentic; the more so, because I am not fully satisfied that the name, by which the Emperor subscribes himself, is altogether conformable to the Indian orthography.

I shall only farther inform my readers, that it was some time since I received the following letter and manifesto, though for particular reasons I did not think fit to publish them till now.

TO THE SPECTATOR.

SIR,

'FINDING that our earnest endeavours for the good of mankind have been basely and maliciously represented to the world; we send you inclosed our imperial manifesto, which it is our will and pleasure that you forthwith communicate to the public, by inserting it in your next daily paper. We do not doubt of your ready compliance in this particular, and therefore bid you heartily farewell.

(Singed)

TAW WAW EBEN ZAN KALADAR,

Emperor of the Mohocks.'

THE MANIFESTO OF TAW WAW EBEN ZAN KALADAR,
EMPEROR OE THE MOHOCKS.

'WHEREAS we have received information, from sundry quarters of this great and populous city, of several
outrages

outrages committed on the legs, arms, noses, and other parts of the good people of England, by such as have stiled themselves our subjects; in order to vindicate our imperial dignity from those false aspersions which have been cast on it, as if we ourselves might have encouraged or abetted any such practices; we have, by these presents, thought fit to signify our utmost abhorrence and detestation of all such tumultuous and irregular proceedings; and do hereby farther give notice, that if any person or persons has or have suffered any wound, hurt, damage, or detriment, in his or their limb or limbs, otherwise than shall be hereafter specified, the said person or persons, upon applying themselves to such as we shall appoint for the inspection and redress of the grievances aforesaid, shall be forthwith committed to the care of our principal surgeon, and be cured at our own expence, in some one or other of those hospitals which we are now erecting for that purpose.

‘ And to the end that no one may, either through ignorance or inadvertency, incur those penalties which we have thought fit to inflict on persons of loose and dissolute lives, we do hereby notify to the public, that if any man be knocked down or assaulted while he is employed in his lawful business, at proper hours, that it is not done by our order: and we do hereby permit and allow any such person so knocked down or assaulted, to rise again, and defend himself in the best manner that he is able.

‘ We do also command all and every our good subjects, that they do not presume, upon any pretext whatsoever, to issue and sally forth from their respective quarters till between the hours of eleven and twelve. That they never Tip the Lion upon man, woman, or child, till the clock at St. Dunstan’s shall have struck one.

‘ That the sweat be never given but between the hours of one and two; always provided, that our hunters

ters may begin to hunt a little after the close of the evening, any thing to the contrary herein notwithstanding. Provided also, that if ever they are reduced to the necessity of pinking, it shall always be in the most fleshy parts, and such as are least exposed to view.

‘ It is also our imperial will and pleasure, that our good subjects the Sweaters do establish their hummums in such close places, alleys, nooks, and corners, that the patient or patients may not be in danger of catching cold.

‘ That the Tumblers, to whose care we chiefly commit the female sex, confine themselves to Drury-Lane, and the purlieus of the Temple ; and that every other party and division of our subjects, do each of them keep within the respective quarters we have allotted to them. Provided nevertheless, that nothing herein contained shall in any wise be construed to extend to the hunters, who have our full licence and permission to enter into any part of the town wherever their game shall lead them.

‘ And whereas we have nothing more at our imperial heart than the reformation of the cities of London and Westminster, which, to our unspeakable satisfaction we have in some measure already effected, we do hereby earnestly pray and exhort all husbands, fathers, house-keepers, and masters of families, in either of the aforesaid cities, not only to repair themselves to their respective habitation at early and seasonable hours ; but also to keep their wives and daughters, sons, servants, and apprentices, from appearing in the streets at those times and seasons which may expose them to a military discipline, as it is practised by our good subjects the Mohocks : and we do further promise, on our imperial word, that as soon as the reformation aforesaid shall be brought about, we will forthwith cause all hostilities to cease.’

*Given from our Court at the Devil-
Tavern, March 15, 1712.*

N^O. 348.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 9, 1712.

Invidiam placare paras, virtute relictâ ?

HOR. 2. SAT. iii. 13.

“ To shun detraction, would'st thou virtue fly ? ”

ON DETRACTION.

MR. SPECTATOR,

« I HAVE not seen you lately at any of the places where I visit, so that I am afraid you are wholly unacquainted with what passes among my part of the world, who are, though I say it, without controversy, the most accomplished and best bred of the town. Give me leave to tell you, that I am extremely discomposed when I hear Scandal, and am an utter enemy to all manner of Detraction, and think it the greatest meanness that people of distinction can be guilty of. However, it is hardly possible to come into company, where you do not find them pulling one another to pieces, and that from no other provocation but that of hearing any one commended. Merit, both as to wit and beauty, is become no other than the possession of a few trifling people's favour, which you cannot possibly arrive at, if you have really any thing in you that is deserving. What they would bring to pass is, to make all good and evil consist in report, and with whispers, calumnies, and impertinences, to have the conduct of those reports. By this means innocents are blasted upon their first appearance in town; and there is nothing more required to make a young woman the object of envy and hatred, than to deserve love and admiration. This abominable endeavour to suppress or lessen every thing that is praise worthy, is as frequent among the men as the women.

women. If I can remember what passed at a visit last night, it will serve as an instance that the sexes are equally inclined to Defamation, with equal impotence. JACK TRIPLET came into my Lady AIRY's about eight of the clock. You know the manner we sit at a visit, and I need not describe the circle; but Mr. TRIPLET came in, introduced by two tapers supported by a spruce servant, whose hair is under a cap till my Lady's candles are all lighted up, and the hour of ceremony begins: I say, JACK TRIPLET came in, and singing (for he is really good company) 'Every feature, charming creature'——he went on, 'It is a most unreasonable thing that people cannot go peaceably to see their friends, but these murderers are let loose. Such a shape! such an air! what a glance was that as her chariot passed by mine!'—My Lady herself interrupted him; 'Pray who is this fine thing?'—'I warrant,' says another, 'it is the creature I was telling your Ladyship of just now.'—'You were telling off?' says Jack; I wish I had been so happy as to have come in and heard you, for I have not words to say what she is: but if an agreeable height, a modest air, a virgin shame, and impatience of being beheld amidst a blaze of ten thousand charms——The whole room flew out——Oh Mr. TRIPLET!——When Mrs. LOFTY, a known prude, said she believed she knew whom the gentleman meant: but she was indeed, as he civilly represented her, impatient of being beheld——Then turning to the lady next to her——'The most unbred creature you ever saw.' Another pursued the discourse; 'As unbred, Madam, as you may think her, she is extremely belied if she is the novice she appears; she was last week at a ball till two in the morning; Mr. TRIPLET knows whether he was the happy man that took care of her home; but' *——This was followed by some particular

* Much as has been written against scandal in all ages and countries, the most complete picture of this vice, the most exquisite exhibition

cular exception that each woman in the room made to some peculiar grace or advantage; so that Mr. TRIPLETT was beaten from one limb and feature to another, till he was forced to resign the whole woman. In the end, I took notice TRIPLETT recorded all this malice in his heart; and saw in his countenance, and a certain waggish shrug, that he designed to repeat the conversation: I therefore let the discourse die, and soon after took an occasion to recommend a certain gentleman of my acquaintance for a person of singular modesty, courage, integrity, and withal as a man of an entertaining conversation, to which advantages he had a shape and manner peculiarly graceful. Mr. TRIPLETT, who is a woman's man, seemed to hear me with patience enough commend the qualities of his mind. He never heard, indeed, but that he was a very honest man, and no fool; but for a fine gentleman, he must ask pardon. Upon no other foundation than this, Mr. TRIPLETT took occasion to give the gentleman's pedigree, by what methods some part of the estate was acquired, how much it was beholden to a marriage for the present circumstances of it: after all, he could see nothing but a common man in his person, his breeding, or understanding.

Thus, Mr. SPECTATOR, this impertinent humour of diminishing every one who is produced in conversation to their advantage, runs through the world; and I am, I confess, so fearful of the force of ill tongues, that I have begged of all those who are my well-wishers never to commend me, for it will but bring my frailties into examination; and I had rather be unobserved, than conspicuous for disputed perfections. I am confident a thousand young people, who would have been ornaments to society, have, from fear of Scandal, never dared to exert themselves in the polite arts of life.

Their

exhibition of its various phenomena, must, by all acquainted with dramatic composition, be acknowledged to be a production of this age.

Their lives have passed away in an odious rusticity, in spite of great advantages of person, genius, and fortune. There is a vicious terror of being blamed in some well-inclined people, and a wicked pleasure in suppressing them in others; both which I recommend to your Spectatorial Wisdom to animadvert upon; and if you can be successful in it, I need not say how much you will deserve of the town; but new Toasts will owe to you their beauty, and new Wits their fame.

I am,

SIR,

Your most obedient humble servant,

MARY.

T.

N^o. 349.

THURSDAY, APRIL 10, 1712.

—Quos ille timorum
 Maximus haud urget, lethi metus : inde ruendi
 In ferrum mens prona viris, animæque capaces
 Mortis—

LUCAN. l. 454.

“ Thrice happy they beneath their northern skies,
 “ Who that worst fear, the fear of death, despise !
 “ Hence they no cares for this frail being feel,
 “ But rush undaunted on the pointed steel,
 “ Provoke approaching fate, and bravely scorn.
 “ To spare that life which must so soon return.”

ROWE.

ON DEATH.

I AM very much pleased with a consolatory letter of PHALARIS, to one who had lost a son that was a young man of great merit. The thought with which he comforts the afflicted father is, to the best of my memory, as follows :—That he should consider death had set a kind of seal upon his son's character, and placed him out of the reach of vice and infamy : that, while he lived, he was still within the possibility of falling away from virtue, and losing the fame of which he was possessed. Death only closes a man's reputation, and determines it as good or bad.

This among other motives, may be one reason why we are naturally averse to the launching out into a man's praise till his head is laid in the dust. Whilst he is capable of changing, we may be forced to retract our
 opinions.

opinions. He may forfeit the esteem we have conceived of him, and some time or other appear to us under a different light from what he does at present. In short, as the life of any man cannot be called happy or unhappy, so neither can it be pronounced vicious or virtuous, before the conclusion of it.

It was upon this consideration that EPAMINONDAS, being asked whether CHABRIAS, IPHICRATES, or he himself, deserved most to be esteemed? You must first see us DIE, saith he, before that question can be answered.

As there is not a more melancholy consideration to a good man than his being obnoxious to such a change, so there is nothing more glorious than to keep up an uniformity in his actions, and preserve the beauty of his character to the last.

The end of a man's life is often compared to the winding up of a well-written play, where the principal persons still act in character, whatever the fate is which they undergo. There is scarce a great person in the Grecian or Roman history, whose death has not been remarked upon by some writer or other, and censured or applauded according to the genius or principles of the person who has descanted on it. Monsieur de St. EVRÉMOND is very particular in setting forth the constancy and courage of PETRONIUS ARBITER during his last moments, and thinks he discovers in them a greater firmness of mind and resolution, than in the death of SENECA, CATO, or SOCRATES. There is no question but this polite author's affectation of appearing singular in his remarks, and making discoveries which had escaped the observation of others, threw him into this course of reflection. It was PETRONIUS's merit, that he died in the same gaiety of temper in which he lived; but as his life was altogether loose and dissolute, the indifference which he shewed at the close of it, is to be looked upon as a piece of natural carelessness and levity, rather

rather than fortitude. The resolution of SOCRATES proceeded from very different motives, the consciousness of a well-spent life, and the prospect of a happy eternity. If the ingenious author above mentioned was so pleased with gaiety of humour in a dying man, he might have found a much nobler instance of it in our countryman Sir THOMAS MORE.*

This great and learned man was famous for enlivening his ordinary discourses with wit and pleasantry; and as ERASMUS tells him in an epistle dedicatory, acted in all parts of life like a second DEMOCRITUS.

He died upon a point of religion, and is respected as a martyr by that side for which he suffered. That innocent mirth, which had been so conspicuous in his life, did not forsake him to the last. He maintained the same cheerfulness of heart upon the scaffold, which he used to shew at his table; and upon laying his head on the block, gave instances of that good-humour with which he had always entertained his friends in the most ordinary occurrences. His death was of a piece with his life. There was nothing in it new, forced, or affected. He did not look upon the severing his head from his body as a circumstance that ought to produce any change in the disposition of his mind; and as he died under a fixed and settled hope of immortality, he thought any

* Of the death of this illustrious personage HUME gives the following account: "Not only his constancy, but even his cheerfulness, nay, even his usual facetiousness never forsook him; and he made a sacrifice of his life to his integrity, with the same indifference that he maintained in any ordinary occurrence. When he was mounting the scaffold, he said to one, "Friend, help me up, and when I come down let me shift for myself." When the executioner asked his forgiveness, he granted the request, but told him, "You will never get credit by beheading me, my neck is so short." Then laying his head on the block, he bade the executioner stay till he put aside his beard, "for, said he, it has never committed treason." Nothing was wanting to the glory of this end except a better cause, more free from weakness and superstition. But as the man followed his principles, and sense of duty, however misguided, his constancy and integrity are not the less objects of admiration."

any unusual degree of sorrow and concern improper on such an occasion, as had nothing in it which could deject or terrify him.

There is no great danger of imitation from this example. Men's natural fears will be a sufficient guard against it. I shall only observe, that what was philosophy in this extraordinary man, would be frenzy in one who does not resemble him as well in the cheerfulness of his temper as in the sanctity of his life and manners.

I shall conclude this paper with the instance of a person who seems to me to have shewn more intrepidity and greatness of soul in his dying moments, than what we meet with among any of the most celebrated Greeks and Romans. I met with this instance in the *History of the Revolutions in Portugal*, written by the ABBOT DE VERTOT.

When DON SEBASTIAN, King of Portugal, had invaded the territories of MULI MOLUC, Emperor of Morocco, in order to dethrone him, and set the crown upon the head of his nephew, MOLUC was wearing away with a distemper which he himself knew was incurable. However, he prepared for the reception of so formidable an enemy. He was, indeed, so far spent with his sickness, that he did not expect to live out the whole day, when the last decisive battle was given; but knowing the fatal consequences that would happen to his children and people, in case he should die before he put an end to that war, he commanded his principal officers that if he died during the engagement, they should conceal his death from the army, and that they should ride up to the litter in which his corpse was carried, under pretence of receiving orders from him as usual. Before the battle began, he was carried through all the ranks of his army in an open litter, as they stood drawn up in array, encouraging them to fight valiantly, in defence of their religion and country. Finding afterwards the battle to go against him, though he was

very near his last agonies, he threw himself out of his litter, rallied his army, and led them on to the charge; which afterwards ended in a complete victory on the side of the Moors. He had no sooner brought his men to the engagement, but finding himself utterly spent, he was again replaced in his litter, where laying his finger on his mouth, to enjoin secrecy to his officers, who stood about him, he died a few moments after in that posture.

L.

N^o. 350.

FRIDAY, APRIL 11, 1712.

Ea animi elatio quæ cernitur in periculis, si justitia vacat, pugnatque pro suis commodis, in vitio est.

TULL.

“ That elevation of mind which is displayed in dangers, if it
“ wants justice, and fights for its own interest, is vicious.”

STORY OF A FRENCH PRIVATEER AND AN ENGLISH
MERCHANTMAN.

CAPTAIN SENTRY was last night at the Club and produced a letter from Ipswich, which his correspondent desired him to communicate to his friend the SPECTATOR. It contained an account of an engagement between a French privateer, commanded by one DOMINICK POTTIERE, and a little vessel of that place laden with corn, the master whereof, as I remember, was one GOODWIN. The Englishman defended himself with incredible bravery, and beat off the French, after having been boarded three or four times. The enemy still came on with greater fury, and hoped by his number of men to carry the prize, till at last the Englishman finding himself sink apace, and ready to perish, struck: but the effect which this singular gallantry had upon the Captain of the privateer, was no other than an unmanly desire of vengeance for the loss he had sustained in his several attacks. He told the Ipswich man in a speaking-trumpet, that he would not take him aboard, and that he stayed to see him sink. The Englishman at the same time observed a disorder in the
vessel,

vessel, which he rightly judged to proceed from the disdain which the ship's crew had of their Captain's inhumanity. With this hope he went into his boat, and approached the enemy. He was taken in by the sailors in spite of their commander; but though they received him against his command, they treated him when he was in the ship in the manner he directed. POTTIERE caused his men to hold GOODWIN, while he beat him with a stick, till he fainted with loss of blood, and rage of heart; after which he ordered him into irons, without allowing him any food, but such as one or two of the men stole to him under peril of the like usage. And having kept him several days overwhelmed with the misery of stench, hunger and soreness, he brought him into Calais. The Governor of the place was soon acquainted with all that had passed, and dismissed POTTIERE from his charge with ignominy, and gave GOODWIN all the relief which a man of honour would bestow upon an enemy barbarously treated, to recover the imputation of cruelty upon his prince and country.

When Mr. SENTRY had read his letter, full of many other circumstances which aggravate the barbarity, he fell into a sort of criticism upon magnanimity and courage, and argued that they were inseparable; and that courage, without regard to justice and humanity, was no other than the fierceness of a wild beast. A good and truly bold spirit, continued he, is ever actuated by reason, and a sense of honour and duty. The affectation of such a spirit exerts itself in an impudent aspect, an overbearing confidence, and a certain negligence of giving offence. This is visible in all the cocking youths you see about this town who are noisy in assemblies, unawed by the presence of wise and virtuous men; in a word, insensible of all the honours and decencies of human life. A shameless fellow takes advantage of merit clothed with modesty and magnanimity, and, in the eyes of little people, appears sprightly and agreeable;

ble; while the man of resolution and true gallantry is overlooked and disregarded, if not despised. There is a propriety in all things; and I believe what you scholars call just and sublime, in opposition to turgid and bombast expression, may give you an idea of what I mean, when I say modesty is the certain indication of a great spirit, and impudence the affectation of it. He that writes with judgment, and never rises into improper warmth, manifests the true force of genius; in like manner, he who is quiet and equal in his behaviour, is supported in that deportment by what we may call true courage. Alas, it is not so easy a thing to be a brave man as the unthinking part of mankind imagine. To dare, is not all that there is in it. The privateer we were just now talking of, had boldness enough to attack his enemy, but not greatness of mind enough to admire the same quality exerted by that enemy in defending himself. Thus his base and little mind was wholly taken up in the sordid regard to the prize of which he failed, and the damage done to his own vessel; and, therefore, he used an honest man, who defended his own from him, in the manner as he would a thief that should rob him.

He was equally disappointed, and had not spirit enough to consider, that one case would be laudable, and the other criminal. Malice, rancour, hatred, vengeance, are what tear the breasts of mean men in fight; but fame, glory, conquests, desires of opportunities to pardon and oblige their opposers, are what glow in the minds of the gallant. The Captain ended his discourse with a specimen of his book-learning; and gave us to understand that he had read a French author on the subject of justness in point of gallantry. I love, said Mr. SENTRY, a critic who mixes the rules of life with annotations upon writers. My author, added he, in his discourse upon epic poem, takes occasion to speak of the same quality of courage drawn in the two different

characters of TURNUS and ÆNEAS. He makes courage the chief and greatest ornament of TURNUS; but in ÆNEAS there are many others which outshine it; among the rest, that of piety. TURNUS is, therefore, all along painted by the poet full of ostentation, his language haughty and vain-glorious, as placing his honour in the manifestation of his valour: ÆNEAS speaks little, is slow to action, and shews only a sort of defensive courage. If equipage and address make TURNUS appear more courageous than ÆNEAS, conduct and success prove ÆNEAS more valiant than TURNUS.

T:

N^o. 351.

SATURDAY, APRIL 12, 1712.

In te omnis domus inclinata recumbit.

VIRG. ÆN. Xii. 59.

“ On thee the fortunes of our house depend.”

CRITICISM ON MILTON.—NINTH-BOOK.

IF we look into the three great heroic poems which have appeared in the world, we may observe that they are built upon very slight foundations. HOMER lived near 300 years after the Trojan war; and as the writing of history was not then in use among the Greeks, we may very well suppose, that the tradition of ACHILLES and ULYSSES had brought down but very few particulars to his knowledge; though there is no question but he has wrought into his two poems such of their remarkable adventures, as were still talked of among his contemporaries.

The story of ÆNEAS, on which VIRGIL founded his poem, was likewise very bare of circumstances, and by that means afforded him an opportunity of embellishing it with fiction, and giving a full range to his own invention. We find, however, that he has interwoven, in the course of his fable, the principal particulars, which were generally believed among the Romans, of ÆNEAS's voyage and settlement in Italy.

The reader may find an abridgment of the whole story as collected out of the ancient historians, and as it was received among the Romans, in *Dionysius Halicarnasseus*.

Since none of the critics have considered VIRGIL's fable with relation to this history of ÆNEAS, it may not, perhaps, be amiss to examine it in this light, so far as regards my present purpose. Whoever looks into the abridgment above mentioned, will find that the character of ÆNEAS is filled with piety to the Gods, and a superstitious observation of prodigies, oracles, and predictions. VIRGIL has not only preserved this character in the person of ÆNEAS, but has given a place in his poem to those particular prophecies which he found recorded of him in history and tradition. The Poet took the matters of fact as they came down to him, and circumstanced them after his own manner, to make them appear the more natural, agreeable, or surprising. I believe very many readers have been shocked at that ludicrous prophecy which one of the Harpies pronounces to the Trojans in the third book, namely, that, before they had built their intended city, they should be reduced by hunger to eat their very tables. But, when they hear that this was one of the circumstances that had been transmitted to the Romans in the history of ÆNEAS, they will think the Poet did very well in taking notice of it. The historian above mentioned acquaints us, that a prophetess had foretold ÆNEAS, he should take his voyage westward, till his companions should eat their tables; and that, accordingly, upon his landing in Italy, as they were eating their flesh upon cakes of bread for want of other conveniencies, they afterwards fed on the cakes themselves; upon which one of the company said merrily, "We are eating our tables." They immediately took the hint, says the historian, and concluded the prophecy to be fulfilled. As VIRGIL did not think it proper to omit so material a particular in the history of ÆNEAS, it may be worth while to consider with how much judgment he has qualified it, and taken off every thing that might have appeared improper for a passage in an heroic poem.

The

The prophetess who foretells it, is an hungry Harpy, as the person who discovers it is young ASCANIUS.

Heus etiam mensas consumimus, inquit Iulus!

ÆN. vii. 116.

"See, we devour the plates on which we fed."

• DRYDEN.

Such an observation, which is beautiful in the mouth of a boy, would have been ridiculous from any other of the company. I am apt to think that the changing of the Trojan fleet into Water-nymphs, which is the most violent machine in the whole *ÆNEID*, and has given offence to several critics, may be accounted for the same way. VIRGIL himself, before he begins that relation, premises, that what he was going to tell appeared incredible, but that it was justified by tradition. What further confirms me that this change of the fleet was a celebrated circumstance in the history of *ÆNEAS*, is, that OVID has given a place to the same metamorphosis in his account of the Heathen mythology.

None of the critics I have met with have considered the fable of the *Æneid* in this light, and taken notice how the tradition on which it was founded, authorizes those parts in it which appear more exceptionable. I hope the length of this reflection will not make it unacceptable to the curious part of my readers.

The history which was the basis of MILTON's poem, is still shorter than either that of the *Iliad*, or *Æneid*. The Poet has likewise taken care to insert every circumstance of it in the body of his fable. The ninth book, which we are here to consider, is raised upon that brief account in Scripture, wherein we are told, that the serpent was more subtle than any beast of the field; that he tempted the woman to eat of the forbidden fruit; that she was overcome by this temptation, and that ADAM followed her example. From these few particulars, MILTON has formed one of the most entertaining fables that invention ever produced. He has

disposed of these several circumstances among so many agreeable and natural fictions of his own, that his whole story looks only like a comment upon sacred writ, or rather seems to be a full and complete relation of what the other is only an epitome. I have insisted the longer on this consideration, as I look upon the disposition and contrivance of the fable to be the principal beauty of the ninth book, which has more story in it, and is fuller of incidents, than any other in the whole poem. SATAN's traversing the globe, and still keeping within the shadow of the night, as fearing to be discovered by the Angel of the Sun, who had before detected him, is one of those beautiful imaginations with which he introduces this his second series of adventures. Having examined the nature of every creature, and found out one which was the most proper for his purpose, he again returns to Paradise; and to avoid discovery, sinks by night with a river that ran under the garden, and rises up again through a fountain that issued from it by the Tree of Life. The Poet, who, as we have before taken notice, speaks as little as possible in his own person, and after the example of HOMER, fills every part of his work with manners and characters, introduces a soliloquy of this infernal agent, who was thus restless in the destruction of man. He is then described as gliding through the garden, under the resemblance of a mist, in order to find out the creature in which he designed to tempt our first parents. This description has something in it very poetical and surprising:

“ So saying,, through each thicket dank or dry,
Like a black mist low creeping, he led on
His midnight search, where soonest he might find
The serpent: him fast sleeping soon he found
In labyrinth of many a round self-roll'd,
His head the midst, well stor'd with subtle wiles.”

The Author afterwards gives us a description of the morning, which is wonderfully suitable to a divine poem, and peculiar to that first season of nature. He
1 represents

represents the earth, before it was curst, as a great altar, breathing out its incense from all parts, and sending up a pleasant savour to the nostrils of its Creator; to which he adds a noble idea of ADAM and EVE, as offering their morning worship, and filling up the universal consort of praise and adoration:

“ Now when a sacred light began to dawn
In Eden on the humid flowers, that breath’d
Their morning incense, when all things that breathe
From the Earth’s great altar send up silent praise
To the Creator, and his nostrils fill
With grateful smell; forth came the human pair,
And join’d their vocal worship to the choir
Of creatures wanting voice———”

The dispute which follows between our two first parents, is represented with great art. It proceeds from a difference of judgment, not of passion, and is managed with reason, not with heat. It is such a dispute as we may suppose might have happened in Paradise, had man continued happy and innocent. There is a great delicacy in the moralities which are interspersed in ADAM’s discourse, and which the most ordinary reader cannot but take notice of. That force of love which the father of mankind so finely describes in the eighth book, and which is inserted in my last Saturday’s paper, shews itself here in many fine instances: as in those fond regards he casts towards EVE at her parting from him:

“ Her long with ardent look his eye pursu’d
Delighted, but desiring more her stay.
Oft he to her his charge of quick return
Repeated; she to him as oft engag’d
To be return’d by noon amid the bow’r.”

In his impatience and amusement during her absence:

“ ———— ADAM the while
Waiting desirous her return, had wove

Of

Of choicest flow'rs a garland to adorn
 Her tresses, and her rural labours crown,
 As reapers oft are wont their harvest queen.
 Great joy he promis'd to his thoughts, and new
 Solace in her return, so long delay'd."

But particularly in that passionâte speech, where, seeing her irrecoverably lost, he resolves to perish with her, rather than to live without her :

" ————— Some cursed fraud
 Of enemy hath beguil'd thee, yet unknown,
 And me with thee hath ruin'd ; for with thee
 Certain my resolution is to die :
 How can I live without thee ? how forego
 Thy sweet converse and love so dearly join'd,
 To live again in these wild woods forlorn ?
 Should GOD create another EVE, and I
 Another rib afford, yet loss of thee
 Would never from my heart ; no, no ! I feel
 The link of nature draw me : flesh of flesh,
 Bone of my bone thou art, and from thy state
 Mine never shall be parted, bliss or woe !"

The beginning of this speech, and the preparation to it, are animated with the same spirit as the conclusion, which I have here quoted.

The several wiles which are put in practice by the Tempter, when he found EVE separated from her husband, the many pleasing images of nature which are intermixed in this part of the story, with its gradual and regular progress to the fatal catastrophe, are so very remarkable, that it would be superfluous to point out their respective beauties.

I have avoided mentioning any particular similitudes in my remarks on this great work, because I have given a general account of them in my paper on the first book. There is one, however, in this part of the poem which I shall here quote as it is not only very beautiful, but the closest of any in the whole poem ; I mean that where the serpent is described as rolling forward in all his pride

pride, animated by the evil Spirit, and conducting EVE to her destruction, while ADAM was at too great a distance from her to give her his assistance. These several particulars are all of them wrought into the following similitude :

“ ————— Hope elevates, and joy
Brightens his crest ; as when a wandering fire,
Compact of unctuous vapour, which the night
Condenses, and the cold environs round,
Kindled through agitation to a flame,
(Which oft, they say, some evil spirit attends)
Hovering and blazing with delusive light,
Misleads th’ amaz’d night-wanderer from his way
To bogs and mires, and oft through pond or pool,
There swallow’d up and lost, from succour far.”

The secret intoxication of pleasure, with all those transient flushings of guilt and joy, which the Poet *represents* in our first parents upon their eating the forbidden fruit, to those flaggings of spirit, damps of sorrow, and mutual accusations which succeed it, are conceived with a wonderful imagination, and described in very natural sentiments.

When DIDO, in the fourth *Æneid*, yielded to that fatal temptation which ruined her, VIRGIL tells us the earth trembled, the heavens were filled with flashes of lightning, and the nymphs howled upon the mountain tops. MILTON, in the same poetical spirit, has described all nature as disturbed upon EVE’s eating the forbidden fruit :

“ So saying, her rash hand in evil hour
Forth reaching to the fruit, she pluck’d, she eat :
Earth felt the wound, and Nature from her seat
Sighing, through all her works gave signs of woe
That all was lost ————— ”

Upon ADAM’s falling into the same guilt, the whole creation appears a second time in convulsions :

“ ————— He scrupled not to eat
Against his better knowledge ; not deceiv’d,

But

But fondly overcome with female charm,
 Earth trembled from her entrails, as again
 In pangs, and Nature gave a second groan;
 Sky lour'd, and, muttering thunder, some sad drops
 Wept at completing of the mortal sin."

As all Nature suffered by the guilt of our first parents, these symptoms of trouble and consternation are wonderfully imagined, not only as prodigies, but as marks of her sympathising in the fall of man.

ADAM's converse with EVE, after having eaten the forbidden fruit, is an exact copy of that between JUPITER and JUNO in the fourteenth *Iliad*. JUNO there approaches JUPITER with the girdle which she had received from VENUS; upon which he tells her, that she appeared more charming and desirable than she had ever done before, even when their loves were at the highest

The Poet afterwards describes them as reposing on a summit of Mount Ida, which produced under them a bed of flowers, the *lotus*, the *crocus*, and the *hyacinth*; and concludes his description with their falling asleep.

Let the reader compare this with the following passage in MILTON, which begins with ADAM's speech to EVE:

" For never did thy beauty, since the day
 I saw thee first and wedded thee, adorn'd
 With all perfections, so inflame my sense
 With ardour to enjoy thee, fairer now
 Than ever, bounty of this virtuous tree.

" So said he, and forbore not glance or toy
 Of amorous intent, well understood
 Of EVE, whose eye darted contagious fire.
 Her hand he seiz'd, and to a shady bank,
 Thick over-head with verdant roof embower'd,
 He led her nothing loth; flowers were the couch,
 Pansies, and violets, and asphodel,
 And hyacinth, Earth's freshest softest lap.
 There they their fill of love and love's disport
 Took largely, of their mutual guilt the seal,
 The solace of their sin, till dewy sleep
 Oppress'd them———"

As

As no Poet seems ever to have studied HOMER more, or to have more resembled him in the greatness of genius, than MILTON, I think I should have given but a very imperfect account of its beauties, if I had not observed the most remarkable passages which look like parallels in these two great Authors. I might, in the course of these criticisms, have taken notice of many particular lines and expressions which are translated from the Greek Poet ; but as I thought this would have appeared too minute and over-curious, I have purposely omitted them. The greater incidents, however, are not only set off by being shewn in the same light with several of the same nature in HOMER, but by that means may be also guarded against the cavils of the tasteless, or ignorant.

L.

N^o 352.

MONDAY, APRIL 14, 1712.

Si ad honestatem nati sumus, ea aut sola expectanda est, aut certè omni pondere gravior est habenda quam reliqua omnia.

TULL.

“ If we be born for honesty, either it is solely to be sought, or
“ certainly to be accounted much more valuable than all other
“ things.”

ON HONESTY.

WILL HONEYCOMB was complaining to me yesterday, that the conversation of the town is so altered of late years, that a fine gentleman is at a loss for matter to start discourse, as well as unable to fall in with the talk he generally meets with. WILL takes notice, that there is now an evil under the sun which he supposes to be entirely new, because not mentioned by any satyrists, or moralists, in any age. Men, said he, grow knaves sooner than they ever did since the creation of the world before. If you read the tragedies of the last age, you find the artful men, and persons of intrigue, are advanced very far in years, and beyond the pleasures and sallies of youth; but now, WILL observes, that the young have taken in the vices of the aged, and you shall have a man of five-and-twenty, crafty, false, and intriguing, not ashamed to over-reach, cozen, and beguile. My friend adds, that till about the latter end of King CHARLES's reign, there was not a rascal of any eminence under forty. In the places of resort for conversation, you now hear nothing but what relates to the improving men's fortunes, without regard to the methods

thods toward it. This is so fashionable, that young men form themselves upon a certain neglect of every thing that is candid, simple, and worthy of true esteem; and affect being yet worse than they are, by acknowledging in their general turn of mind and discourse, that they have not any remaining value for true honour and honesty; preferring the capacity of being artful to gain their ends, to the merit of despising those ends when they come in competition with their honesty. All this is due to the very silly pride that generally prevails, of being valued for the ability of carrying their point: in a word, from the opinion that shallow and unexperienced people entertain of the short-lived force of cunning. But I shall, before I enter upon the various faces which folly covered with artifice puts on to impose upon the unthinking, produce a great authority for asserting, that nothing but truth and ingenuity has any lasting good effect, even upon a man's fortune and interest.

‘ Truth and Reality have all the advantages of appearance, and many more. If the shew of any thing be good for any thing, I am sure Sincerity is better; for why does any man dissemble, or seem to be that which he is not, but because he thinks it good to have such a quality as he pretends to? for to counterfeit and dissemble, is to put on the appearance of some real excellency. Now the best way in the world for a man to seem to be any thing, is really to be what he would seem to be. Besides, that it is many times as troublesome to make good the pretence of a good quality, as to have it; and if a man have it not, it is ten to one but he is discovered to want it, and then all his pains and labour to seem to have it, is lost. There is something unnatural in painting, which a skilful eye will easily discern from native beauty, and complexion.

‘ It is hard to personate and act a part long: for where truth is not at the bottom, nature will always be

endeavouring to return, and will peep out and betray herself one time or other. Therefore if any man think it convenient to seem good, let him be so indeed, and then his goodness will appear to every body's satisfaction; so that upon all accounts sincerity is true wisdom. Particularly as to the affairs of this world, integrity hath many advantages over all the fine and artificial ways of dissimulation and deceit; it is much the plainer and easier, much the safer and more secure way of dealing in the world; it has less of trouble and difficulty, of intanglement and perplexity, of danger and hazard in it; it is the shortest and nearest way to our end, carrying us thither in a straight line, and will hold out and last longest. The arts of deceit and cunning do continually grow weaker and less effectual and serviceable to them that use them; whereas integrity gains strength by use, and the more and longer any man practiseth it, the greater service it does him, by confirming his reputation, and encouraging those with whom he hath to do, to repose the greatest trust and confidence in him, which is an unspeakable advantage in the business and affairs of life.

‘ Truth is always consistent with itself, and needs nothing to help it out; it is always near at hand, and sits upon our lips, and is ready to drop out before we are aware; whereas a lie is troublesome, and sets a man's invention upon the rack, and one trick needs a great many more to make it good. It is like building upon a false foundation, which constantly stands in need of props to shore it up, and proves at last more chargeable, than to have raised a substantial building at first upon a true and solid foundation; for sincerity is firm and substantial, and there is nothing hollow and unsound in it, and because it is plain and open, fears no discovery; of which the crafty man is always in danger; and when he thinks he walks in the dark, all his pretences are so transparent, that he that runs may read them;

them; he is the last man that finds himself to be found out, and whilst he takes it for granted that he makes fools of others, he renders himself ridiculous.

‘Add to all this, that sincerity is the most compendious wisdom, and an excellent instrument for the speedy dispatch of business; it creates confidence in those we have to deal with, saves the labour of many enquiries, and brings things to an issue in a few words. It is like travelling in a plain beaten road, which commonly brings a man sooner to his journey’s end than by-ways, in which men often lose themselves. In a word, whatsoever convenience may be thought to be in falsehood and dissimulation, it is soon over; but the inconvenience of it is perpetual, because it brings a man under an everlasting jealousy and suspicion, so that he is not believed when he speaks truth, nor trusted, perhaps, when he means honestly. When a man has once forfeited the reputation of his integrity, he is set fast; and nothing will then serve his turn, neither truth nor falsehood.

‘And I have often thought, that God hath in his great wisdom hid from men of false and dishonest minds the wonderful advantages of truth and integrity to the prosperity even of our wordly affairs: these men are so blinded by their covetousness and ambition, that they cannot look beyond a present advantage, nor forbear to seize upon it, though by ways never so indirect: they cannot see so far as to the remote consequence of a steady integrity, and the vast benefit and advantages which it will bring a man at last. Were but this sort of men wise and clear sighted enough to discern this, they would be honest out of very knavery, not out of any love to honesty and virtue, but with a crafty design to promote and advance more effectually their own interests; and, therefore, the justice of the Divine Providence hath hid this truest point of wisdom from their eyes, that bad men might not be upon equal terms with

the just and upright, and serve their own wicked designs by honest and lawful means.

Indeed, if a man were only to deal in the world for a day, and should never have occasion to converse more with mankind, never more need their good opinion or good word, it were then no great matter (speaking as to the concernments of this world) if a man spent his reputation all at once, and ventured it at one throw: but if he be to continue in the world, and would have the advantage of conversation whilst he is in it, let him make use of truth and sincerity in all his words and actions; for nothing but this will last and hold out to the end: all other arts will fail, but truth and integrity will carry a man through, and bear him out to the last.'

T.

N^o. 353.

TUESDAY, APRIL 15, 1712.

In tenui labor

VIRG. GEORG. IV.

“ Though low the subject, it deserves our pains.”

ON EDUCATION.

THE gentleman who obliges the world in general, and me in particular, with his thoughts upon education, has just sent me the following letter ;

SIR,

‘ I TAKE the liberty to send you a fourth letter upon the Education of Youth. In my last I gave you my thoughts upon some particular tasks which I conceived it might not be amiss to mix with their usual exercises, in order to give them an early seasoning of virtue ; I shall in this propose some others, which I fancy might contribute to give them a right turn for the world, and enable them to make their way in it.

‘ The design of learning is, as I take it, either to render a man an agreeable companion to himself, and teach him to support solitude with pleasure ; or, if he is not born to an estate, to supply that defect, and furnish him with the means of acquiring one. A person who applies himself to learning with the first of these views, may be said to study for ornament ; as he who proposes to himself the second, properly studies for use. The one does it to raise himself a fortune ; the other, to set off that which he is already possessed of. But as

far the greater part of mankind are included in the latter class, I shall only propose some methods at present for the service of such who expect to advance themselves in the world by their learning. In order to which I shall premise, that many more estates have been acquired by little accomplishments than by extraordinary ones; those qualities which make the greatest figure in the eye of the world, not being always the most useful in themselves, or the most advantageous to their owners.

‘ The posts which require men of shining and uncommon parts to discharge them, are so very few, that many a great genius goes out of the world without ever having had an opportunity to exert itself; whereas persons of ordinary endowments meet with occasions fitted to their parts and capacities every day in the common occurrences of life.

‘ I am acquainted with two persons who were formerly school-fellows, and have been good friends ever since. One of them was not only thought an impenetrable blockhead at school, but still maintained his reputation at the university; the other was the pride of his master, and the most celebrated person in the college of which he was a member. The man of genius is at present buried in a country parsonage of eight-score pounds a year; while the other, with the bare abilities of a common scrivener, has got an estate of above an hundred thousand pounds.

‘ I fancy, from what I have said, it will almost appear a doubtful case to many a wealthy citizen, whether or no he ought to wish his son should be a great genius: but this I am sure of, that nothing is more absurd than to give a lad the education of one, whom nature has not favoured with any particular marks of distinction.

‘ The fault, therefore, of our grammar-schools is, that every boy is pushed on to works of genius: whereas it would be far more advantageous for the greatest part of them to be taught such little practical arts and sciences

ences as do not require any great share of parts to be master of them, and yet may come often into play during the course of a man's life.

‘ Such are all the parts of practical geometry. I have known a man contract a friendship with a minister of state, upon cutting a dial in his window; and remember a clergyman who got one of the best benefices in the west of England, by setting a country gentleman's affairs in some method, and giving him an exact survey of his estate.

‘ While I am upon this subject, I cannot forbear mentioning a particular which is of use in every station of life, and which, methinks, every master should teach scholars; I mean the writing of English letters. To this end, instead of perplexing them with Latin epistles, themes and verses, there might be a punctual correspondence established between two boys, who might act in any imaginary parts of business, or be allowed sometimes to give a range to their own fancies, and communicate to each other whatever trifles they thought fit, provided neither of them ever failed at the appointed time to answer his correspondent's letter.

‘ I believe I may venture to affirm, that the generality of boys would find themselves more advantaged by this custom, when they come to be men, than by all the Greek and Latin their masters can teach them in seven or eight years.

‘ The want of it is very visible in many learned persons, who, while they are admiring the stiles of DEMOSTHENES or CICERO, want phrases to express themselves on the most common occasions. I have seen a letter from one of these Latin orators, which would have been deservedly laughed at by a common attorney.

‘ Under this head of writing, I cannot omit accompts and short-hand, which are learned with little pains, and very properly come into the number of such arts as I have been here recommending.

‘ You must doubtless, Sir, observe, that I have hitherto chiefly insisted upon these things for such boys

as do not appear to have any thing extraordinary in their natural talents, and consequently are not qualified for the finer parts of learning; yet, I believe, I might carry this matter still further, and venture to assert, that a lad of genius has sometimes occasion for these little acquirements, to be as it were the fore-runners of his parts, and to introduce him into the world.

‘ History is full of examples of persons, who, though they have had the largest abilities, have been obliged to insinuate themselves into the favour of great men by these trivial accomplishments; as the complete gentleman, in some of our modern comedies, makes his first advances to his mistress under the disguise of a painter, or a dancing-master.

‘ The difference is, that in a lad of genius these are only so many accomplishments, which in another are essentials; the one diverts himself with them, the other works at them. In short, I look upon a great genius with these little additions, in the same light as I regard the Grand Seignior, who is obliged, by an express command in the Alcoran, to learn and practise some handicraft trade: though I need not to have gone for my instance farther than Germany, where several Emperors have voluntarily done the same thing. LEOPOLD the last worked in wood; and I have heard there are several handicraft-works of his making to be seen at Vienna, so neatly turned, that the best joiner in Europe might safely own them without any disgrace to his profession.

‘ I would not be thought, by any thing I have said, to be against improving a boy’s genius to the utmost pitch it can be carried. What I would endeavour to shew in this essay is, that there may be methods taken to make learning advantageous even to the meanest capacities.

I am, SIR,

Yours, &c.

X.

N^o. 354.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 16, 1712.

Cum magnis virtutibus affers
Grande supercilium.

JUV. SAT. VI. 168.

“With your great virtues you bring great pride.”

CHARACTER OF A DEVOTEE.

MR. SPECTATOR,

‘YOU have in some of your discourses described most sort of women in their distinct and proper classes, as the ape, the coquette, and many others; but I think you have never yet said any thing of a *Devotee*. A *Devotee* is one of those who disparage religion by their indiscreet and unseasonable introduction of the mention of virtue on all occasions. She professes she is what nobody ought to doubt she is: and betrays the labour she is put to, to be, what she ought to be with chearfulness and alacrity. She lives in the world, and denies herself none of the diversions of it, with a constant declaration, how insipid all things in it are to her. She is never herself but at church; there she displays her virtue, and is so fervent in her devotions, that I have frequently seen her pray herself out of breath. While other young ladies in the house are dancing, or playing at questions and commands, she reads aloud in her closet. She says all love is ridiculous, except it be celestial; but she speaks of the passion of one mortal to another with too much bitterness, for one that had no jealousy mixed with her contempt of it. If at any time she sees a man warm in his addresses to his mistress, she will lift up her eyes to Heaven,

Heaven, and cry, "What nonsense is that fool talking! will the bell never ring for prayers?" We have an eminent lady of this stamp in our country, who pretends to amusements very much above the rest of her sex. She never carries a white shock-dog with bells under her arm, nor a squirrel or dormouse in her pocket, but always an abridged piece of morality, to steal out when she is sure of being observed. When she went to the famous ass-race (which I must confess was but an odd diversion to be encouraged by people of rank and figure) it was not, like other ladies, to hear those poor animals bray, nor to see fellows run naked, or to hear country squires in bob wigs and white girdles make love at the side of a coach, and cry, "Madam, this is dainty weather." Thus she described the diversion; for she went only to pray heartily that nobody might be hurt in the croud, and to see if the poor fellow's face, which was distorted with grinning, might any way be brought to itself again. She never chats over her tea, but covers her face, and is supposed in an ejaculation before she tastes a sup. This ostentatious behaviour is such an offence to true sanctity, that it disparages it, and makes virtue not only unamiable, but also ridiculous. The sacred writings are full of reflections which abhor this kind of conduct; and a *Devotee* is so far from promoting goodness, that she deters others by her example. Folly and vanity in one of these ladies, is like vice in a clergyman; it does not only debase him, but makes the inconsiderate part of the world think the worse of religion.

I am,

SIR,

Your humble servant,

HOTSPUR.

MR. SPECTATOR,

'XENOPHON, in his short account of the Spartan commonwealth, speaking of the behaviour of their young men

men in the streets, says, there was so much *modesty* in their looks, that you might as soon have turned the eyes of a marble statue upon you, as theirs; and that in all their behaviour they were more modest than a bride when put to bed upon her wedding-night. This virtue which is always subjoined to magnanimity, had such an influence upon their courage, that in battle an enemy could not look them in the face, and they durst not but die for their country.

‘Whenever I walk into the streets of London and Westminster, the countenances of all the young fellows that pass by me, make me wish myself in Sparta: I meet with such blustering airs, big looks, and bold fronts, that, to a superficial observer, would bespeak a courage above those Grecians. I am arrived to that perfection in speculation, that I understand the language of the eyes, which would be a great misfortune to me, had I not corrected the testiness of old-age by philosophy. There is scarce a man in a red coat who does not tell me, with a full stare, he is a bold man: I see several swear inwardly at me, without any offence of mine, but the oddness of my person: I meet contempt in every street, expressed in different manners, by the scornful look, the elevated eye-brow, and the swelling nostrils of the proud and prosperous. The prentice speaks his disrespect by an extended finger, and the porter by stealing out his tongue. If a country gentleman appears a little curious in observing the edifices, signs, clocks, coaches, and dials, it is not to be imagined how the politerable * of this town, who are acquainted with these objects,

* In SMOLLET's *Roderic Random* there are several very humorous instances of the wit of the London mob, as displayed towards RODERIC, and still more to poor STRAP, on their first arrival in London. The ignorant having no idea of any knowledge beyond their own, or of the propriety of any customs, or any modes of expression, except those which daily fall within their narrow observation. CONGREVE's PETULANT, and WITWOOD in the *Way of the World*, suppose themselves infinitely wiser than
an

objects, ridicule his rusticity. I have known a fellow with a burden on his head steal a hand down from his load, and slily twirl the cock of a squire's hat behind him; while the offended person is swearing, or out of countenance, all the wag-wits in the highway are grinning in applause of the ingenious rogue that gave him the tip, and the folly of him who had not eyes all round his head to prevent receiving it. These things arise from a general affectation of smartness, wit, and courage. WYCHERLY somewhere rallies the pretensions this way, by making a fellow say, "Red breeches are a certain sign of valour;" and OTWAY makes a man, to boast his agility, trip up a beggar on crutches. From such hints I beg a speculation on this subject: in the mean time I shall do all in the power of a weak old fellow in my own defence; for as DIOGENES, being in quest of an honest man, sought for him when it was broad-day-light with a lantern and candle, so I intend for the future to walk the street with a dark lantern, which has a convex crystal in it; and if any man stares at me, I give fair warning that I will direct the light full into his eyes. Thus despairing to find men *modest*, I hope by this means to evade their *impudence*.

I am,

SIR,

Your humble servant,

SOPHROSUNIUS.

T.

an honest country Baronet, because, contrary to the custom of the time, he made his appearance at dinner in boots. As the vulgar are now much more enlightened than in former ages, less of this ridicule prevails among them.

N^o. 355.

THURSDAY, APRIL 17, 1712.

Non ego mordaci distinxī carmine quenquam.

OVID. TRIST. ii. 563.

“ I never abused any one by malignant verses.”

ON LAMPOONS.

I HAVE been very often tempted to write In ectives upon those who have detracted from my works, or spoken in derogation of my person ; but I look upon it as a particular happiness, that I have always hindered my resentments from proceeding to this extremity. I once had gone through half a Satire, but found so many motions of humanity rising in me towards the persons whom I had severely treated, that I threw it into the fire without ever finishing it. I have been angry enough to make several little epigrams and lampoons ; and after having admired them a day or two, have likewise committed them to the flames. These I look upon as so many sacrifices to humanity, and have received much greater satisfaction from the suppressing such performances, than I could have done from any reputation they might have procured me, or from any mortification they might have given my enemies, in case I had made them public. If a man has any talent in writing, it shews a good mind to forbear answering calumnies and reproaches in the same spirit of bitterness with which they are offered. But when a man has been at some pains in making suitable returns to an enemy, and has the instruments of revenge in his hands, to let drop his wrath, and stifle his resentments, seems to have something

thing in it great and heroical. There is a particular merit in such a way of forgiving an enemy; and the more violent and unprovoked the offence has been, the greater still is the merit of him who thus forgives it.

I never met with a consideration that is more finely spun, and what has better pleased me, than one in *Epiæctus*, which places an enemy in a new light, and gives us a view of him altogether different from that in which we are used to regard him. The sense of it is as follows: 'Does a man reproach thee for being proud or ill-natured, envious or conceited, ignorant or detracting? Consider with thyself whether his reproaches are true. If they are not, consider that thou art not the person whom he reproaches, but that he reviles an imaginary being, and, perhaps, loves what thou really art, though he hates what thou appearest to be. If his reproaches are true, if thou art the envious ill-natured man he takes thee for, give thyself another turn, become mild, affable, and obliging, and his reproaches of thee naturally cease. His reproaches may, indeed, continue, but thou art no longer the person whom he reproaches.'

I often apply this rule to myself; and when I hear of a satirical speech, or writing, that is aimed at me, I examine my own heart, whether I deserve it or not. If I bring in a verdict against myself, I endeavour to rectify my conduct for the future in those particulars which have drawn the censure upon me; but if the whole invective be grounded upon a falsehood, I trouble myself no further about it, and look upon my name at the head of it to signify no more than one of those fictitious names made use of by an author to introduce an imaginary character. Why should a man be sensible of the sting of a reproach, who is a stranger to the guilt that is implied in it? or subject himself to the penalty, when he knows he has never committed the crime? This is a piece of fortitude, which every one owes to his own innocence, and without which it is impossible for a
man

man of any merit or figure, to live at peace with himself, in a country that abounds with wit and liberty.

The famous Monsieur BALZAC, in a letter to the Chancellor of France, who had prevented the publication of a book against him, has the following words, which are a lively picture of the greatness of mind so visible in the works of that author: 'If it was a new thing, it may be I should not be displeased with the suppression of the first libel that should abuse me; but since there are enough of them to make a small library, I am secretly pleased to see the number increased, and delight in raising a heap of stones that envy has cast at me without doing me any harm.'

The author here alludes to those monuments of the Eastern nations, which were mountains of stones raised upon the dead bodies by travellers, that used to cast every one his stone upon it as they passed by. It is certain that no monument is so glorious as one which is thus raised by the hands of envy. For my part, I admire an author for such a temper of mind as enables him to bear an undeserved reproach without resentment, more than for all the wit of any of the finest satirical reply.

Thus far I thought necessary to explain myself in relation to those who have animadverted on this paper, and to shew the reasons why I have not thought fit to return them any formal answer. I must further add, that the work would have been of very little use to the public, had it been filled with personal reflections and debates; for which reason I have never once turned out of my way to observe those little cavils which have been made against it by envy or ignorance. The common fry of scriblers, who have no other way of being taken notice of but by attacking what has gained some reputation in the world, would have furnished me with business enough, had they found me disposed to enter the lists with them.

I shall

I shall conclude with the fable of *Boccalini's Traveller*, who was so pestered with the noise of grasshoppers in his ears, that he alighted from his horse in great wrath to kill them all. This, says the Author, was troubling himself to no manner of purpose. Had he pursued his journey without taking notice of them, the troublesome insects would have died of themselves in a very few weeks, and he would have suffered nothing from them.

L.

N^o. 356.

FRIDAY, APRIL 18, 1712.

—— Aptissima quæque dabunt Dii,
 Charior est illis homo quàm sibi! ——

JUV. SAT. X. 349.

“ —— The Gods will grant
 “ What their unerring wisdom sees thee want:
 “ In goodness, as in greatness, they excell;
 “ Ah, that we lov'd ourselves but half as well!”

DRYDEN.

ON THE DEATH OF CHRIST.

IT is owing to pride, and a secret affectation of a certain self-existence, that the noblest motive for action that ever was proposed to man, is not acknowledged the glory and happiness of their Being. The heart is treacherous to itself, and we do not let our reflections go deep enough to receive religion as the most honourable incentive to good and worthy actions. It is our natural weakness, to flatter ourselves into a belief, that if we search into our inmost thoughts, we find ourselves wholly disinterested, and divested of any views arising from self love and vain glory. But however spirits of superficial greatness may disdain at first sight to do any thing, but from a noble impulse in themselves, without any future regards in this or any other Being; upon stricter inquiry they will find, to act worthily, and expect to be rewarded only in another world, is as heroic a pitch of virtue as human nature can arrive at. If the tenour of our actions have any other motive than the desire to be pleasing in the eye of the Deity, it will necessarily follow, that we must be more than men, if we are not too

much exalted in prosperity and depressed in adversity. But the Christian world as a *Leader*, the contemplation of whose life and sufferings must administer comfort in affliction, while the sense of his power and *omnipotence* must give them humiliation in prosperity.

It is owing to the forbidding and unlovely constraint with which men of low conceptions act when they think they conform themselves to religion, as well as to the more odious conduct of hypocrites, that the word *Christian* does not carry with it at first view all that is great, worthy, friendly, generous, and heroic. The man who suspends his hopes of the reward of worthy actions till after death, who can bestow unseen, who can overlook hatred, do good to his slanderer, who can never be angry at his friend, never revengeful to his enemy, is certainly formed for the benefit of society. Yet these are so far from heroic virtues, that they are but the ordinary duties of a Christian.

When a man with a steady faith looks back on the great catastrophe of this day,* with what bleeding emotions of heart must he contemplate the life and sufferings of his Deliverer! When his agonies occur to him, how will he weep to reflect that he has often forgot them for the glance of a wanton, for the applause of a vain world, for a heap of fleeting past pleasures, which are at present aking sorrows!

How pleasing is the contemplation of the lowly steps our *Almighty* Leader took in conducting us to his heavenly mansions! In plain and apt parable, similitude, and allegory, our great Master enforced the doctrine of our salvation; but they of his acquaintance, instead of receiving what they could not oppose, were offended at the presumption of being wiser than they. They could not raise their little ideas above the consideration of him,

in

* Good Friday. STEELE and ADDISON both gave many proofs of their attachment to the church, and among others frequently adapted their essays to days kept holy by members of our ecclesiastical establishment.

in those circumstances familiar to them, or conceive that he, who appeared not more terrible or pompous, should have any thing more exalted than themselves; he in that place therefore would no longer ineffectually exert a power which was incapable of conquering the prepossession of their narrow and mean conceptions.

Multitudes followed him, and brought him the dumb, the blind, the sick, and maimed; whom, when their *Creator* had touched, with a second life they saw, spoke, leaped, and ran. In affection to him, and admiration of his actions, the croud could not leave him, but waited near him till they were almost as faint and helpless as others they brought for succour. He had compassion on them, and by a miracle supplied their necessities. Oh, the ecstatic entertainment, when they could behold their food immediately increase to the distributor's hand, and see their *God in person* feeding and refreshing his creatures! Oh envied happiness! But why do I say envied? as if our *God* did not still preside over our temperate meals, chearful hours, and innocent conversations.

But though the sacred story is every where full of miracles not inferior to this, and though in the midst of those acts of *divinity* he never gave the least hint of a design to become a secular prince, yet had not hitherto the Apostles themselves any other than hopes of worldly power, preferment, riches, and pomp; for *PETER*, upon an accident of ambition among the Apostles, hearing his Master explain that his kingdom was not of this world, was so scandalized, that he whom he had so long followed should suffer the ignominy, shame, and death which he foretold, that he took him aside and said, "Be it far from thee, Lord, this shall not be unto thee:" For which he suffered a severe reprehension from his Master, as having in his view the glory of man rather than that of God.

The great change of things began to draw near, when the *Lord of Nature* thought fit as a saviour and deliverer to make his public entry into Jerusalem with more than

the power and joy, but none of the ostentation and pomp, of a triumph; he came humble, meek, and lowly; with an unfelt new ecstasy, multitudes strewed his way with garments and olive branches, crying, with loud gladness and acclamation, "HOSANNAH to the Son of DAVID! Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord!" At this great King's accession to his throne, men were not ennobled, but saved; crimes were not remitted, but sins forgiven. He did not bestow medals, honours, favours; but health, joy, sight, speech. The first object the blind ever saw, was the *Author of Sight*; while the lame ran before, and the dumb repeated the HOSANNAH. Thus attended, he entered into *his own house*, the sacred Temple, and by his divine authority expelled traders and worldlings that profaned it; and thus did he for a time use a great and despotic power, to let unbelievers understand, that 'twas not want of, but superiority to all worldly dominion, that made him not exert it. But is this then the Saviour? Is this the Deliverer? Shall this obscure NAZARENE command Israel, and sit on the throne of DAVID? Their proud and disdainful hearts, which were petrified with the love and pride of this world, were impregnable to the reception of so mean a benefactor, and, were now enough exasperated with benefits to conspire his death. Our Lord was sensible of their design, and prepared his disciples for it, by recounting to them now more distinctly what should befall him; but PETER, with an ungrounded resolution, and in a flush of temper, made a sanguine protestation, that though all men were offended in him, yet would not he be offended. It was a great article of our Saviour's business in the world to bring us to a sense of our inability, without God's assistance, to do any thing great or good; he therefore told PETER, who thought so well of his courage and fidelity, that they would both fail him, and even he should deny him thrice that very night.

• But

‘But what heart can conceive, what tongue utter the sequel? Who is that yonder, buffeted, mocked and spurned? Whom do they drag like a felon? Whither do they carry my Lord, my King, my Saviour, and my God? And will he die to expiate those very injuries? See where they have nailed the *Lord and Giver of Life*! How his wounds blacken, his body writhes, and heart moves with pity and with agony! Oh *Almighty* Sufferer, look down, look down from thy triumphant infamy: Lo, he inclines his head to his sacred bosom! Hark, he groans! See, he expires! The earth trembles, the temple rends, the rocks burst, the dead arise. Which are the quick? Which are the dead? Sure nature, all nature, is departing with her *Creator*.’

T.

N^o. 357.

SATURDAY, APRIL 19, 1712.

Quis talia fando
Temperet à lachrymis ? —

VIRG. ii. 6.

“Who in relating such woes, can refrain from tears.”

CRITICISM ON MILTON.—TENTH BOOK.

THE tenth book of *Paradise Lost* has a greater variety of persons in it than any other in the whole poem. The Author, upon the winding up of his action, introduces all those who had any concern in it, and shews with great beauty the influence which it had upon each of them. It is like the last act of a well-written tragedy, in which all who had part in it are generally drawn up before the audience, and represented under those circumstances in which the determination of the action places them.

I shall therefore consider this book under four heads, in relation to the celestial, the infernal, the human, and the imaginary persons, who have their respective parts allotted in it.

To begin with the celestial persons. The guardian Angels of Paradise are described as returning to Heaven upon the Fall of Man, in order to approve their vigilance; their arrival, their manner of reception, with the sorrow which appeared in themselves, and in those spirits who are said to rejoice at the conversion of a sinner, are very finely laid together in the following lines.

“Up into Heav’n from Paradise in haste
Th’ Angelic guards ascended, mute and ad
For Man; for of his state by this they knew:

Much

Much wond'ring how the subtle fiend had stol'n
 Entrance unseen. Soon as th' unwelcome news
 From Earth arriv'd, at Heav'n gate, displeas'd
 All were who heard; dim sadness did not spare
 That time celestial visages; yet mixt
 With pity, violated not their bliss.
 About the new-arriv'd, in multitudes
 Th' Æthereal people ran, to hear and know
 How all befel. They tow'rd the throne supreme
 Accountable made haste, to make appear,
 With righteous plea, their utmost vigilance,
 And easily approv'd; when the Most High
 Eternal Father, from his secret cloud
 Amidst, in thunder utter'd thus his voice:"

The same Divine Person, who in the foregoing parts of this poem interceded for our first parents before their fall, overthrew the rebel Angels, and created the world, is now represented as descending to Paradise, and pronouncing sentence upon the three offenders. The cool of the evening being a circumstance with which Holy Writ introduces this great scene, it is poetically described by our Author, who has also kept religiously to the form of words, in which the three several sentences were passed upon ADAM, EVE, and the serpent. He has rather chosen to neglect the numerousness of his verse, than to deviate from those speeches which are recorded on this great occasion. The guilt and confusion of our first parents, standing naked before their Judge, is touched with great beauty. Upon the arrival of SIN and DEATH into the works of the creation, the Almighty is again introduced as speaking to his Angels that surrounded him.

"See! with what heat these dogs of hell advance,
 To waste and havock yonder world, which I
 So fair and good created;" &c.

The following passage is formed upon that glorious image in Holy Writ, which compares the voice of an innumerable host of Angels, uttering hallelujahs, to the voice of mighty thunderings, or of many waters:

“ He ended, and the heav’nly audience loud
 Sung hallelujah, as the sound of seas,
 Through multitude that sung. Just are thy ways,
 Righteous are thy decrees in all thy works,
 Who can extenuate thee? ——— ”

Though the Author in the whole course of his poem, and particularly in the book we are now examining, has infinite allusions to places of Scripture; I have only taken notice in my remarks of such as are of a poetical nature, and which are woven with great beauty into the body of his fable. Of this kind is that passage in the present book, where, describing SIN as marching through the works of nature, he adds,

“ ——— Behind her death
 Close following pace for pace, not mounted yet
 On his pale horse ——— ”

Which alludes to that passage in Scripture so wonderfully poetical, and terrifying to the imagination: “ and I looked, and behold a *pale horse*, and his name that sat on him was DEATH, and HELL followed with him: and power was given unto them over the fourth part of the earth, to kill with sword, and with hunger, and with sickness, and with the beasts of the earth.” Under this first head of celestial persons we must likewise take notice of the command which the Angels received, to produce the several changes in nature, and sully the beauty of the creation. Accordingly they are represented as infecting the stars and planets with malignant influences, weakening the light of the sun, bringing down the winter into the milder regions of nature, planting winds and storms in several quarters of the sky, storing the clouds with thunder, and in short perverting the whole frame of the universe to the condition of its criminal inhabitants. As this is a noble incident in the poem, the following lines, in which we see the Angels heaving up the earth, and placing it in a different posture to the sun from what it had before the Fall of Man,

is conceived with that sublime imagination which was so peculiar to this great Author :

“ Some say he bid his Angels turn ascance
The poles of earth twice ten degrees and more
From the sun's axle ; they with labour push'd
Oblique the centric globe.” —

We are in the second place to consider the infernal agents under the view which MILTON has given us of them in this book. It is observed by those who would set forth the greatness of VIRGIL's plan, that he conducts his reader through all the parts of the earth which were discovered in his time. Asia, Africa, and Europe, are the several scenes of his fable. The plan of MILTON's poem is of an infinitely greater extent, and fills the mind with many more astonishing circumstances.— SATAN, having surrounded the earth seven times, departs at length from Paradise. We then see him steering his course among the constellations, and after having traversed the whole creation, pursuing his voyage through the chaos, and entering into his own infernal dominions.

His first appearance in the assembly of fallen Angels, is worked up with circumstances which give a delightful surprize to the reader : but there is no incident in the whole poem which does this more than the transformation of the whole audience, that follows the account their leader gives them of his expedition. The gradual change of SATAN himself is described after OVID's manner, and may vie with any of those celebrated transformations which are looked upon as the most beautiful parts in that poet's works. MILTON never fails of improving his own hints, and bestowing the last finishing touches in every incident which is admitted into this poem. The unexpected hiss which arises in this episode, the dimensions and bulk of SATAN so much superior to those of the infernal spirits who lay under the same transformation, with the annual change which they are supposed to suffer,

suffer, are instances of this kind. The beauty of the *diction* is very remarkable in this whole episode, as I have observed in the sixth part of these remarks the great judgment with which it was contrived.

The parts of ADAM and EVE, or the human persons, come next under our consideration. MILTON's art is no where more shewn than in his conducting the parts of these our first parents. The representation he gives of them, without falsifying the story, is wonderfully contrived to influence the reader with pity and compassion towards them. Though ADAM involves the whole species in misery, his crime proceeds from a weakness which every man is inclined to pardon and commiserate, as it seems rather the frailty of human nature, than of the person who offended. Every one is apt to excuse a fault which he himself might have fallen into. It was the excess of love for EVE, that ruined ADAM and his posterity. I need not add, that the Author is justified in this particular by many of the fathers, and the most orthodox writers. MILTON has by this means filled a great part of his poem with that kind of writing which the French critics call the *tendre*, and which is in a particular manner engaging to all sorts of readers.

ADAM and EVE, in the book we are now considering, are likewise drawn with such sentiments as do not only interest the reader in their afflictions, but raise in him the most melting passions of humanity and commiseration. When ADAM sees the several changes of nature produced about him, he appears in a disorder of mind suitable to one who had forfeited both his innocence and his happiness; he is filled with horror, remorse, despair; in the anguish of his heart he expostulates with his Creator for having given him an unasked existence:

“ Did I request thee, Maker, from my clay
To mould me man? Did I solicit thee
From darkness to promote me? or here place

In this delicious garden? As my will
 Concurr'd not to my being, 'twere but right
 And equal to reduce me to my dust,
 Desirous to resign, and render back
 All I receiv'd —————."

He immediately after recovers from his presumption, owns his doom to be just, and begs that the death which is threatened him may be inflicted on him:

"—————Why delays
 His hand to execute what his decree
 Fix'd on this day? Why do I overlive?
 Why am I mock'd with death, and lengthen'd out
 To deathless pain? How gladly would I meet
 Mortality my sentence, and be earth
 Insensible! how glad would lay me down,
 As in my mother's lap! There should I rest
 And sleep secure; his dreadful voice no more
 Would thunder in my ears: no fear of worse
 To me, and to my offspring would torment me
 With cruel expectation."—————

This whole speech is full of the like emotion, and varied with all those sentiments which we may suppose natural to a mind so broken and disturbed. I must not omit that generous concern which our first father shews in it for his posterity, and which is so proper to affect the reader:

"—————Hide me from the face
 Of God, whom to behold was then my height
 Of happiness! yet well, if here would end
 The misery; I deserv'd it, and would bear
 My own deservings: but this will not serve;
 All that I eat, or drink, or shall beget,
 Is propagated curse. O voice once heard
 Delightfully, *increase and multiply*;
 Now death to hear! —————

—————In me all
 Posterity stands curst! Fair patrimony,

That

That I must leave ye, sons ! O were I able
 To waste it all myself, and leave you none !
 So disinherited, how would you bless
 Me now your curse ! Ah, why should all mankind,
 For one man's fault, thus guiltless be condemn'd,
 If guiltless ? But from me what can proceed
 But all corrupt ? ———"

Who can afterwards behold the father of mankind, extended upon the earth, uttering his midnight complaints, bewailing his existence, and wishing for death, without sympathizing with him in his distress ?

" Thus ADAM to himself lamented loud
 Through the still night ; not now (as ere man fell)
 Wholesome and cool, and mild, but with black air
 Accompanied with damps and dreadful gloom ;
 Which to his evil conscience represented
 All things with double terror. On the ground
 Outstretch'd he lay ; on the cold ground ! and oft
 Curs'd his creation ; death as oft accus'd
 Of tardy execution ———"

The part of EVE in this book is no less passionate, and apt to sway the reader in her favour. She is represented with great tenderness as approaching ADAM, but is spurned from him with a spirit of upbraiding and indignation, conformable to the nature of man, whose passions had now gained the dominion over him. The following passage, wherein she is described as renewing her addresses to him, with the whole speech that follows it, have something in them exquisitely moving and pathetic :

" He added not, and from her turn'd : but EVE
 Not so repuls'd, with tears that ceas'd not flowing,
 And tresses all disorder'd, at his feet
 Fell humble ; and embracing them besought
 His peace, and thus proceeded in her plaint.
 Forsake me not thus, ADAM ! Witness Heav'n
 What love sincere, and rev'rence in my breast
 I bear thee, and unweeting have offended,

Unhappily

Unhappily deceiv'd! Thy suppliant
 I beg, and clasp thy knees; bereave me not
 (Whereon I live!) thy gentle looks, thy aid,
 Thy counsel in this uttermost distress,
 My only strength, and stay! Forlorn of thee,
 Whither shall I betake me, where subsist?
 While yet we live (scarce one short hour perhaps)
 Between us two let there be peace," &c.

ADAM's reconciliation to her is worked up in the same spirit of tenderness. EVE afterwards proposes to her husband, in the blindness of her despair, that, to prevent their guilt from descending upon posterity, they should endeavour to live childless; or if that could not be done, they should seek their own deaths by violent methods. As those sentiments naturally engage the reader to regard the mother of mankind with more than ordinary commiseration, they likewise contain a very fine moral. The resolution of dying to end our miseries, does not shew such a degree of magnanimity as a resolution to bear them, and submit to the dispensations of Providence. Our Author has therefore, with great delicacy, represented EVE as entertaining this thought, and ADAM as disapproving it.

We are, in the last place, to consider the imaginary persons, or DEATH and SIN, who act a large part in this book. Such beautiful extended allegories are certainly some of the finest compositions of genius; but, as I have before observed, are not agreeable to the nature of an heroic poem. This of SIN and DEATH is very exquisite in its kind, if not considered as a part of such a work. The truths contained in it are so clear and open, that I shall not lose time in explaining them; but shall only observe, that a reader who knows the strength of the English tongue, will be amazed to think how the Poet could find such apt words and phrases to describe the actions of those two imaginary persons, and particularly in that part where DEATH is exhibited as forming
 a bridge

a bridge over the chaos ; a work suitable to the genius of MILTON.

Since the subject I am upon gives me an opportunity of speaking more at large of such shadowy and imaginary persons as may be introduced into heroic poems, I shall beg leave to explain myself in a matter which is curious in its kind, and which none of the critics have treated of. It is certain HOMER and VIRGIL are full of imaginary persons, who are very beautiful in poetry when they are just shewn without being engaged in any series of action. HOMER indeed represents SLEEP as a person, and ascribes a short part to him in his *Iliad* ; but we must consider, that though we now regard such a person as intirely shadowy and unsubstantial, the Heathens made statues of him, placed him in their temples, and looked upon him as a real deity. When HOMER makes use of other such allegorical persons, it is only in short expressions, which convey an ordinary thought to the mind in the most pleasing manner, and may rather be looked upon as poetical phrases, than allegorical descriptions. Instead of telling us that men naturally fly when they are terrified, he introduces the persons of FLIGHT and FEAR, who, he tells us, are inseparable companions. Instead of saying that the time was come when APOLLO ought to have received his recompence, he tells us, that the hours brought him his reward. Instead of describing the effects which MINERVA'S *Ægis* produced in battle, he tells us that the brims of it were encompassed by TERROR, ROUT, DISCORD, FURY, PURSUIT, MASSACRE, and DEATH. In the same figure of speaking, he represents VICTORY as following DIOMEDES ; DISCORD as the mother of funerals and mourning ; VENUS as dressed by the Graces ; BELLONA as wearing Terror and Consternation like a garment. I might give several other instances out of HOMER, as well as a great many out of VIRGIL. MILTON has likewise very often made use of the same way of speaking, as where he tells us, that VICTORY sat on the right hand of
the

the MESSIAH, when he marched forth against the rebel Angels; that at the rising of the sun, the hours unbarred the gates of light; that DISCORD was the daughter of SIN. Of the same nature are those expressions, where, describing the singing of the nightingale, he adds, "SILENCE was pleased;" and upon the MESSIAH's bidding peace to the chaos, "CONFUSION heard his voice." I might add innumerable instances of our Poet's writing in this beautiful figure. It is plain that these I have mentioned, in which persons of an imaginary nature are introduced, are such short allegories as are not designed to be taken in the literal sense, but only to convey particular circumstances to the reader, after an unusual and entertaining manner. But when such persons are introduced as principal actors, and engaged in a series of adventures, they take too much upon them, and are by no means proper for an heroic poem, which ought to appear credible in its principal parts. I cannot forbear therefore thinking, that SIN and DEATH are as improper agents in a work of this nature, as STRENGTH and NECESSITY in one of the tragedies of ÆSCHYLUS, who represented those two persons nailing down PROMETHEUS to a rock; for which he has been justly censured by the greatest critics. I do not know any imaginary person made use of in a more sublime manner of thinking than that in one of the Prophets, who describing God as descending from Heaven, and visiting the sins of mankind, adds that dreadful circumstance, "before him went the PESTILENCE." It is certain this imaginary person might have been described in all her purple spots. The FEVER might have marched before her, PAIN might have stood at her right hand, PHRENZY on her left, and DEATH in her rear. She might have been introduced as gliding down from the tail of a comet, or darted from the earth in a flash of lightning. She might have tainted the atmosphere with her breath.—The very glaring of her eyes might have scattered infection.

fection. But I believe every reader will think, that in such sublime writings the mentioning of her as it is done in Scripture, has something in it more just, as well as great, than all that the most fanciful poet could have bestowed upon her in the richness of his imagination.

L.

N^o. 358.

MONDAY, APRIL 21, 1712.

Desipere in loco.

HOR. 4. OD. xii. l. ult.

“ ’Tis joyous folly that unbends the mind.”

FRANCIS.

ON FROLICKS.

CHARLES LILLY attended me the other day, and made me a present of a large sheet of paper, on which is delineated a pavement in Mosaic work, lately discovered at Stunsfield, near Woodstock. A person who has so much the gift of speech as Mr. LILLY, and can carry on a discourse without a reply, had great opportunity on that occasion to expatiate upon so fine a piece of antiquity. Among other things, I remember he gave me his opinion, which he drew from the ornaments of the work, That this was the floor of a room dedicated to Mirth and Concord. Viewing this work, made my fancy run over the many gay expressions I have read in ancient authors, which contained invitations to lay aside care and anxiety, and give a loose to that pleasing forgetfulness wherein men put off their characters of business, and enjoy their very selves. These hours were usually passed in rooms adorned for that purpose, and set out in such a manner, as the objects all around the company gladden their hearts; which, joined to the chearful looks of well-chosen and agreeable friends, gave new vigour to the airy, produced the latent fire of the modest, and gave grace to the slow humour of the reserved. A judicious mixture of such company, crowned with chaplets of flowers, and the

whole apartment glittering with gay lights, cheared with a profusion of roses, artificial falls of water, and intervals of soft notes to songs of love and wine, suspended the cares of human life, and made a festival of mutual kindness. Such parties of pleasure as these, and the reports of the agreeable passages in their jollities, have in all ages awakened the dull part of mankind to pretend to mirth and good-humour, without capacity for such entertainments; for if I may be allowed to say so, there are an hundred men fit for any employment, to one who is capable of passing a night in company of the first taste, without shocking any member of the society, over-rating his own part of the conversation, but equally receiving and contributing to the pleasure of the whole company. When one considers such collections of companions in past times, and such as one might name in the present age, with how much spleen must a man needs reflect upon the aukward gaiety of those who affect the frolick with an ill grace? I have a letter from a correspondent of mine, who desires me to admonish all loud, mischievous, airy, dull companions, that they are mistaken in what they call a frolick. Irregularity in itself is not what creates pleasure and mirth: but to see a man, who knows what rule and decency are, descend from them agreeably in our company, is what denominates him a pleasant companion. Instead of that, you find many whose mirth consists only in doing things which do not become them, with a secret consciousness that all the world knows they know better; to this is always added something mischievous to themselves or others. I have heard of some very merry fellows among whom the frolick was started, and passed by a great majority, that every man should immediately draw a tooth; after which they have gone in a body and smoaked a cobbler. The same company, at another night, has each man burned his cravat; and one perhaps, whose estate would bear it, has thrown a long wig and hat into the same fire. Thus they have jested themselves stark-naked;
and

and run into the streets, and frightened women very successfully. There is no inhabitant of any standing in Covent-Garden, but can tell you an hundred good humours, where people have come off with a little blood shed, and yet scoured all the witty hours of the night. I know a gentleman that has several wounds in the head by watch-poles, and has been thrice run through the body, to carry on a good jest. He is very old for a man of so much good humour; but to this day he is seldom merry but he has occasion to be valiant at the same time. But, by the favour of these gentlemen, I am humbly of opinion, that a man may be a very witty man, and never offend one statute of this kingdom, not excepting that of stabbing.

The writers of plays have what they call unity of time and place, to give a justness to their representation; and it would not be amiss if all who pretend to be companions would confine their actions to the place of meeting; for a frolick carried farther may be better performed by other animals than men. It is not to rid much ground, or do much mischief, that should denominate a pleasant fellow; but that is truly frolick which is the play of the mind, and consists of various and unforced sallies of imagination. Festivity of spirit is a very uncommon talent, and must proceed from an assemblage of agreeable qualities in the same person. There are some few whom I think peculiarly happy in it; but it is a talent one cannot name in a man, especially when one considers, that it is never very grateful but where it is regarded by him who possesses it in the second place.—The best man that I know of for heightening the revel gaiety of a company, is ESTCOURT, whose jovial humour diffuses itself from the highest person at an entertainment to the meanest waiter. Merry tales, accompanied with apt gestures and lively representations of circumstances and persons, beguile the gravest mind into a consent to be as humourous as himself.—Add to this, that when a man is in his good graces, he

has a mimickry that does not debase the person he represents; but which, taking from the gravity of the character, adds to the agreeableness of it. This pleasant fellow gives one some idea of the ancient PANTOMIME, who is said to have given the audience, in dumb-show, an exact idea of any character or passion, or an intelligible relation of any public occurrence, with no other expression than that of his looks and gestures. If all who have been obliged to these talents in ESTCOURT, * will be at *Love for Love* to-morrow night, they will but pay him what they owe him, at so easy a rate as being present at a play which nobody would omit seeing, that had, or had not, ever seen it before.

T.

* STEELE was at great pains in his writings to promote the fame and interest of actors of merit.

No. 359.

TUESDAY, APRIL 22, 1712.

Torva læna lupum sequitur, lupus ipse capellam;
Florentem cytisum sequitur lasciva capella.

VIRG. ECL. ii. 63.

“Lions the wolves, and wolves the kids pursue,
“The kids sweet thyme,—and still I follow you.”

WARTON.

WILL HONEYCOMB'S ACCOUNT OF HIS DISAP-
POINTMENTS IN LOVE.

AS we were at the Club last night, I observed that my old friend Sir ROGER, contrary to his usual custom, sat very silent, and, instead of minding what was said by the company, was whistling to himself in a very thoughtful mood, and playing with a cork. I jogged Sir ANDREW FREEPORT, who sat between us: and as we were both observing him, we saw the Knight shake his head, and heard him say to himself, “A foolish woman! I can't believe it.” Sir ANDREW gave him a gentle pat upon the shoulder, and offered to lay him a bottle of wine that he was thinking of the widow. My old friend started, and, recovering out of his brown study, told Sir ANDREW, that once in his life he had been in the right. In short, after some little hesitation, Sir ROGER told us in the fulness of his heart, that he had just received a letter from his steward, which acquainted him that his old rival and antagonist in the country, Sir DAVID DUNDRUM, had been making a visit to the widow. However, says Sir ROGER, I can never think that she'll

have a man that's half a year older than I am, and a noted republican into the bargain.

WILL HONEYCOMB, who looks upon *love* as his particular province, interrupting our friend with a janty laugh, I thought Knight, said he, thou hadst lived long enough in the world, not to pin thy happiness upon one that is a woman, and a widow. I think that, without vanity, I may pretend to know as much of the female world as any man in Great Britain, though the chief of my knowledge consists in this, that they are not to be known. WILL immediately, with his usual fluency, rambled into an account of his own amours. I am now, says he, upon the verge of sixty, (though by the way we all knew he was turned of three-score). You may easily guess, continued WILL, that I have not lived so long in the world without having had some thoughts of settling in it, as the phrase is. To tell you truly, I have several times tried my fortune that way, though I cannot much boast of my success.

I made my first addresses to a young lady in the country; but when I thought things were pretty well drawing to a conclusion, her father happening to hear that I had formerly boarded with a surgeon, the old put forbade me his house, and within a fortnight after, married his daughter to a fox-hunter in the neighbourhood.

I made my next application to a widow, and attacked her so briskly, that I thought myself within a fortnight of her. As I waited upon her one morning, she told me, that she intended to keep her ready money and jointure in her own hand, and desired me to call upon her attorney in Lion's Inn, who would adjust with me what it was proper for me to add to it.* I was so re-
buffed

* POOR RODERIC RANDOM was rebuffed in a similar manner by the mother of MELINDA, a rich lady, to whom he was paying his addresses; when the old lady begged to be favoured with the perusal of his rent-roll. An Irish gentleman, more prolific, within these few years, actually palmed the writings of an estate which he said belonged to him, put them in the hands of a rich
at

buffed by this overture, that I never inquired either for her or her attorney afterwards.

A few months after, I addressed myself to a young lady who was an only daughter, and of a good family. I danced with her at several balls, squeezed her by the hand, said soft things to her, and in short made no doubt of her heart; and though my fortune was not equal to hers, I was in hopes that her fond father would not deny her the man she had fixed her affections upon. But as I went one day to the house, in order to break the matter to him, I found the whole family in confusion, and heard to my unspeakable surprize, that Miss JENNY was that very morning run away with the butler.

I then courted a second widow, and am at a loss to this day how I came to miss her, for she had often commended my person and behaviour. Her maid indeed told me one day, that her mistress said she never saw a gentleman with such a spindle pair of legs as Mr. HONEYCOMB.

After this I laid siege to four heiresses successively, and being a handsome young dog in those days, quickly made a *breach* in their hearts; but I don't know how it came to pass, though I seldom failed of getting the daughter's consent, I could never in my life get the old people on my side.

I could give you an account of a thousand other unsuccessful attempts, particularly of one which I made some years since upon an old woman, whom I had certainly borne away with flying colours, if her relations had not come pouring in to her assistance from all parts of England; nay, I believe, I should have got her at last, had not she been carried off by a hard frost.

As WILL's transitions are extremely quick, he turned

Z 4

from

attorney, who had an only daughter, and was received by the attorney very gladly as his son-in-law. On inquiry, the old gentleman found that there was no such place, as that mentioned in his son-in-law's writings.

from Sir ROGER, and applying himself to me, told me there was a passage in the book I had considered last Saturday, which deserved to be writ in letters of gold: and taking out a *Pocket-Milton*, read the following lines, which are part of one of ADAM's speeches to EVE after the fall.

“ ————— Oh! why did our
Creator wise! that peopled highest heaven
With spirits masculine, create at last
This novelty on earth, this fair defect
Of Nature, and not fill the world at once
With men, as Angels, without feminine?
Or find some other way to generate
Mankind? This mischief had not then befall'n,
And more that shall befall, innumerable
Disturbances on earth, through female snares
And strait conjunction with this sex: for either
He shall never find out fit mate; but such
As some misfortune brings him, or mistake;
Or whom he wishes most shall seldom gain,
Through her perverseness; but shall see her gain'd
By a far worse: or if she love, withheld
By parents; or his happiest choice too late
Shall meet already link'd, and wedlock-bound
To a fell adversary, his hate, or shame:
Which infinite calamity shall cause
To human life, and household peace confound.”

Sir ROGER listened to this passage with great attention, and desiring Mr. HONEYCOMB to fold down a leaf at the place, and lend him his book, the Knight put it up in his pocket, and told us that he would read over these verses again before he went to bed.

X.

N^o. 360.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 23, 1712.

De paupertate tacentes
Plus poscente ferent.

HOR. I. EP. XVII. 43.

"The man who all his wants conceals,
"Gains more than he who all his wants reveals."

DUNCOMBE.

ON THE CONCEALMENT OF POVERTY.

I HAVE nothing to do with the busines of this day, any further than affixing the piece of Latin on the head of my paper; which I think a motto not unsuitable, since if silence of our *poverty* is a recommendation, still more commendable is his modesty who conceals it by a decent *dress*.

MR. SPECTATOR,

'THERE is an evil under the sun, which has not yet come within your speculation, and is the censure, disesteem, and contempt, which some young fellows meet with from particular persons, for the reasonable methods they take to avoid them in general. This is by appearing in a better Dress than may seem to a relation regularly consistent with a small fortune; and therefore may occasion a judgment of a suitable extravagance in other particulars: but the disadvantage with which the man of narrow circumstances acts and speaks, is so feelingly set forth in a little book called *The Christian Hero*, that the appearing to be otherwise is not only pardonable, but

but necessary. Every one knows the hurry of conclusions that are made in contempt of a person that appears to be calamitous; which makes it very excusable to prepare one's self for the company of those that are of a superior quality and fortune, by appearing to be in a better condition than one is, so far as such appearance shall not make us really of worse.

‘ It is a justice due to the character of one who suffers hard reflections from any particular person upon this account, that such persons would enquire into his manner of spending his time; of which, though no further information can be had than that he remains so many hours in his chamber, yet, if this is cleared, to imagine that a reasonable creature, wrung with a narrow fortune, does not make the best use of this retirement, would be a conclusion extremely uncharitable. From what has, or will be said, I hope no consequence can be extorted, implying, that I would have any young fellow spend more time than the common leisure which his studies require, or more money than his fortune or allowance may admit of, in the pursuit of an acquaintance with his betters: for as to his time, the gross of that ought to be sacred to more substantial acquisitions; for each irrevocable moment of which, he ought to believe he stands religiously accountable. As to his dress, I shall engage myself no further than in the modest defence of two plain suits a year: for being perfectly satisfied in EUTRAPELUS's contrivance of making a Mohock of a man, by presenting him with laced and embroidered suits, I would by no means be thought to controvert the conceit, by insinuating the advantages of foppery. It is an assertion which admits of much proof, that a stranger of tolerable sense, dressed like a gentleman, will be better received by those of quality above him, than one of much better parts, whose dress is regulated by the rigid notions of frugality. A man's appearance falls within the censure of every one that sees him; his parts and learning very few are judges
of;

of; and even upon these few, they can't at first be well intruded; for policy and good breeding will counsel him to be reserved among strangers, and to support himself only by the common spirit of conversation. Indeed among the injudicious, the words *delicacy, idiom, fine images, structure of periods, genius, fire*, and the rest, made use of with a frugal and comely gravity, will maintain the figure of immense reading, and the depth of criticism.

All gentlemen of fortune, at least the young and middle-aged, are apt to pride themselves a little too much upon their dress, and consequently to value others in some measure upon the same consideration. With what confusion is a man of figure obliged to return the civilities of the hat to a person whose air and attire hardly entitle him to it! for whom nevertheless the other has a particular esteem, though he is ashamed to have it challenged in so public a manner. It must be allowed, that any young fellow that affects to dress and appear genteelly, might, with artificial management, save ten pounds a-year; as instead of fine holland he might mourn in sack-cloth, and in other particulars be proportionably shabby: but of what service would this sum be to avert any misfortune, whilst it would leave him deserted by the little good acquaintance he has, and prevent his gaining any other? As the appearance of an easy fortune is necessary towards making one, I don't know but it might be of advantage sometimes to throw into one's discourse certain exclamations about Bank Stock, and to shew a marvellous surprise upon its fall, as well as the most affected triumph upon its rise. The veneration and respect which the practice of all ages has preserved to appearances, without doubt suggested to our tradesmen that wise and politic custom, to apply and recommend themselves to the public by all those decorations upon their sign-posts and houses, which the most eminent hands in the neighbourhood can furnish them with. What can be more attractive to a man of letters,

letters, than that immense erudition of all ages and languages, which a skilful bookseller, in conjunction with a painter, shall image upon his column, and the extremities of his shop? The same spirit of maintaining a handsome appearance reigns among the grave and solid apprentices of the law (here I could be particularly dull in proving the word *apprentice* to be significant of a barrister); and you may easily distinguish who has most lately made his pretensions to business, by the whitest and most ornamental frame of his window: if indeed the chamber is a ground-room, and has rails before it, the finery is of necessity more extended, and the pomp of business better maintained. And what can be a greater indication of the dignity of dress, than that burdensome finery which is the regular habit of our judges, nobles, and bishops, with which, upon certain days, we see them incumbered? And though it may be said, this is awful, and necessary for the dignity of the state, yet the wisest of them have been remarkable, before they arrived at their present stations, for being very well-dressed persons. As to my own part, I am near thirty; and since I left school have not been idle, which is a modern phrase for having studied hard. I brought off a clean system of moral philosophy, and a tolerable jargon of metaphysicks, from the University; since that, I have been engaged in the clearing part of the perplexed style and matter of the law, which so hereditarily descends to all its professors. To all which severe studies I have thrown in, at proper interims, the pretty learning of the classics. Notwithstanding which, I am what SHAKESPEARE calls a fellow of no mark or likelihood; which makes me understand the more fully, that since the regular methods of making friends and a fortune by the mere force of a profession is so very slow and uncertain, a man should take all reasonable opportunities, by enlarging a good acquaintance, to court that time and chance which is said to happen to every man.

T.

N^o. 361.

THURSDAY, APRIL 24, 1712.

Tartaream intendit vocem, quâ protinûs omnis
Contremuit domus——

VIRG. ÆN. vii. 514.

“ The blast Tartarean spreads its notes around ;
“ The house astonish'd trembles at the sound.”

ON CAT-CALLS.

I HAVE lately received the following letter from a
country gentleman.

MR. SPECTATOR,

‘ THE night before I left London I went to see a play called *The Humorous Lieutenant*. Upon the rising of the curtain I was very much surprized with the great consort of cat-calls which was exhibited that evening, and began to think with myself that I had made a mistake, and gone to a music-meeting instead of the play-house. It appeared indeed a little odd to me, to see so many persons of quality, of both sexes, assembled together at a kind of caterwawling; for I cannot look upon that performance to have been any thing better, whatever the musicians themselves might think of it. As I had no acquaintance in the house to ask questions of, and was forced to go out of town early the next morning, I could not learn the secret of this matter. What I would, therefore, desire of you, is, to give me some account of this strange instrument, which I found the company called a Cat-call; and particularly to let
me

me know whether it be a piece of music lately come from Italy. For my own part, to be free with you, I would rather hear an English fiddle: though I durst not shew my dislike whilst I was in the play-house, it being my chance to sit the very next man to one of the performers.

I am,

SIR,

Your most affectionate friend and servant,

JOHN SHALLOW, Esq.

In compliance with Squire SHALLOW's request, I design this paper as a dissertation upon the Cat-Call. In order to make myself a master of the subject, I purchased one the beginning of last week, though not without great difficulty, being informed at two or three toy-shops that the players had lately bought them all up. I have since consulted many learned antiquaries in relation to its original, and find them very much divided among themselves upon that particular. A fellow of the Royal Society, who is my good friend, and a great proficient in the mathematical part of music, concludes, from the simplicity of its make, and the uniformity of its sound, that the cat-call is older than any of the inventions of JUBAL. He observes very well, that musical instruments took their first rise from the notes of birds, and other melodious animals; and what, says he, was more natural than for the first ages of mankind to imitate the voice of a cat that lived under the same roof with them? He added, that the cat had contributed more to harmony than any other animal; as we are not only beholden to her for this wind instrument, but for our string-music in general.

Another *virtuoso* of my acquaintance will not allow the cat-call to be older than THESPIS, and is apt to think it appeared in the world soon after the ancient comedy; for which reason it has still a place in our dramatic entertainments.

tertainments. Nor must I here omit what a very curious gentleman, who is lately returned from his travels, has more than once assured me, namely, that there was lately dug up at Rome the statue of a Momus, who holds an instrument in his right hand very much resembling our modern cat-call.

There are others who ascribe this invention to ORPHEUS, and look upon the cat-call to be one of those instruments which that famous musician made use of to draw the beasts about him: It is certain, that the roaring of a cat does not call together a greater audience of that species, than this instrument, if dexterously played upon in proper time and place.

But notwithstanding these various and learned conjectures, I cannot forbear thinking, that the cat-call is originally a piece of English music. Its resemblance to the voice of some of our British songsters,* as well as the use of it, which is peculiar to our nation, confirms me in this opinion. It has at least received great improvements among us, whether we consider the instrument itself, or those several quavers and graces which are thrown into the playing of it. Every one might be sensible of this, who heard that remarkable overgrown cat-call which was placed in the centre of the pit, and presided over all the rest at the celebrated performance lately exhibited at Drury-Lane.

Having said thus much concerning the original of the cat-call, we are in the next place to consider the use of it. The cat-call exerts itself to most advantage in the British theatre. It very much improves the sound of nonsense, and often goes along with the voice of the actor who pronounces it, as the violin or harpsichord accompanies the Italian *recitativo*.

It has often supplied the place of the ancient *Chorus*, in the words of Mr. ***. In short, a bad poet has as great

* Singing was far from being brought to such perfection in that age as it has been in this, by a KELLY, a CROUCH, an INCLETON, a STORACE, a MARA, and a BILLINGTON.

great an antipathy to a cat-call, as many people have to a real cat.

Mr. COLLIER, in his ingenious Essay upon Music, has the following passage.

"I believe it is possible to invent an instrument that shall have a quite contrary effect to those martial ones now in use; an instrument that shall sink the spirits, and shake the nerves, and curdle the blood, and inspire despair and cowardice and consternation, at a surprising rate. 'Tis probable the roaring of lions, the warbling of cats and scritch-owls, together with a mixture of the howling of dogs, judiciously imitated and compounded, might go a great way in this invention. Whether such anti-music as this might not be of service in a camp, I shall leave to the military men to consider."

What this learned gentleman supposes in speculation, I have known actually verified in practice. The cat-call has struck a damp into Generals, and frightened heroes of the stage. At the first sound of it I have seen a crowned head tremble, and a princess fall into fits. The Humourous Lieutenant himself could not stand it: nay, I am told that even ALMANZOR looked like a mouse, and trembled at the voice of this terrifying instrument.

As it is of a dramatic nature, and peculiarly appropriated to the stage, I can by no means approve the thought of that angry lover, who, after an unsuccessful pursuit of some years, took leave of his mistress in a serenade of cat-calls.

I must conclude this paper with the account I have lately received of an ingenious artist, who has long studied this instrument, and is very well versed in all the rules of the drama. He teaches to play on it by book, and to express it by the whole art of criticism. He has his bass and his treble cat-call; the former for tragedy, the latter for comedy; only in tragi-comedies they may both play together in concert. He has a particular
squeak,

squeak, to denote the violation of each of the unities, and has different sounds to shew whether he aims at the poet or the player. In short, he teaches the smut-note, the fustian-note, the stupid-note, and has composed a kind of air that may serve as an act-tune to an incorrigible play, and which takes in the whole compass of the cat-call.

L.

N^o 362.

FRIDAY, APRIL 25, 1712.

Laudibus arguitur vini vinosus —

HOR. I. EP. XIX. 6.

"He praises wine; and we conclude from thence,

"He lik'd his glass, on his own evidence."

LETTERS ON LOVE AND WINE.

Temple, April 24.

MR. SPECTATOR,

SEVERAL of my friends were this morning got over a dish of tea in very good health, though we had celebrated yesterday with more glasses than we could have dispensed with, had we not been beholden to BROOKS and HELLIER.* In gratitude therefore to those citizens, I am, in the name of the company, to accuse you of great negligence in overlooking their merit, who have imported true and generous wine, and taken care that it should not be adulterated by the retailers before it comes to the tables of private families, or the clubs of honest fellows. I cannot imagine how a *Spectator* can be supposed to do his duty, without frequent resumption of such subjects as concern our health, the first thing to be regarded, if we have a mind to relish any thing else.— It would therefore very well become your spectatorial vigilance, to give it in orders to your officer for inspecting signs,† that in his march he would look into the itinerants who deal in provisions, and inquire where they buy their several wares. Ever since the decease of CULLY-MULLY-PUFF, of agreeable and noisy memory, I cannot

* Importers and Venders of excellent wines.

† See No. 28, on Sign Posts, &c.

I cannot say I have observed any thing sold in carts, or carried by horse or ass, or in fine, in any moving market, which is not perished or putrified; witness the wheel-barrows of rotten raisins, almonds, figs, and currants, which you see vended by a merchant dressed in a second-hand suit of a foot soldier. You should consider that a child may be poisoned for the worth of a farthing; but except his poor parents send to one certain doctor in town, they can have no advice for him under a guinea. When poisons are thus cheap, and medicines thus dear, how can you be negligent in inspecting what we eat and drink, or take no notice of such as the above-mentioned citizens, who have been so serviceable to us of late in that particular? It was a custom among the old Romans, to do him particular honours who had saved the life of a citizen; how much more does the world owe to those who prevent the death of multitudes? As these men deserve well of your office, so such as act to the detriment of our health, you ought to represent to themselves and their fellow-subjects in the colours which they deserve to wear. I think it would be for the public good, that all who vend wines should be under oaths in that behalf. The chairman at the quarter-sessions should inform the country, that the vintner who mixes wine to his customers, shall (upon proof that the drinker thereof died within a year and a day after taking it) be deemed guilty of wilful murder, and the jury shall be instructed to inquire and present such delinquents accordingly. It is no mitigation of the crime, nor will it be conceived that it can be brought in chance-medley or man-slaughter, upon proof that it shall appear wine joined to wine, or right Herefordshire poured into *Port O Port*; but his selling it for one thing, knowing it to be another, must justly bear the foresaid guilt of wilful murder: for that he, the said vintner, did an unlawful act willingly in the false mixture, and is therefore with equity liable to all the pains to which a man would be, if it were proved he

designed only to run a man through the arm, whom he whipped through the lungs. This is my third year at the Temple, and this is, or should be law. An ill intention well proved should meet with no alleviation, because it outran itself. There cannot be too great severity used against the injustice as well as cruelty of those who play with men's lives, by preparing liquors, whose nature, for aught they know, may be noxious when mixed, though innocent when apart: and BROOKE and HELLIER, who have insured our safety at our meals, and driven jealousy from our cups in conversation, deserve the custom and thanks of the whole town; and it is your duty to remind them of the obligation.

I am,

SIR,

Your humble servant,

TOM POTTLE.

MR. SPECTATOR,

'I AM a person who was long immured in a college, read much, saw little; so that I knew no more of the world than what a lecture or view of the map taught me. By this means I improved in my study, but became unpleasant in conversation. By conversing generally with the dead, I grew almost unfit for the society of the living: so by a long confinement I contracted an ungainly aversion to conversation, and ever discoursed with pain to myself, and little entertainment to others. At last I was in some measure made sensible of my failing, and the mortification of never being spoke * to, or speaking, unless the discourse ran upon books, put me upon forcing myself amongst men. I immediately affected the politest company, by the frequent use of which

* The character of CARLOS, and his transformation, is an excellent expansion of WILL CYMON's character, and the change produced in it by love.

which I hoped to wear off the rust I had contracted; but, by an uncouth imitation of men used to act in public, I got no further than to discover I had a mind to appear a finer thing than I really was.

'Such I was, and such was my condition, when I became an ardent lover, and passionate admirer of the beauteous *BELINDA*. Then it was that I really began to improve. This passion changed all my fears and diffidences in my general behaviour, to the sole concern of pleasing her. I had not now to study the action of a gentleman; but *love* possessing all my thoughts, made me truly be the thing I had a mind to appear. My thoughts grew free and generous; and the ambition to be agreeable to her I admired, produced in my carriage a faint similitude of that disengaged manner of my *BELINDA*. The way we are in at present is, that she sees my passion, and sees I at present forbear speaking of it through prudential regards. This respect to her she returns with much civility, and makes my value for her as little misfortune to me as is consistent with discretion. She sings very charmingly, and is readier to do so at my request, because she knows I love her. She will dance with me rather than another for the same reason. My fortune must alter from what it is, before I can speak my heart to her; and her circumstances are not considerable enough to make up for the narrowness of mine. But I write to you now, only to give you the character of *BELINDA*, as a woman, that has address enough to demonstrate a gratitude to her lover, without giving him hopes of success in his passion. *BELINDA* has from a great wit, governed by as great prudence, and both adorned with innocence, the happiness of always being ready to discover her real thoughts. She has many of us who now are her admirers; but her treatment of us is so just and proportioned to our merit towards her, and what we are in ourselves, that I protest to you, I have neither jealousy nor hatred towards my rivals. Such is her goodness, and the acknowledgment

of every man who admires her, that he thinks he ought to believe she will take him who best deserves her. I will not say that this peace among us is not owing to self-love, which prompts each to think himself the best deserver. I think there is something uncommon and worthy of imitation in this lady's character. If you will please to print my letter, you will oblige the little fraternity of happy rivals, and in a more particular manner,

Sir,

Your most humble servant,

WILL CYMON?

T.

N^o. 363.

SATURDAY, APRIL 26, 1712.

Crudelis ubique
Luctus, ubique Pavor, et plurima mortis imago.

VIRG. ÆN. ii. 368.

"All parts resound with tumults, plaints, and fears,
"And grisly death in sundry shapes appears."

DRYDEN.

CRITICISM ON MILTON.—ELEVENTH BOOK.

MILTON has shewn a wonderful art in describing that variety of passions, which arise in our first parents upon the breach of the commandment that had been given them. We see them gradually passing from the triumph of their guilt, through remorse, shame, despair, contrition, prayer and hope, to a perfect and complete repentance. At the end of the tenth book they are represented as prostrating themselves upon the ground, and watering the earth with their tears: to which the Poet joins this beautiful circumstance, that they offered up their penitential prayers, on the very place where their Judge appeared to them when he pronounced their sentence:

"——— They forthwith to the place
Repairing where he judg'd them, prostrate fell
Before him reverent, and both confess'd
Humbly their faults, and pardon begg'd with tears
Watering the ground."———

There is a beauty of the same kind in a tragedy of SOPHOCLES, where OEDIPUS, after having put out his own eyes, instead of breaking his neck from the palace

battlements (which furnishes so elegant an entertainment for our English audience) desires that he may be conducted to Mount Cithæron, in order to end his life in that very place where he was exposed in his infancy, and where he should then have died, had the will of his parents been executed.

As the Author never fails to give a poetical turn to his sentiments, he describes in the beginning of this book the acceptance which these their prayers met with, in a short allegory, formed upon that beautiful passage in holy writ: "And another Angel came and stood at the altar, having a golden censer; and there was given unto him much incense, that he should offer it with the prayers of all saints upon the golden altar, which was before the throne: and the smoke of the incense, which came with the prayers of the saints, ascended up before God." *

"———To Heaven their prayers
Flew up, nor miss'd the way, by envious winds
Blown vagabond or frustrate: in they pass'd
Dimensionless through heav'nly doors, then clad
With incense, where the golden altar fum'd,
By their great Intercessor, came in sight
Before the Father's throne.———"

We have the same thought expressed a second time in the intercession of the MESSIAH, which is conceived in very emphatical sentiments and expressions.

Among the poetical parts of Scripture, which MILTON has so finely wrought into this part of his narration, I must not omit that wherein EZEKIEL, speaking of the Angels who appeared to him in a vision, adds, that every one had four faces, and that their whole bodies, and their backs, and their hands, and their wings, were full of eyes round about:

"———The cohort bright
Of watchful Cherubim, four faces each

Had

* Rev. viii. 3, 4.

Had like a double JANUS, all their shape
Spangled with eyes."———

The assembling of all the Angels of heaven to hear the solemn decree passed upon man, is represented in very lively ideas. The Almighty is here described as remembering mercy in the midst of judgment, and commanding MICHAEL to deliver his message in the mildest terms, lest the spirit of man, which was already broken with the sense of his guilt and misery, should fail before him:

"———Yet lest they faint
At the sad sentence rigorously urg'd,
For I behold them softned, and with tears
Bewailing their excess, all terror hide."

The conference of ADAM and EVE is full of moving sentiments. Upon their going abroad after the melancholy night which they had passed together, they discover the lion and the eagle, each of them pursuing their prey towards the eastern gates of Paradise. There is a double beauty in this incident, not only as it presents great and just omens, which are always agreeable in poetry, but as it expresses that enmity which was now produced in the animal creation. The Poet, to shew the like changes in nature, as well as to grace his fable with a noble prodigy, represents the sun in an eclipse. This particular incident has likewise a fine effect upon the imagination of the reader, in regard to what follows; for at the same time that the sun is under an eclipse, a bright cloud descends in the western quarter of the heavens, filled with an host of Angels, and more luminous than the sun itself. The whole theatre of nature is darkened, that this glorious machine may appear with all its lustre and magnificence:

"———Why in the east
Darkness ere day's mid-course? and morning light
More orient in that western cloud that draws

O'er the blue firmament a radiant white,
 And slow descends with something heavenly fraught?
 He err'd not, for by this the heavenly bands
 Down from a sky of jasper lighted now
 In Paradise, and on a hill made halt;
 A glorious apparition——"

I need not observe how properly this Author, who always suits his parts to the actors whom he introduces, has employed MICHAEL in the expulsion of our first parents from Paradise. The Archangel on this occasion neither appears in his proper shape, nor in the familiar manner with which RAPHAEL the sociable spirit entertained the father of mankind before the fall. His person, his port, and behaviour, are suitable to a spirit of the highest rank, and exquisitely described in the following passage:

"———Th' Archangel soon drew nigh,
 Not in his shape celestial; but as man
 Clad to meet man: over his lucid arms
 A military vest of purple flow'd,
 Livelier than Meliboean, or the grain
 Of Sarra, worn by kings and heroes old,
 In time of truce: IRIS had dipt the woof:
 His starry helm, unbuckled, shew'd him prime
 In manhood where youth ended; by his side,
 As in a glist'ring zodiac hung the sword,
 SATAN's dire dread, and in his hand the spear.
 ADAM bow'd low; he kingly from his state
 Inclined not, but his coming thus declar'd."

EVE's complaint, upon hearing that she was to be removed from the garden of Paradise is wonderfully beautiful. The sentiments are not only proper to the subject, but have something in them particularly soft and womanish.

"Must I then leave thee, Paradise? Thus leave
 Thee, native soil, these happy walks and shades,
 Fit haunt of gods? Where I had hope to spend

Quiet

Quiet, though sad, the respite of that day
 That must be mortal to us both. O flow'rs,
 That never will in other climate grow,
 My early visitation, and my last
 At even, which I bred up with tender hand
 From the first opening bud, and gave you names;
 Who now shall rear you to the sun, or rank
 Your tribes, and water from the ambrosial fount?
 Thee, lastly, nuptial bower, by me adorn'd
 With what to sight or smell was sweet: from thee
 How shall I part, and whither wander down
 Into a lower world, to this, obscure
 And wild? How shall we breathe in other air
 Less pure, accustom'd to immortal fruits?"

ADAM's speech abounds with thoughts which are equally moving, but of a more masculine and elevated turn. Nothing can be conceived more sublime and poetical than the following passage in it:

"This most afflicts me, that departing hence
 As from his face I shall be hid, depriv'd
 His blessed count'nance; here I could frequent,
 With worship, place by place where he vouchsaf'd
 Presence divine; and to my sons relate,
 On this mount he appear'd, under this tree
 Stood visible, among these pines his voice
 I heard; here with him at this fountain talk'd:
 So many grateful altars I would rear
 Of grassy turf, and pile up every stone
 Of lustre from the brook, in memory
 Or monuments to ages, and thereon
 Offer sweet-smelling gums and fruits and flow'rs.
 In yonder nether world, where shall I seek
 His bright appearances, or footsteps trace?
 For though I fled him angry, yet recall'd
 To life prolong'd and promis'd race, I now
 Gladly behold though but his utmost skirts
 Of glory, and far off his steps adore."

The Angel afterwards leads ADAM to the highest mount of Paradise, and lays before him a whole hemisphere,

phere, as a proper stage for those visions which were to be represented on it. I have before observed how the plan of MILTON's poem is in many particulars greater than that of the *Iliad*, or *Æneid*. VIRGIL's hero, in the last of these poems, is entertained with a sight of all those who are to descend from him: but though that episode is justly admired as one of the noblest designs in the whole *Æneid*, every one must allow that this of MILTON is of a much higher nature. ADAM's vision is not confined to any particular tribe of mankind, but extends to the whole species.

In this great review which ADAM takes of all his sons and daughters, the first object's he is presented with, exhibit to him the story of CAIN and ABEL, which is drawn together with much closeness and propriety of expression. That curiosity and natural horror which arises in ADAM at the sight of the first dying man, is touched with great beauty.

" But have I now seen death? Is this the way
I must return to native dust? O sight
Of terror foul, and ugly to behold,
Horrid to think, how horrible to feel!"

The second vision sets before him the image of death, in a great variety of appearances. The Angel, to give him a general idea of those effects which his guilt had brought upon his posterity, places before him a large hospital, or lazar-house, filled with persons lying under all kinds of mortal diseases. How finely has the Poet told us that the sick persons languished under lingering and incurable distempers, by an apt and judicious use of such imaginary beings as those I mentioned in my last Saturday's paper!

" Dire was the tossing, deep the groans; despair
Tended the sick, busy from couch to couch;
And over them triumphant death his dart
Shook, but delay'd to strike, tho' oft invoc'd
With vows, as their chief good and final hope."

The

The passion which likewise rises in ADAM on this occasion, is very natural.

“Sight so deform what heart of rock could long
Dry-ey’d behold? ADAM could not, but wept,
Tho’ not of woman born; compassion quell’d
His best of man, and gave him up to tears.”

The discourse between the Angel and ADAM, which follows, abounds with noble morals.

As there is nothing more delightful in poetry, than a contrast and opposition of incidents, the Author after this melancholy prospect of death and sickness, raises up a scene of mirth, love, and jollity. The secret pleasure that steals into ADAM’s heart, as he is intent upon this vision, is imagined with great delicacy. I must not omit the description of the loose female troop who seduced the sons of God, as they are called in Scripture.

“For that fair female troop thou saw’st, that seem’d
Of goddesses, so blythe, so smooth, so gay,
Yet empty of all good, wherein consists
Woman’s domestic honour, and chief praise;
Bred only and completed to the taste
Of lustful appetite, to sing, to dance,
To dress, and trouble the tongue, and roll the eye:
To these that sober race of men, whose lives
Religious titled them the sons of God,
Shall yield up all their virtue, all their fame,
Ignobly, to the trains and to the smiles
Of those fair atheists——”

The next vision is of a quite contrary nature, and filled with the horrors of war. ADAM at the sight of it melts into tears, and breaks out into that passionate speech,

“———O what are these!
Death’s ministers, not men, who thus deal death
Inhumanly to men, and multiply
Ten thousand-fold the sin of him who slew

His

His brother : for of whom such massacre
Make they, but of their brethren, men of men?"

MILTON, to keep up an agreeable variety in his visions, after having raised in the mind of his reader the several ideas of terror which are conformable to the description of war, passes on to those softer images of triumphs and festivals, in that vision of lewdness and luxury which ushers in the flood.

As it is visible that the Poet had his eye upon OVID's account of the *Universal Deluge*, the reader may observe with how much judgment he has avoided every thing that is redundant or puerile in the Latin poet. We do not here see the wolf swimming among the sheep, nor any of those wanton imaginations, which SENECA found fault with, as unbecoming this great catastrophe of nature. If our Poet has imitated that verse in which OVID tells us that there was nothing but sea, and that this sea had no shore to it, he has not set the thought in such a light as to incur the censure which critics have passed upon it. The latter part of that verse in OVID is idle and superfluous, but just and beautiful in MILTON.

Jamque mare et tellus nullum discrimen habebant,
Nil nisi pontus erat, deerant quoque littora ponto,

OVID. MET. i. 291.

" Now seas and earth were in confusion lost;
A world of waters, and without a coast."

DRYDEN.

" ————Sea cover'd sea,
Sea without shore———"

MILTON.

In MILTON the former part of the description does not forestal the latter. How much more great and solemn on this occasion is that which follows in our English Poet,

" ————And in their palaces
Where luxury late reign'd, sea monsters whelp'd
And stabled———"

than

than that in OVID, where we are told that the sea-calves lay in those places where the goats were used to brouse ! The reader may find several other parallel passages in the Latin and English description of the Deluge, wherein our Poet has visibly the advantage. The sky's being overcharged with clouds, the descending of the rains, the rising of the seas, and the appearance of the rainbow, are such descriptions as every one must take notice of. The circumstance relating to Paradise is so finely imagined, and suitable to the opinions of many learned authors, that I cannot forbear giving it a place in this paper.

“ ——— Then shall this mount
Of Paradise by might of waves be mov'd
Out of his place, push'd by the horned flood ;
With all his verdure spoil'd, and trees adrift
Down the great river to the op'ning gulf,
And there take root ; an island salt and bare,
The haunt of Seals and Orcs and Sea-Mews clang.”

The transition which the Poet makes from the vision of the deluge, to the concern it occasioned in ADAM, is exquisitely graceful, and copied after VIRGIL, though the first thought it introduces is rather in the spirit of OVID :

“ How didst thou grieve then, ADAM, to behold
The end of all thy offspring, end so sad,
Depopulation ! Thee another flood,
Of tears and sorrow, a flood, thee also drown'd,
And sunk thee as thy sons ; till gently rear'd
By th' Angel, on thy feet thou stoodst at last,
Tho' comfortless as when a father mourns
His children all in view destroy'd at once.”

I have been the more particular in my quotations out of the eleventh book of *Paradise Lost*, because it is not generally reckoned among the most shining books of this poem ; for which reason the reader might be apt to overlook those many passages in it which deserve our
2 adm-

His brother: for of whom such massacre
Make they, but of their brethren, men of men?"

MILTON, to keep up an agreeable variety in his visions, after having raised in the mind of his reader the several ideas of terror which are conformable to the description of war, passes on to those softer images of triumphs and festivals, in that vision of lewdness and luxury which ushers in the flood.

As it is visible that the Poet had his eye upon OVID's account of the *Universal Deluge*, the reader may observe with how much judgment he has avoided every thing that is redundant or puerile in the Latin poet. We do not here see the wolf swimming among the sheep, nor any of those wanton imaginations, which SENECA found fault with, as unbecoming this great catastrophe of nature. If our Poet has imitated that verse in which OVID tells us that there was nothing but sea, and that this sea had no shore to it, he has not set the thought in such a light as to incur the censure which critics have passed upon it. The latter part of that verse in OVID is idle and superfluous, but just and beautiful in MILTON.

Jamque mare et tellus nullum discrimen habebant,
Nil nisi pontus erat, decrant quoque littora ponto,

OVID. MET. i. 291.

"Now seas and earth were in confusion lost;
A world of waters, and without a coast."

DRYDEN.

"———Sea cover'd sea,
Sea without shore———"

MILTON.

In MILTON the former part of the description does not forestal the latter. How much more great and solemn on this occasion is that which follows in our English Poet,

"———And in their palaces
Where luxury late reign'd, sea monsters whelp'd
And stabled———"

than

than that in OVID, where we are told that the sea-calves lay in those places where the goats were used to brouse ! The reader may find several other parallel passages in the Latin and English description of the Deluge, wherein our Poet has visibly the advantage. The sky's being overcharged with clouds, the descending of the rains, the rising of the seas, and the appearance of the rainbow, are such descriptions as every one must take notice of. The circumstance relating to Paradise is so finely imagined, and suitable to the opinions of many learned authors, that I cannot forbear giving it a place in this paper.

“ ————— Then shall this mount
Of Paradise by might of waves be mov'd
Out of his place, push'd by the horned flood ;
With all his verdure spoil'd, and trees adrift
Down the great river to the op'ning gulf,
And there take root ; an island salt and bare,
The haunt of Seals and Orcs and Sea-Mews clang.”

The transition which the Poet makes from the vision of the deluge, to the concern it occasioned in ADAM, is exquisitely graceful, and copied after VIRGIL, though the first thought it introduces is rather in the spirit of OVID :

“ How didst thou grieve then, ADAM, to behold
The end of all thy offspring, end so sad,
Depopulation ! Thee another flood,
Of tears and sorrow, a flood, thee also drown'd,
And sunk thee as thy sons ; till gently rear'd
By th' Angel, on thy feet thou stoodst at last,
Tho' comfortless as when a father mourns
His children all in view destroy'd at once.”

I have been the more particular in my quotations out of the eleventh book of *Paradise Lost*, because it is not generally reckoned among the most shining books of this poem ; for which reason the reader might be apt to overlook those many passages in it which deserve our

admiration. The eleventh and twelfth are indeed built upon that single circumstance of the removal of our first parents from Paradise : but though this is not in itself so great a subject as that in most of the foregoing books, it is extended and diversified with so many surprising incidents and pleasing episodes, that these two last books can by no means be looked upon as unequal parts of this divine poem. I must further add, that, had not MILTON represented our first parents as driven out of Paradise, his Fall of Man would not have been complete, and consequently his action would have been imperfect.

L.

N^o. 364.

MONDAY, APRIL 28, 1712.

———Navibus atque
Quadrigis petimus bene vivere.

HOR. I. EP. XI. 29.

"Anxious through seas and land to search for rest,
"Is but laborious idleness at best."

FRANCIS.

ON TRAVELLING.

MR. SPECTATOR,

'ALADY of my acquaintance, for whom I have too much respect to be easy while she is doing an indiscreet action, has given occasion to this trouble. She is a widow, to whom the indulgence of a tender husband has intrusted the management of a very great fortune, and a son about sixteen, both which she is extremely fond of. The boy has parts of the middle size, neither shining nor despicable, and has passed the common exercises of his years with tolerable advantage, but is withal what you would call a forward youth: by the help of this last qualification, which serves as a varnish to all the rest, he is enabled to make the best use of his learning, and display it at full length upon all occasions. Last summer he distinguished himself two or three times very remarkably, by puzzling the Vicar before an assembly of most of the ladies in the neighbourhood; and from such weighty considerations as these, as it too often unfortunately falls out, the mother is become invincibly persuaded that her son is a great scholar: and that to chain him down to the ordinary methods of education with others of his age, would be to cramp his facul-

ties, and do an irreparable injury to his wonderful capacity.

‘ I happened to visit at the house last week, and missing the young gentleman at the tea-table, where he seldom fails to officiate, could not upon so extraordinary a circumstance avoid inquiring after him. My lady told me he was gone out with his woman, in order to make some preparations for their equipage; for that she intended very speedily to carry him to *travel*. The oddness of the expression shocked me a little; however, I soon recovered myself enough to let her know, that all I was willing to understand by it was, that she designed this summer to shew her son his estate in a distant county, in which he had never yet been. But she soon took care to rob me of that agreeable mistake, and let me into the whole affair. She enlarged upon young Master’s prodigious improvements, and his comprehensive knowledge of all book-learning; concluding, that it was now high time he should be made acquainted with men and things: that she had resolved he should make the *tour* of France and Italy, but could not bear to have him out of her sight, and, therefore, intended to go along with him.

‘ I was going to rally her for so extravagant a resolution, but found myself not in a fit humour to meddle with a subject that demanded the most soft and delicate touch imaginable. I was afraid of dropping something that might seem to bear hard either upon the son’s abilities, or the mother’s discretion; being sensible that in both these cases, though supported with all the powers of reason, I should, instead of gaining her ladyship over to my opinion, only expose myself to her disesteem, I, therefore, immediately determined to refer the whole matter to the SPECTATOR.

‘ When I came to reflect at night, as my custom is, upon the occurrences of the day, I could not but believe that this humour of carrying a boy to *travel in his mother’s lap*, and that upon pretence of learning
men

men and things, is a case of an extraordinary nature, and carries on it a particular stamp of folly. I did not remember to have met with its parallel within the compass of my observation, though I could call to mind some not extremely unlike it. From hence my thoughts took occasion to ramble into the general notion of Travelling, as it is now made a part of education. Nothing is more frequent than to take a lad from grammar and law, and under the tuition of some poor scholar, who is willing to be banished for thirty pounds a year, and a little victuals, send him crying and sniveling into foreign countries. Thus he spends his time as children do at puppet-shows, and with much the same advantage, in staring and gaping at an amazing variety of strange things; strange indeed to one who is not prepared to comprehend the reasons and meaning of them; whilst he should be laying the solid foundations of knowledge in his mind, and furnishing it with just rules to direct his future progress in life under some skilful master of the art of instruction.

Can there be a more astonishing thought in nature, than to consider how men should fall into so palpable a mistake? It is a large field, and may very well exercise a sprightly genius: but I do not remember you have yet taken a turn in it. I wish, Sir, you would make people understand, that Travel is really the last step to be taken in the institution of youth; and that to set out with it, is to begin where they should end.

‘Certainly the true end of visiting foreign parts, is to look into their customs and policies, and observe in what particulars they excel or come short of our own; to unlearn some odd peculiarities in our manners, and wear off such awkward stiffnesses and affectations in our behaviour, as possibly may have been contracted from constantly associating with one nation of men, by a more free, general, and mixed conversation. But how can any of these advantages be attained by one who is a mere stranger to the customs and policies of

his native country, and has not yet fixed in his mind the first principles of manners and behaviour? To endeavour it, is to build a gaudy structure without any foundation; or, if I may be allowed the expression, to work a rich embroidery upon a cobweb.

Another end of Travelling, which deserves to be considered, is the improving our taste of the best authors of antiquity, by seeing the places where they lived, and of which they wrote; to compare the natural face of the country with the descriptions they have given us, and observe how well the picture agrees with the original. This must certainly be a most charming exercise to the mind that is rightly turned for it; besides that it may in a good measure be made subservient to morality, if the person is capable of drawing just conclusions concerning the uncertainty of human things, from the ruinous alterations time and barbarity have brought upon so many palaces, cities, and whole countries, which make the most illustrious figures in history. And this hint may be not a little improved by examining every little spot of ground that we find celebrated as the scene of some famous action, or retaining any footsteps of a CATO, CICERO, or BRUTUS, or some such great virtuous man. A nearer view of any such particular, though really little and trifling in itself, may serve the more powerfully to warm a generous mind to an emulation of their virtues, and a greater ardency of ambition to imitate their bright examples, if it comes duly tempered and prepared for the impression. But this I believe you will hardly think those to be, who are so far from entering into the sense and spirit of the ancients; that they do not yet understand their language with any exactness.

But I have wandered from my purpose, which was only to desire you to save, if possible, a fond English mother, and mother's own son; from being shewn a ridiculous spectacle through the most polite parts

parts of Europe. Pray tell them, that though to be sea-sick, or jumbled in an outlandish stage-coach, may perhaps be healthful for the constitution of the body, yet it is apt to cause such dizziness in young empty heads, as too often lasts their life-time.

I am,

SIR,

Your most humble servant,

PHILLIP HOMEBRED.*

SIR,

Birchin-lane.

' I WAS married on Sunday last, and went peaceably to bed; but, to my surprise, was awakened the next morning by the thunder of a set of drums. These warlike sounds (methinks) are very improper in a marriage-concert, and give great offence; they seem to insinuate, that the joys of this state are short, and that jars and discord soon ensue. I fear they have been ominous to many matches, and sometimes proved a prelude to a battle in the honey-moon. A nod from you may hush them; therefore, pray, Sir, let them be silenced, that for the future none but soft airs may usher in the morning of a bridal night; which will be a favour not only to those who come after, but to me, who can still subscribe myself,

Your most humble

And most obedient servant,

ROBIN BRIDEGROOM.'

MR. SPECTATOR,

' I AM one of that sort of women whom the gayer part of our sex are apt to call a *Prude*. But to shew them that I have very little regard to their raillery, I

B b 3

shall

* This letter is said to have been written by PHILIP YORKE, Esq. afterwards the illustrious Lord Chancellor HARDWICKE.

shall be glad to see them all at *The Amorous Widow*, or, *The Wanton Wife*, which is to be acted, for the benefit of Mrs. PORTER, on Monday the 28th instant. I assure you, I can laugh at an amorous widow, or wanton wife, with as little temptation to imitate them, as I could at any other vicious character. Mrs. PORTER obliged me so very much in the exquisite sense she seemed to have of the honourable sentiments and noble passions in the character of HERMIONE, that I shall appear in her behalf at a comedy, though I have no great relish for any entertainments where the mirth is not seasoned with a certain severity, which ought to recommend it to people who pretend to keep reason and authority over all their actions.

I am,

SIR,

Your frequent reader,

ALTAMIRA.

T.

N^o. 365.

TUESDAY, APRIL 29, 1712.

Vere magis, (quia Vere calor redit ossibus)——

VIRG. GEORG. iii. 972.

“——— And when in Spring the flame

“ Burns fiercest (so in Spring that flame returns.”)

[This paper gave birth to another fine paper on the same subject, by the late Earl of CHESTERFIELD, which may be seen in a periodical work, intituled, The World.]

ON THE TENDENCY OF THE SPRING TO STIR UP THE
AMOROUS PASSIONS.*

THE Author of the *Menugiana* acquaints us, that discoursing one day with several ladies of quality about the effects of the month of May, which infuses a kindly warmth into the earth, and all its inhabitants; the Marchioness of S——, who was one of the company,

B b 4

told

* This effect of the Spring is most exquisitely described in THOMSON'S *Seasons*, in the following passage:

“ Flush'd by the spirit of the genial year,
 New from the virgin's cheek a fresher bloom
 Shoots less and less the live carnation roind.
 Her lips blush deeper sweets; she breathes of youth,
 The shining moisture wells into her eyes
 In brighter flow; her wishing bosom heaves
 With palpitations wild; kind tumults seize
 Her veins, and all her yielding soul is love.

“ From the keen gaze her lover turns away,
 Full of the dear extatic power; and sick

With

told him, "That though she would promise to be chaste in every month besides, she could not engage for herself in May." As the beginning, therefore, of this month is now very near, I design this paper for a caveat to the fair sex, and publish it before April is quite out, that if any of them should be caught tripping, they may not pretend they had not timely notice.

I am induced to this, being persuaded the above mentioned observation is as well calculated for our climate as that of France, and that some of our British ladies are of the same constitution with the French Marchioness.

I shall leave it among physicians to determine what may be the cause of such an anniversary inclination; whether or no it is that the spirits, after having been as it were frozen and congealed by winter, are now turned loose, and set a-rambling; or that the gay prospects of fields and meadows, with the courtship of the birds in every bush, naturally unbend the mind, and soften it to pleasure; or that, as some have imagined, a woman is prompted by a kind of instinct to throw herself on a bed of flowers, and not to let those beautiful couches which nature has provided lie useless. However it be, the effects of this month on the lower part of the sex, who act without disguise, are very visible. It is at this time that we see the young wenches in a country parish dancing round a May-pole, which one of our learned antiquaries supposes to be a relique of a certain Pagan worship that I do not think fit to mention.

It

With sighing languishment. Ah then, ye fair!
Be greatly cautious of your sighing hearts!
Dare not the infectious sigh—the pleading look,
Down cast, and low in meek submission drest,
But full of guiles. Let not the fervent tongue
Prompt to deceive, with adulations smooth
Gain on your purpos'd will. Nor in the bower,
Where woodbines flaunt, and roses shed a couch,
While evening draws her crimson curtains round,
Trust your soft moments with betraying man——"

It is likewise on the first day of this month that we see the ruddy milk-maid exerting herself in a most sprightly manner under a pyramid of silver tankards, and like the virgin TARPEIA,* oppressed by the costly ornaments which her benefactors lay upon her.

I need not mention the ceremony of the *Green Gown*, which is also peculiar to this gay season.

The same periodical love fit spreads through the whole sex, as Mr. DRYDEN well observes in his description of this merry month :

“ For thee, sweet month, the groves green liv’ries wear,
If not the first, the fairest of the year;
For thee the Graces lead the dancing hours,
And Nature’s ready pencil paints the flowers,
The sprightly May commands our youth to keep
The vigils of her night, and breaks their sleep;
Each gentle breast with kindly warmth she moves,
Inspires new flames, revives extinguish’d loves.”

Accordingly, among the works of the great masters in painting, who have drawn this genial season of the year, we often observe Cupids confused with Zephyrs flying up and down promiscuously in several parts of the picture. I cannot but add from my own experience, that about this time of the year love-letters come up to me in great numbers, from all quarters of the nation.

I received an epistle in particular by the last post from a Yorkshire gentleman, who makes heavy complaints of one ZELINDA, whom it seems he has courted unsuccessfully these three years past. He tells me that he designs to try her this May, and if he does not carry his point, he will never think of her more.

Having thus fairly admonished the female sex, and laid before them the dangers they are exposed to in this critical month, I shall in the next place lay down some
rules

* *T. Livii Hist. dec. i. lib. i. cap. xi.*

rules and directions for the better avoiding those calen-
tures, which are so very frequent in this season.

In the first place, I would advise them never to ven-
ture abroad in the fields, but in the company of a parent,
a guardian, or some other sober discreet person. I have
before shewn how apt they are to trip in a flowery
meadow, and shall further observe to them, that PRO-
SERPINE was out a Maying when she met with that
fatal adventure to which MILTON alludes when he
mentions :

“ ————— That fair field
Of Enna, where PROSERPINE gath’ring flowers;
Herself a fairer flow’r, by gloomy Dis
Was gather’d.” —————

Since I am going into quotations, I shall conclude
this head with VIRGIL’s advice to young people, while
they are gathering wild strawberries and nosegays, that
they should have a care of the *snake in the grass*.

In the second place, I cannot but approve those pre-
scriptions which our astrological physicians give in their
almanacks for this month; such as “are a spare and
simple diet, with the “moderate use of phlebotomy.”

Under this head of abstinence I shall also advise my
fair readers to be in a particular manner careful how
they meddle with romances, chocolate, novels, and the
like inflammers, which I look upon as very dangerous to
be made use of during this great carnival of nature.

As I have often declared, that I have nothing more
at heart than the honour of my dear country-women,
I would beg them to consider, whenever their reso-
lutions begin to fail them, that there are but one and
thirty days of this soft season, and that if they can but
weather out this one month, the rest of the year will be
easy to them. As for that part of the fair sex who stay
in town, I would advise them to be particularly cautious
how they give themselves up to their most innocent
entertainments. If they cannot forbear the play-house,
I would

I would recommend tragedy to them rather than comedy; and should think the puppet-shew much safer for them than the opera, all the while the sun is in Gemini.

The reader will observe, that this paper is written for the use of those ladies who think it worth while to war against nature in the cause of honour. As for that abandoned crew, who do not think virtue worth contending for, but give up their reputation at the first summons, such warnings and premonitions are thrown away upon them. A prostitute is the same easy creature in all months of the year, and makes no difference between May and December.

X.

N^o. 366.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 30, 1712.

Pone me pigris ubi nulla campis
Arbor æstivâ recreatur aurâ, *
Dulce ridentem LALAGEN amabo,
Dulce loquentem.

MOR. I. OD. XXII. 17.

TRANSLATION OF A LAPLAND LOVE-SONG.

THERE are such wild inconsistencies in the thoughts of a man in love, that I have often reflected there can be no reason for allowing him more liberty than others possessed with frenzy, but that his distemper has no male-

* This quotation is taken from two Stanzas.

Pone me pigris ubi nulla campis
Arbor æstivâ recreatur aurâ,
Quod latus mundi. Neibula malusque
JUPITER urget.

Pone sub curri, nimium propinqui
Solis interrâ domibus negatâ,
Dulce ridentem LALAGEN amabo,
Dulce loquentem.

"Place me, where never summer breeze
"Unbinds the glebe, or warms the trees;
"Wherever low'ring clouds appear,
"And angry Jove deforms th' inclement year."

[A DIFFERENT STANZA.]

"Place me beneath the burning ray,
"Where rolls the rapid car of day,
"Love and the nymph shall claim my toils,
"The nymph who sweetly speaks, and sweetly smiles."

GAY has imitated this passage in a song in the *Beggar's Opera*:
"Were I laid in Greenland's coast," &c.

malevolence in it to any mortal. That devotion to his mistress kindles in his mind a general tenderness, which exerts itself towards every object as well as his fair one. When this passion is represented by writers, it is common with them to endeavour at certain quaintnesses and turns of imagination, which are apparently the work of a mind at ease; but the men of true taste can easily distinguish the exertion of a mind which everflows with tender sentiments, and the labour of one which is only describing distress. In performances of this kind, the most absurd of all things is to be witty; every sentiment must grow out of the occasion, and be suitable to the circumstances of the character. Where this rule is transgressed, the humble servant, in all the fine things he says, is but shewing his mistress how well he can dress, instead of saying how well he loves. Lace and drapery is as much a man, as wit and turn is passion.

MR. SPECTATOR,

‘THE following verses are a translation of a Lapland *Love-Song*, which I met with in SCHEFFER’s history of that country. I was agreeably surprised to find a spirit of tenderness and poetry in a region which I never suspected for delicacy. In hotter climates, though altogether uncivilized, I had not wondered if I had found some sweet wild notes among the natives, where they live in groves of oranges, and hear the melody of birds about them. But a Lapland lyric, breathing sentiments of love and poetry, not unworthy old Greece or Rome; a regular ode from a climate pinched with frost, and cursed with darkness so great a part of the year; where it is amazing that the poor natives should get food, or be tempted to propagate their species: this, I confess, seemed a greater miracle to me, than the famous stories of their drums, their winds and enchantments.

‘ I am

‘ I am the bolder in commending this northern song, because I have faithfully kept to the sentiments, without adding or diminishing; and pretend to no greater praise from my translation, than they who smooth and clean the furs of that country which have suffered by carriage. The numbers in the original are loose and unequal, as those in which the British ladies sport their Pindaricks; and, perhaps, the fairest of them might not think it a disagreeable present from a Lover. But I have ventured to bind it in stricter measures, as being more proper for our tongue, though, perhaps, wilder graces may better suit the genius of the Laponian language.

‘ It will be necessary to imagine, that the author of this song, not having the liberty of visiting his mistress at her father’s house, was in hopes of spying her at a distance in her fields.

I

“ THOU rising sun, whose gladsome ray
Invites my fair to rural play,
Dispel the mist, and clear the skies,
And bring my ORRA to my eyes.

II.

“ Oh! were I sure my dear to view,
I’d climb that pine-tree’s topmost bough,
Aloft in air that quiv’ring plays,
And round and round for ever gaze.

III.

“ My ORRA MOOR, where art thou laid?
What wood conceals my sleeping maid?
Fast by the roots enrag’d I’d tear
The trees that hide my promis’d fair.

IV.

“ Oh! could I ride the clouds and skies,
Or on the raven’s pinions rise:
Ye storks, ye swans, a moment stay,
And waft a Lover on his way.

“ My

V.

" My bliss too long my bride denies,
 Apace the wasting summer flies :
 Nor yet the wintery blasts I fear,
 Not storms, or night shall keep me here :

VI.

" What may for strength with steel compare ?
 Oh ! Love has fetters stronger far :
 By bolts of steel are limbs confin'd,
 But cruel Love enchains the mind.

VII.

" No longer then perplex thy breast ;
 When thoughts torment, the first are best :
 'Tis mad to go, 'tis death to stay :
 Away to ORRA, haste away."

April the 10th.

MR. SPECTATOR,

" I AM one of those despicable creatures called a Chambermaid, and have lived with a mistress for some time, whom I love as my life, which has made my duty and pleasure inseparable. My greatest delight has been in being employed about her person ; and, indeed, she is very seldom out of humour for a woman of her quality. But here lies my complaint, Sir. To bear with me is all the encouragement she is pleased to bestow upon me ; for she gives her cast-off cloaths from me to others ; some she is pleased to bestow in the house to those that neither want nor wear them, and some to hangers-on, that frequent the house daily, who come dressed-out in them. This, Sir, is a very mortifying sight to me, who am a little necessitous for cloaths, and love to appear what I am ; and causes an uneasiness, so that I cannot serve with that chearfulness as formerly ; which my mistress takes notice of, and calls envy and ill-temper at seeing others preferred before me. My mistress has a younger sister lives in the
 house

house with her, that is some thousands below her in estate, who is continually heaping her favours on her maid; so that she can appear every Sunday, for the first quarter, in a fresh suit of cloaths of her mistress's giving, with all other things suitable. All this I see without envying, but not without wishing my mistress would a little consider what a discouragement it is to me to have my perquisites divided between fawners and jobbers, which others enjoy entire to themselves. I have spoken to my mistress, but to little purpose; I have desired to be discharged (for, indeed, I fret myself to nothing), but that she answers with silence. I beg, Sir, your direction what to do, for I am fully resolved to follow your counsel; who am

Your admirer

And humble servant,

CONSTANTIA COMB-BRUSH.

' I BEG that you will put it in a better dress, and let it come abroad, that my mistress, who is an admirer of your speculations, may see it.'

T.

No. 367.

THURSDAY, MAY 1, 1712.

—Peritoræ parcite chartæ.

JUV. SAT. i. 18.

“ In mercy spare us, when we do our best

“ To make as much waste paper as the rest.”

ON THE USES OF PAPER.

I HAVE often pleased myself with considering the two kinds of benefits which accrue to the public from these my speculations, and which, were I to speak after the manner of logicians, I would distinguish into the Material and the Formal. By the latter I understand those advantages which my readers receive, as their minds are either improved or delighted by these my daily labours; but having already several times descanted on my endeavours in this light, I shall at present wholly confine myself to the consideration of the former. By the word Material, I mean those benefits which arise to the public from these my speculations, as they consume a considerable quantity of our paper-manufacture, employ our artisans in printing, and find business for great numbers of indigent persons.

Our paper-manufacture takes into it several mean materials which could be put to no other use, and affords work for several hands in the collection of them, which are incapable of any other employment. Those poor retailers, whom we see so busy in every street, deliver in their respective gleanings to the merchant. The merchant carries them in loads to the paper mill, where they

they pass through a fresh set of hands, and give life to another trade. Those who have mills on their estates, by *this means* considerably raise their rents, and the whole nation is in a great measure supplied with a manufacture, for which formerly she was obliged to her neighbours.

The materials are no sooner wrought into paper, but they are distributed among the presses, where they again set innumerable artists at work, and furnish business to another mystery. From hence, accordingly as they are stained with news or politics, they fly through the town in Post-Men, Post-boys, Daily Courants. Reviews, Medleys, and Examiners. Men, women, and children, contend who shall be the first bearers of them, and get their daily sustenance by spreading them. In short, when I trace in my mind a bundle of rags to a quire of Spectators, I find so many hands employed in every step they take through their whole progress, that while I am writing a Spectator, I fancy myself providing bread for a multitude.

If I do not take care to obviate some of my witty readers, they will be apt to tell me, that my paper, after it is thus printed and published, is still beneficial to the public on several occasions. I must confess I have lighted my pipe with my own works for this twelve-month past. My landlady often sends up her little daughter to desire some of my old Spectators, and has frequently told me, that the paper they are printed on is the best in the world to wrap spice in. They likewise make a good foundation for a mutton pye, as I have more than once experienced, and were very much sought for last Christmas by the whole neighbourhood.

It is pleasant enough to consider the changes that a linen fragment undergoes, by passing through the several hands above mentioned. The finest pieces of holland, when worn to tatters, assume a new whiteness more beautiful than the first, and often return in the
shape

shape of letters to their native country. A lady's shift may be metamorphosed into billets-doux, and come into her possession a second time. A beau may peruse his cravat after it is worn out, with greater pleasure and advantage than ever he did in a glass. In a word, a piece of cloth, after having officiated for some years as a towel or a napkin, may by this means be raised from a dunghill, and become the most valuable piece of furniture in a prince's cabinet.

The politest nations of Europe have endeavoured to vie with one another for the reputation of the finest printing. Absolute governments, as well as republics, have encouraged an art which seems to be the noblest and most beneficial that ever was invented among the sons of men. The present King of France, in his pursuits after glory, has particularly distinguished himself by the promoting of this useful art, insomuch that several books have been printed in the Louvre at his own expence, upon which he sets so great a value, that he considers them as the noblest presents he can make to foreign Princes and Ambassadors. If we look into the commonwealths of Holland and Venice, we shall find that in this particular they have made themselves the envy of the greatest monarchies. ELZEVIR and ALDUS are more frequently mentioned than any Pensioner of the one, or Doge of the other.

The several presses which are now in England, and the great encouragement which has been given to learning for some years last past, has made our own nation as glorious upon this account, as for its late triumphs and conquests. The new edition which is given us of CÆSAR's *Commentaries*,* has already been taken notice of in foreign Gazettes, and is a work that does honour to the English press. It is no wonder that an edition should be very correct, which has passed through the

c c 2

hands

* A beautiful edition of CÆSAR's *Commentaries* published about this time by the able and learned Dr. SAMUEL CLARKE.

hands of one of the most accurate, learned, and judicious writers this age has produced. The beauty of the paper, of the character, and of the several cuts with which this noble work is illustrated, makes it the finest book that I have ever seen; and is a true instance of the English genius, which though it does not come the first into any art, generally carries it to greater heights than any other country in the world. I am particularly glad that this author comes from a British printing-house in so great a magnificence, as he is the first who has given us any tolerable account of our country.

My illiterate readers, if any such there are, will be surprised to hear me talk of learning as the glory of a nation, and of printing as an art that gains a reputation to a people among whom it flourishes. When men's thoughts are taken up with avarice and ambition, they cannot look upon any thing as great or valuable, which does not bring with it an extraordinary power or interest to the person who is concerned in it. But as I shall never sink this paper so far as to engage with Goths and Vandals, I shall only regard such kind of reasoners with that pity which is due to so deplorable a degree of stupidity and ignorance.

L.

N^o. 368.

FRIDAY, MAY 2, 1712.

Nos decebat
 Lugere ubi esset aliquis in lucem editus,
 Humanæ vitæ varia reputantes mala :
 At qui labores morte finisset graves,
 Omnes amicos laude & lætitiâ exequi.

EURIP. APUD TULL.

“ Considering the various evils of life, we ought to mourn
 “ when a child is born ; on the other hand, to rejoice at
 “ the death of a friend, since he has finished his heavy
 “ labours.”

BEHAVIOUR OF A LADY ON HER DEATH-BED.

AS the SPECTATOR is in a kind, a paper of news from the natural world, as others are from the busy and politic part of mankind, I shall translate the following letter written to an eminent French gentleman in this town from Paris, which gives us the exit of an heroine who is a pattern of patience and generosity.

Paris, April 18, 1712.

SIR,

‘ It is so many years since you left your native country, that I am to tell you the characters of your nearest relations as much as if you were an utter stranger to them. The occasion of this is to give you an account of the death of Madam DE VILLACERFE, whose departure out of this life I know not whether a man of your philosophy will call unfortunate or not, since it was attended with some circumstances as much to be desired as to be lamented. She was her whole life

c c 3

happy

happy in an uninterrupted health, and was always honoured for an evenness of temper and greatness of mind. On the 10th instant that lady was taken with an indisposition which confined her to her chamber, but was such as was too slight to make her take a sick-bed, and yet too grievous to admit of any satisfaction in being out of it. It is notoriously known that some years ago Monsieur FESTEAU, one of the most considerable surgeons in Paris, was desperately in love with this lady. Her quality placed her above any application to her on the account of his passion: but as a woman always has some regard to the person whom she believes to be her real admirer, she now took it in her head (upon advice of her physicians to lose some of her blood) to send for Monsieur FESTEAU on that occasion. I happened to be there at that time, and my near relation gave me the privilege to be present. As soon as her arm was stripped bare, and he began to press it in order to raise the vein, his colour changed, and I observed him seized with a sudden tremor, which made me take the liberty to speak of it to my cousin with some apprehension. She smiled, and said, she knew Mr. FESTEAU had no inclination to do her injury. He seemed to recover himself, and smiling also proceeded in his work. Immediately after the operation, he cried out that he was the most unfortunate of all men, for that he had opened an artery instead of a vein. It is as impossible to express the artist's distraction as the patient's composure. I will not dwell on little circumstances, but go on to inform you, that within three days time it was thought necessary to take off her arm. She was so far from using FESTEAU, as it would be natural for one of a lower spirit to treat him, that she would not let him be absent from any consultation about her present condition, and after having been about a quarter of an hour alone, she bid the surgeons, of whom poor FESTEAU was one, go on in their work. I know not how to give you the terms of art, but there appeared such symptoms

symptoms after the amputation of her arm, that it was visible she could not live four and twenty hours. Her behaviour was so magnanimous throughout the whole affair, that I was particularly curious in taking notice of what passed, as her fate approached nearer and nearer, and took notes of what she said to all about her, particularly word for word what she spoke to Mr. FESTEAU, which was as follows :

“ Sir, you give me inexpressible sorrow for the anguish with which I see you overwhelmed. I am removed to all intents and purposes from the interests of human life, therefore, I am to begin to think like one wholly unconcerned in it. I do not consider you as one by whose error I have lost my life ; no, you are my benefactor, as you have hastened my entrance into a happy immortality. This is my sense of this accident ; but the world in which you live may have thoughts of it to your disadvantage ; I have, therefore, taken care to provide for you in my will, and have placed you above what you have to fear from their ill-nature.”

‘ While this excellent woman spoke these words, FESTEAU looked as if he received a condemnation to die, instead of a pension for his life. Madam DE VILLACERFE lived till eight of the clock the next night, and though she must have laboured under the most exquisite torments, she possessed her mind with so wonderful a patience, that one may rather say she ceased to breathe, than she died at that hour. You, who had not the happiness to be personally known to this lady, have nothing but to rejoice in the honour you had of being related to so great merit ; but we who have lost her conversation, cannot so easily resign our own happiness by reflection upon hers.

I am, SIR,

Your affectionate kinsman,

and most obedient humble servant,

PAUL REGNAUD.

THERE hardly can be a greater instance of an heroic mind, than the unprejudiced manner in which this lady weighed this misfortune. The regard of life itself could not make her overlook the contrition of the unhappy man, whose more than ordinary concern for her was all his guilt. It would certainly be of singular use to human society to have an exact account of this lady's ordinary conduct, which was crowned by so uncommon magnanimity. Such greatness was not to be acquired in the last article, nor is it to be doubted but it was a constant practice of all that is praise-worthy, which made her capable of beholding death, not as the dissolution, but consummation of her life.

T.

N^o. 369.

SATURDAY, MAY 3, 1712.

Segnius irritant animos demissa per aures
Quàm quæ sunt oculis subjecta fidelibus——

HOR. ARS POET. V. 279.

“——What we hear moves less, than what we see.”

ROSCOMMON.

CRITICISM ON MILTON.—TWELFTH BOOK.

MILTON, after having represented in vision the history of mankind to the first great period of nature, dispatches the remaining part of it in narration. He has devised a very handsome reason for the Angel's proceeding with ADAM after this manner; though doubtless the true reason was the difficulty which the Poet would have found to have shadowed out so mixed and complicated a story in visible objects. I could wish, however, that the Author had done it, whatever pains it might have cost him. To give my opinion freely, I think that the exhibiting part of the history of mankind in vision, and part in narrative, is as if an history-painter should put in colours one half of his subject, and write down the remaining part of it. If MILTON's poem flags any where, it is in this narration, where in some places the Author has been so attentive to his divinity that he has neglected his poetry. The narration, however, rises very happily on several occasions, where the subject is capable of poetical ornaments, as particularly in the confusion which he describes among the builders of Babel, and in his short sketch of the plagues of Egypt. The storm of hail and fire, with the darkness that overspread the

the land for three days, are described with great strength. The beautiful passage which follows, is raised upon noble hints in Scripture.

“ ——— Thus with ten wounds
The river dragon tam'd at length submits
To let his sojourners depart ; and oft
Humbles his stubborn heart ; but still, as ice,
More harden'd after thaw : till in his rage
Pursuing whom he late dismiss'd, the sea
Swallows him with his host ; but them let pass
As on dry land between two crystal walls ;
Aw'd by the rod of MOSES so to stand
Divided——”

The river-dragon is an allusion to the crocodile, which inhabits the Nile, from whence Egypt derives her plenty. This allusion is taken from that sublime passage in *Ezekiel*: “ Thus saith the Lord God, Behold I am against thee, PHARAOH king of Egypt, the great dragon that lieth in the midst of his rivers, which hath said, my river is mine own. And I have made it for myself.”—MILTON has given us another very noble and poetical image in the same description, which is copied almost word for word out of the history of MOSES:

“ All night he will pursue, but his approach
Darkness defends between till morning watch ;
Then through the fiery pillar and the cloud
God looking forth, will trouble all his host,
And craze their chariot wheels : when by command
MOSES once more his potent rod extends
Over the sea : the sea his rod obeys :
On their embattel'd ranks the waves return
And overwhelm their war——”

As the principal design of this Episode was to give ADAM an idea of the Holy Person who was to reinstate human nature in that happiness and perfection from which it had fallen, the Poet confines himself to the line of ABRAHAM, from whence the MESSIAH was to descend.

scend. The Angel is described as seeing the Patriarch actually travelling towards the Land of Promise, which gives a particular liveliness to this part of the narration :

“ I see him, but thou canst not, with what faith
He leaves his Gods, his friends, his native soil
Ur of Chaldea, passing now the ford
To HARAN ; after him a cumbrous train
Of herds, and flocks, and num’rous servitude ;
Not wand’ring poor, but trusting all his wealth
With God, who call’d him in a land unknown.
Canaan he now attains ; I see his tents
Pitch’d about Sechem, and the neighbouring plain
Of Moren ; there by promise he receives
Gift to his progeny of all that land ;
From Hamath northward to the desert south ;
(Things by their names I call, though yet unnam’d ”)

As VIRGIL’s vision in the sixth *Æneid* probably gave MILTON the hint of this whole Episode, the last line is a translation of that verse where ANCHISES mentions the names of places, which they were to bear hereafter :

Hæc tum nomina erunt, nunc sunt sine nomine terræ.

The Poet has very finely represented the joy and gladness of heart which arises in ADAM upon his discovery of the MESSIAH. As he sees his day at a distance through types and shadows, he rejoices in it ; but when he finds the redemption of man compleated, and Paradise again renewed, he breaks forth in rapture and transport :

“ O goodness infinite, goodness immense !
That all this good of evil shall produce,” &c.

I have hinted in my sixth paper on MILTON, that an heroic poem, according to the opinion of the best critics, ought to end happily, and leave the mind of the reader, after having conducted it through many doubts and fears, sorrows and disquietudes, in a state of tranquillity and satisfaction.

satisfaction. MILTON's fable, which had so many other qualifications to recommend it, was deficient in this particular. It is here, therefore, that the Poet has shewn a most exquisite judgment, as well as the finest invention, by finding out a method to supply this natural defect in his subject. Accordingly he leaves the adversary of mankind, in the last view which he gives of him, under the lowest state of mortification and disappointment. We see him chewing ashes, groveling in the dust, and loaden with supernumerary pains and torments. On the contrary, our two first parents are comforted by dreams and visions, cheered with promises of salvation, and in a manner raised to a greater happiness than that which they had forfeited. In short, SATAN is represented miserable in the height of his triumphs, and ADAM triumphant in the height of misery.

MILTON's poem ends very nobly. The last speeches of ADAM and the Archangel are full of moral and instructive sentiments. The sleep that fell upon EVE, and the effects it had in quieting the disorders of her mind, produces the same kind of consolation in the reader, who cannot peruse the last beautiful speech which is ascribed to the mother of mankind, without a secret pleasure and satisfaction :

“ Whence thou return'st, and whither went'st, I know ;
For God is also in sleep, and dreams advise ;
Which he hath sent propitious, some great good
Presaging, since with sorrow and heart's distress
Wearied I fell asleep : but now lead on ;
In me is no delay : with thee to go,
Is to stay here ; without thee here to stay,
Is to go hence unwilling : thou to me
Art all things under heav'n, all places thou,
Who for my wilful crime art banish'd hence.
This farther consolation yet secure
I carry hence ; though all by me is lost,
Such favour I unworthy am vouchsaf'd,
By me the promis'd seed shall all restore.”

The

The following lines, which conclude the poem, rise in a most glorious blaze of poetical images and expressions.

HELIODORUS in the *Æthiopics* acquaints us, that the motion of the Gods differs from that of mortals, as the former do not stir their feet, nor proceed step by step, but slide over the surface of the earth by an uniform swimming of the whole body. The reader may observe with how poetical a description MILTON has attributed the same kind of motion to the Angels who were to take possession of Paradise:

“ So spake our mother EVE ; and ADAM heard
Well pleas'd, but answer'd not ; for now too nigh
Th' Archangel stood ; and from the other hill
To their fix'd station, all in bright array
The cherubim descended ; on the ground
Gliding meteorous, as evening mist
Ris'n from a river, o'er the marish glides,
And gathers ground fast at the lab'rer's heel
Homeward returning. High in front advanc'd,
The brandish'd sword of God before them blaz'd
Fierce as a comet———”

The Author helped his invention in the following passage, by reflecting on the behaviour of the Angel who in holy writ has the conduct of LOT and his family. The circumstances drawn from that relation are very gracefully made use of on this occasion.

“ In either hand the hast'ning Angel caught
Our ling'ring parents, and to th' eastern gate
Led them direct ; and down the cliff as fast
To the subjected plain ; then disappear'd,
They looking back,” &c.

The scene which our first parents are surprised with, upon their looking back on Paradise, wonderfully strikes the reader's imagination, as nothing can be more natural than the tears they shed on that occasion.

“ They

" They looking back, all th' eastern side beheld
Of Paradise, so late their happy seat,
Wav'd over by that flaming brand, the gate
With dreadful faces throng'd and fiery arms:
Some natural tears they dropp'd, but wip'd them soon;
The world was all before them, where to choose
Their place of rest, and Providence their guide."

If I might presume to offer at the smallest alteration in this divine work, I should think the poem would end better with the passage here quoted, than with the two verses which follow ;

" They hand in hand, with wand'ring steps and slow,
Through Eden took their solitary way."

These two verses, though they have their beauty, fall very much below the foregoing passage, and renew in the mind of the reader that anguish which was pretty well laid by that consideration :

" The world was all before them, where to choose
Their place of rest, and Providence their guide."

The number of books in *Paradise Lost* is equal to those of the *Aeneid*. Our Author in his first edition had divided his poem into ten books, but afterwards broke the seventh and the eleventh each of them into two different books by the help of some small additions. This second division was made with great judgment, as any one may see who will be at the pains of examining it. It was not done for the sake of such a chimerical beauty as that of resembling *Virgil* in this particular, but for the more just and regular disposition of this great work.

Those who have read *Bossu*, and many of the critics who have written since his time, will not pardon me if I do not find out the particular moral which is inculcated in *Paradise Lost*. Though I can by no means think

think with the last mentioned French author, that an epic writer first of all pitches upon a certain moral as the ground-work and foundation of his poem, and afterwards finds out a story to it, I am, however, of opinion, that no just heroic poem ever was or can be made, from whence one great moral may not be deduced. That which reigns in MILTON, is the most universal and most useful that can be imagined. It is, in short, this, That obedience to the Will of God makes men happy, and that disobedience makes them miserable. This is visibly the moral of the principal fable, which turns upon ADAM and EVE, who continued in Paradise, while they kept the command that was given them, and were driven out of it as soon as they had transgressed. This is likewise the moral of the principal episode, which shews us how an innumerable multitude of Angels fell from their disobedience. Besides this great moral, which may be looked upon as the soul of the fable, there are an infinity of under-morals which are to be drawn from the several parts of the poem, and which makes this work more useful and instructive than any other poem in any language.

Those who have criticised * on the *Odyssey*, the *Iliad*, and *Æneid*, have taken a great deal of pains to fix the number of months and days contained in the action of each of those poems. If any one thinks it worth his while to examine this particular in MILTON, he will find, that from ADAM's first appearance in the fourth book, to his expulsion from Paradise in the twelfth, the Author reckons ten days. As for that part of the action which is described in the three first books, as it does not pass within the regions of nature, I have before observed that it is not subject to any calculations of time.

I have now finished my observations on a work which does an honour to the English nation. I have taken
a general

* The verb to *criticise* is frequently neuter, though most commonly active.

a general view of it under these four heads, the Fable, the Characters, the Sentiments, and the Language, and made each of them the subject of a particular paper. I have in the next place spoke of the censures which our Author may incur under each of these heads, which I have confined to two papers, though I might have enlarged the number, if I had been disposed to dwell on so ungrateful a subject. I believe, however, that the severest reader will not find any little fault in heroic poetry, which this Author has fallen into, that does not come under one of those heads among which I have distributed his several blemishes. After having thus treated at large of *Paradise Lost*, I could not think it sufficient to have celebrated this poem in the whole, without descending to particulars. I have, therefore, bestowed a paper upon each book, and endeavoured not only to prove that the poem is beautiful in general, but to point out its particular beauties; and to determine wherein they consist, I have endeavoured to shew how some passages are beautiful by being sublime, others by being soft, others by being natural; which of them are recommended by the passion, which by the moral, which by the sentiment, and which by the expression. I have likewise endeavoured to shew how the genius of the poet shines by a happy invention, a distant allusion, or a judicious imitation; how he has copied or improved HOMER or VIRGIL, and raises his own imaginations by the use which he has made of several poetical passages in Scripture. I might have inserted also several passages in Tasso, which our Author has imitated: but as I do not look upon Tasso to be a sufficient voucher, I would not perplex my reader with such quotations as might do more honour to the Italian than the English poet. In short, I have endeavoured to particularize those innumerable kinds of beauty, which it would be tedious to recapitulate, but which are essential to poetry, and which may be met with in the works of this great Author.

Author. Had I thought at my first engaging in this design, that it would have led me to so great a length, I believe I should never have entered upon it; but the kind reception which it has met with among those whose judgments I have a value for, as well as the uncommon demands which my bookseller tells me have been made for these particular discourses, give me no reason to repent of the pains I have been at in composing them.

L.

N^o. 370.

MONDAY, MAY 5, 1712.

Totus mundus agit histrionem.

“ ———— This world's a stage,

“ The men and women in't are merely players.”

SHAKESPEAR.

ON THE STAGE CHARACTERS OF PERFORMERS.

MANY of my fair readers, as well as very gay and well-received persons of the other sex, are extremely perplexed at the Latin sentences at the head of my speculations. I do not know whether I ought not to indulge them with translations of each of them : however, I have to-day taken down from the top of the stage in Drury-Lane a bit of Latin which often stands in their view, and signifies that “The whole world acts the Player.” It is certain that if we look all round us, and behold the different employments of mankind, you hardly see one who is not, as the Player is, in an assumed character. The Lawyer, who is vehement and loud in a cause wherein he knows he has not the truth of the question on his side, is a Player as to the personated part, but incomparably meaner than he as to the prostitution of himself for hire ; because the pleader's falsehood introduces injustice ; the Player feigns for no other end but to divert or instruct you. The Divine, whose passions transport him to say any thing with any view but promoting the interests of true piety and religion, is a player with a still greater imputation of guilt, in proportion to his depreciating a character more sacred.— Consider all the different pursuits and employments of men, and you will find half their actions tend to nothing else

else but disguise and imposture; and all that is done which proceeds not from a man's very self, is the action of a *Player*. For this reason it is that I make so frequent mention of the stage. It is with me a matter of the highest consideration, what parts are well or ill-performed, what passions or sentiments are indulged or cultivated, and consequently what manners and customs are transfused from the stage to the world, which reciprocally imitate each other. As the writers of epic poems introduce shadowy persons, and represent vices and virtues under the character of men and women; so I who am a *Spectator* in the world, may perhaps sometimes make use of the names of the actors of the stage, to represent or admonish those who transact affairs in the world. When I am commending WILKS for representing the tenderness of a husband and a father in *Macbeth*, the contrition of a reformed prodigal in *Harry the Fourth*, the winning emptiness of a young man of good-nature and wealth in *The Trip to the Jubilee*, the officiousness of an artful servant in the *Fox*; when thus I celebrate WILKS, I talk to all the world who are engaged in any of those circumstances. If I were to speak of merit neglected, misapplied, or misunderstood, might not I say EASTCOURT has a great capacity? But it is not the interest of others who bear a figure on the stage, that his talents were understood; it is their business to impose upon him what cannot become him, or keep out of his hands any thing in which he would shine. Were one to raise a suspicion of himself in a man who passes upon the world for a fine thing, in order to alarm him one might say, if Lord FOPPINGTON was not on the stage (CIBBER acts the false pretensions to a genteel behaviour so very justly) he would have in the generality of mankind more that would admire, than deride him. When we come to characters directly comical, it is not to be imagined what effect a well-regulated stage would have upon men's manners. The craft of an usurer, the absurdity of a rich fool, the awkward roughness of a
n d 2 fellow

fellow of half courage, the ungraceful mirth of a creature of half wit, might for ever be put out of countenance by proper parts for DOGGET. JOHNSON, by acting CORBACCHIO the other night, must have given all who saw him a thorough detestation of aged avarice. The petulancy of a peevish old fellow, who loves and hates he knows not why, is very excellently performed by the ingenious Mr. WILLIAM PENKETHMAN in the *Fop's Fortune*; where, in the character of DON CHOLERICK SNAP SHORTO DE TESTY, he answers no questions but to those whom he likes, and wants no account of any thing from those he approves. Mr. PENKETHMAN is also master of as many faces in the dumb-scene as can be expected from a man in the circumstances of being ready to perish out of fear and hunger. He wonders throughout the whole scene very masterly, without neglecting his victuals. If it be, as I have heard it sometimes mentioned, a great qualification of the world to follow business and pleasure too, what is it in the ingenious Mr. PENKETHMAN to represent a sense of pleasure and pain at the same time; as you may see him do this evening?

As it is certain that a stage ought to be wholly suppressed, or judiciously encouraged, while there is one in the nation, men turned for regular pleasure cannot employ their thoughts more usefully, for the diversion of mankind, than by convincing them that it is in themselves to raise this entertainment to the greatest height. It would be a great improvement, as well as embellishment to the theatre, if dancing were more regarded, and taught to all the actors. One who has the advantage of such an agreeable girlish person as Mrs. BICKNELL, joined with her capacity of imitation, could in proper gesture and motion represent all the decent characters of female life. An amiable modesty in one aspect of a dancer, and assumed confidence in another, a sudden joy in another, a falling-off with an impatience of being beheld, a return towards the audience with an unsteady resolution to approach them, and well-acted solicitude to please,

please, would revive in the company all the fine touches of mind raised in observing all the objects of affection and passion they had before beheld. Such elegant entertainments as these would polish the town into judgment in their gratifications; and delicacy in pleasure is the first step people of condition take in reformation from vice. Mrs. BICKNELL has the only capacity for this sort of dancing of any on the stage; and I dare say all who see her performance to-morrow night, when sure the romp will do her best for her own benefit, will be of my mind.

T.

N^o. 371.

TUESDAY, MAY 6, 1712.

*Jamne igitur laudas quod de sapientibus unus ridebat ?**JUV. SAT. X. 28.*

“ And shall the sage * your approbation win,
“ Whose laughing features wore a constant grin ?”

DESCRIPTION OF A WIT WHO PREVAILED ON HIS FRIENDS
TO LAY ASIDE RIDICULOUS HABITS.

I SHALL communicate to my reader the following
letter for the entertainment of this day.

SIR,

‘ You know very well that our nation is more famous for that sort of men who are called Whims and Humourists, than any other country in the world; for which reason it is observed, that our English Comedy excels that of all other nations in the novelty and variety of its characters.

‘ Among those innumerable sets of Whims which our country produces, there are none whom I have regarded with more curiosity than those who have invented any particular kind of diversion for the entertainment of themselves and their friends. My letter shall single out those who take delight in sorting a company that has something of burlesque and ridicule in its appearance. I shall make myself understood by the following example. One of the wits of the last age, who was a man of
a good

* DEMOCRITUS.

a good estate, thought he never laid out his money better than in a jest: as he was one year at the Bath, observing that in the great confluence of fine people, there were several among them with long chins, a part of the visage by which he himself was very much distinguished, he invited to dinner half a score of these remarkable persons who had their mouths in the middle of their faces. They had no sooner placed themselves about the table, but they began to stare upon one another, not being able to imagine what had brought them together. Our English proverb says,

“ ’Tis merry in the hall,
When beards wag all.”

‘It proved so in the assembly I am now speaking of, who seeing so many peaks of faces agitated with eating, drinking, and discourse, and observing all the chins that were present meeting together very often over the center of the table, every one grew sensible of the jest, and gave into it with so much good humour, that they lived in strict friendship and alliance from that day forward.

‘The same gentleman some time after packed together a set of Oggers, as he called them, consisting of such as had an unlucky cast in their eyes. His diversion on this occasion was to see the cross bows, mistaken signs, and wrong connivances, that passed amidst so many broken and refracted rays of sight.

‘The third feast which this merry gentleman exhibited was to the Stammerers, whom he got together in a sufficient body to fill his table. He had ordered one of his servants, who was placed behind a screen, to write down their table-talk, which was very easy to be done without the help of short-hand. It appears by the notes which were taken, that though their conversation never fell, there were not above twenty words spoken during the first course; that, upon serving up the second, one of the company was a quarter of an hour in telling them that the ducklings and asparagus were very good; and

D d 4

that

that another took up the same time in declaring himself of the same opinion. This jest did not, however, go off so well as the former; for one of the guests being a brave man, and fuller of resentment than he knew how to express, went out of the room, and sent the facetious inviter a challenge in writing, which, though it was afterwards dropped by the interposition of friends, put a stop to these ludicrous entertainments.

‘Now, Sir, I dare say you will agree with me, that as there is no moral in these jests, they ought to be discouraged, and looked upon rather as pieces of unluckiness than wit. However, as it is natural for one man to refine upon the thought of another, and impossible for any single person, how great soever his parts may be, to invent an art, and bring it to its utmost perfection; I shall here give you an account of an honest gentleman of my acquaintance, who, upon hearing the character of the wit above mentioned, has himself assumed it, and endeavoured to convert it to the benefit of mankind. He invited half a dozen of his friends one day to dinner, who were each of them famous for inserting several redundant phrases in their discourse, as, ‘D’ye hear me?—D’ye see?—That is,—And so, Sir.’ Each of his guests making frequent use of his particular elegance, appeared so ridiculous to his neighbour, that he could not but reflect upon himself as appearing equally ridiculous to the rest of the company. By this means, before they had sat long together, every one talking with the greatest circumspection, and carefully avoiding his favourite expletive, the conversation was cleared of its redundancies, and had a greater quantity of sense, though less of sound in it.

‘The same well-meaning gentleman took occasion at another time, to bring together such of his friends as were addicted to a foolish habitual custom of swearing. In order to shew them the absurdity of the practice, he had recourse to the invention above mentioned, having placed an amanuensis in a private part of the room.—

After

After the second bottle, when men open their minds without reserve, my honest friend began to take notice of the many sonorous but unnecessary words that had passed in his house since their sitting down at table, and how much good conversation they had lost by giving way to such superfluous phrases. What a tax, says he, would they have raised for the poor, had we put the laws in execution upon one another! Every one of them took this gentle reproof in good part; upon which he told them, that, knowing their conversation would have no secrets in it, he had ordered it to be taken down in writing, and for the humour-sake, would read it to them, if they pleased. There were ten sheets of it, which might have been reduced to two, had there not been those abominable interpolations I have before mentioned. Upon the reading of it in cold blood, it looked rather like a conference of fiends than of men. In short, every one trembled at himself upon hearing calmly what he had pronounced amidst the heat and inadvertency of discourse.

‘I shall only mention another occasion wherein he made use of the same invention to cure a different kind of men, who are the pests of all polite conversation, and murder time as much as either of the two former, though they do it more innocently; I mean, that dull generation of story-tellers. My friend got together about half a dozen of his acquaintance, who were infected with this strange malady. The first day one of them sitting down, entered upon the siege of Namur, which lasted till four o’clock, their time of parting. The second day a North Briton took possession of the discourse, which it was impossible to get out of his hands so long as the company stayed together. The third day was engrossed after the same manner by a story of the same length.—They at last began to reflect upon this barbarous way of treating one another, and by this means awakened out of that lethargy with which each of them had been seized for several years.

‘A:

‘As you have somewhere declared, extraordinary and uncommon characters of mankind are the game which you delight in, and as I look upon you to be the greatest sportsman, or, if you please, the NÍMROD among this species of writers, I thought this discovery would not be unacceptable to you.

I am,

SIR, &c.’

I.

N^o. 372.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 7, 1712.

—Pudet hæc opprobria nobis
Et dici potuisse, et non potuisse refelli.

OVID. MET. i. 758.

“ To hear ad open slander, is a curse ;

“ But not to find an answer, is a worse.”

DRYDEN.

LETTERS.

MR. SPECTATOR,

May 6, 1712.

‘ I AM sexton of the parish of Covent-Garden, and complained to you some time ago, that as I was tolling into prayers at eleven in the morning, crouds of people of quality hastened to assemble at a puppet-show on the other side of the garden. I had at the same time a very great disesteem for Mr. POWELL and his little thoughtless commonwealth, as if they had enticed the gentry into those wanderings: but let that be as it will, I am convinced of the honest intentions of the said Mr. POWELL and company; and send this to acquaint you, that he has given all the profits which shall arise to-morrow night by his play to the use of the poor charity-children of this parish. I have been informed, Sir, that in Holland all persons who set up any show, or act any stage-play, be the actors either of wood and wire, or flesh and blood, are obliged to pay out of their gain such a proportion to the honest and industrious poor in the neighbourhood: by *this means* they make diversion and pleasure pay a tax to labour and industry. I have been told also, that all the time of Lent in Roman Catholic countries, the persons of condition administer

nister to the necessities of the poor, and attend the beds of lazars and diseased persons. Our Protestant ladies and gentlemen are so much to seek for proper ways of passing time, that they are obliged to Punchinello for knowing what to do with themselves. Since the case is so, I desire only you would intreat our people of quality, who are not to be interrupted in their pleasure, to think of the practice of any moral duty, that they would at least fine for their sins, and give something to these poor children; a little out of their luxury and superfluity would atone, in some measure, for the wanton use of the rest of their fortunes. It would not, methinks, be amiss, if the ladies who haunt the cloysters and passages of the playhouse, were, upon every offence, obliged to pay to this excellent institution of schools of charity. This method would make offenders themselves do service to the public. But in the mean time I desire you would publish this voluntary reparation which Mr. POWELL does our parish, for the noise he has made in it by the constant rattling of coaches, drums, trumpets, triumphs, and battles. The destruction of Troy, adorned with Highland dances, are to make up the entertainment of all who are so well disposed as not to forbear a light entertainment, for no other reason but that it is to do a good action.

I am,

SIR,

Your most humble servant,

RALPH BELLFRY.

‘ I am credibly informed, that all the insinuations which a certain writer made against Mr. POWELL at the Bath, are false and groundless.’

MR. SPECTATOR,

‘ MY employment, which is that of a broker, leading me often into taverns about the Exchange, has given me occasion

occasion to observe a certain enormity, which I shall here submit to your animadversion. In three or four of these taverns, I have, at different times, taken notice of a precise set of people, with grave countenances, short wigs, black cloaths, or dark camblet trimmed with black, and mourning gloves and hat-bands, who meet on certain days at each tavern successively, and keep a sort of moving club. Having often met with their faces, and observed a certain slinking way in their dropping in one after another, I had the curiosity to inquire into their characters, being the rather moved to it by their agreeing in the singularity of their dress; and I find, upon due examination, they are a knot of parish clerks, who have taken a fancy to one another, and perhaps settle the bills of mortality over their half pints. I have so great a value and veneration for any who have but even an assenting Amen in the service of religion, that I am afraid lest these persons should incur some scandal by this practice; and would, therefore, have them, without raillery, advised to send the Florence and pullets home to their own houses, and not pretend to live as well as the overseers of the poor.

I am,

SIR,

Your most humble servant,

HUMPHRY TRANSFER.

MR. SPECTATOR,

May 6.

‘ I WAS last Wednesday night at a tavern in the city, among a set of men who call themselves the Lawyers Club. You must know, Sir, this Club consists only of attorneys; and at this meeting every one proposes the cause he has then in hand to the board, upon which each member gives his judgment according to the experience he has met with. If it happens that any one puts a case of which they have had no precedent, it is noted down by their clerk WILL GOOSEQUILL (who registers

registers all their proceedings), that one of them may go the next day with it to a Councel. This indeed is commendable, and ought to be the principal end of their meeting; but had you been there to have heard them relate their methods of managing a cause, their manner of drawing out their bills, and, in short, their arguments upon the several ways of abusing their clients, with the applause that is given to him who has done it most artfully, you would before now have given your remarks on them. They are so conscious that their discourses ought to be kept a secret, that they are very cautious of admitting any person who is not of their profession. When any who are not of the law are let in, the person who introduces him says, he is a very honest gentleman, and he is taken in, as their cant is, to pay costs. I am admitted, upon the recommendation of one of their principals, as a very honest, good-natured fellow, that will never be in a plot, and only desires to drink his bottle and smoke his pipe. You have formerly remarked upon several sorts of Clubs; and as the tendency of this is only to increase fraud and deceit, I hope you will please to take notice of it.

I am (with respect)

Your humble servant,

H. L.

T.

N^o. 373.

THURSDAY, MAY 8, 1712.

*Fallit enim vitium specie virtutis et umbrâ**JUV. SAT. XIX. 109.*

“Vice oft is hid in virtue's fair disguise,
“And in her borrow'd form escapes inquiring eyes.”

ON MODESTY, AND ASSURANCE.

MR. LOCKE, in his treatise of Human Understanding, has spent two chapters upon the abuse of words.—The first and most palpable abuse of words, he says, is when they are used without clear and distinct ideas; the second, when we are so unconstant and unsteady in the application of them, that we sometimes use them to signify one idea, sometimes another. He adds, that the result of our contemplations and reasonings while we have no precise ideas fixed to our words, must needs be very confused and absurd. To avoid this inconvenience, more especially in moral discourses, where the same word should be constantly used in the same sense, he earnestly recommends the use of definitions. “A definition,” says he, “is the only way whereby the precise meaning of moral words can be known.” He therefore accuses those of great negligence, who discourse of moral things with the least obscurity in the terms they make use of, since upon the forementioned ground he does not scruple to say, that he thinks “Morality is capable of demonstration as well as the mathematics.”

I know no two words that have been more abused by the different and wrong interpretations which are put

upon them, than those two, Modesty and Assurance. To say such a one is a modest man, sometimes indeed passes for a good character; but at present is very often used to signify a sheepish, awkward fellow, who has neither good breeding, politeness, nor any knowledge of the world.

Again, a man of assurance, though at first it only denoted a person of a free and open carriage, is now very usually applied to a profligate wretch, who can break through all the rules of decency and morality without a blush,

I shall endeavour therefore in this Essay to restore these words to their true meaning, to prevent the idea of modesty from being confounded with that of sheepishness, and to hinder impudence from passing for assurance.

If I was put to define Modesty, I would call it, "the reflection of an *ingenious* * mind, either when a man has committed an action for which he censures himself, or fancies that he is exposed to the censure of others."

For this reason a man truly modest is as much so when he is alone as in company, and as subject to a blush in his closet, as when the eyes of multitudes are upon him.

I do not remember to have met with any instance of Modesty with which I am so well pleased, as that celebrated one of the young Prince, whose father, being a tributary king to the Romans, had several complaints laid against him before the Senate, as a tyrant and oppressor of his subjects. The Prince went to Rome to defend his father; but coming into the Senate, and hearing a multitude of crimes proved upon him, was so oppressed when it came to his turn to speak, that he was unable to utter a word. The story tells us, that the fathers were more moved at this instance of modesty and ingenuity, than they could have been by the most pathetic oration; and,

* *Ingenious* seems to be here used for *ingenuous*.

and, in short, pardoned the guilty father for this early promise of virtue in the son.

‘I take “ Assurance to be the faculty of possessing a man’s self, or of saying and doing indifferent things without any uneasiness or emotion in the mind.” That which generally gives a man Assurance is a moderate knowledge of the world, but above all a mind fixed and determined in itself to do nothing against the rules of honour and decency. An open and assured behaviour is the natural consequence of such a resolution. A man thus armed, if his words or actions are at any time misrepresented, retires within himself, and, from a consciousness of his own integrity, assumes force enough to despise the little censures of ignorance and malice.

Every one ought to cherish and encourage in himself the Modesty and Assurance I have here mentioned.

A man without Assurance is liable to be made uneasy by the folly or ill-nature of every one he converses with. A man without Modesty is lost to all sense of honour and virtue.

It is more than probable, that the Prince above mentioned possessed both these qualifications in a very eminent degree. Without assurance he would never have undertaken to speak before the most august assembly in the world; without Modesty, he would have pleaded the cause he had taken upon him, though it had appeared ever so scandalous.

From what has been said it is plain, that Modesty and Assurance are both amiable, and may very well meet in the same person. When they are thus mixed and blended together, they compose what we endeavour to express when we say, a Modest Assurance; by which we understand the just mean between bashfulness and impudence.

I shall conclude with observing, that as the same man may be both modest and assured, so it is also possible for the same to be both impudent and bashful.

We have frequent instances of this odd kind of mix-

ture in people of depraved minds and mean education, who, though they are not able to meet a man's eyes, or a sentence without confusion, can voluntarily commit the greatest villainies, or most indecent actions.

Such a person seems to have made a resolution to do ill even in spite of himself, and in defiance of all those checks and restraints his temper and complexion seem to have laid in his way.

Upon the whole, I would endeavour to establish this maxim, that the practice of virtue is the most proper method to give a man a becoming Assurance in his words and actions. Guilt always seeks to shelter itself in one of the extremes, and is sometimes attended with both.

X.

N^o. 374.

FRIDAY, MAY 9, 1712.

Nil actum reputans si quid superesset agendum.

LUCAN. ii. 57.

“ He reckon’d not the past, while aught remain’d

“ Great to be done, or mighty to be gain’d.”

ROWE.

THE FOLLY OF RESTING SATISFIED WITH WHAT WE
HAVE DONE, WHEN ALL IS NOT DONE.

THERE is a fault, which, though common, wants a name. It is the very contrary to procrastination. As we lose the present hour, by delaying, from day to day, to execute what we ought to do immediately, so most of us take occasion to sit still and throw away the time in our possession, by retrospect on what is past, imagining we have already acquitted ourselves, and established our characters in the sight of mankind. But when we thus put a value upon ourselves, for what we have already done, any farther than to explain ourselves in order to assist our future conduct, that will give us an over-weening opinion of our merit, to the prejudice of our present industry. The great rule, methinks, should be, to manage the instant in which we stand, with fortitude, equanimity, and moderation, according to men’s respective circumstances. If our past actions reproach us, they cannot be atoned for by our own severe reflections so effectually as by a contrary behaviour. If they are praise-worthy, the memory of them is of no use but to act suitably to them. Thus a good present behaviour is an implicit repentance for any miscarriage in what is past; but present slackness will not make up for past activity. Time has swallowed all up

E e 2

that

that we contemporaries did yesterday, as irrevocably as it has the actions of the antediluvians. But we are again awake, and what shall we do to-day, to-day which passes while we are yet speaking? Shall we remember the folly of last night, or resolve upon the exercise of virtue to-morrow? Last night is certainly gone, and to-morrow may never arrive. This instant make use of. Can you oblige any man of honour and virtue? Do it immediately. Can you visit a sick friend? Will it revive him to see you enter, and suspend your own ease and pleasure to comfort his weakness, and hear the impertinencies of a wretch in pain? Do not stay to take coach, but be gone. Your mistress will bring sorrow, and your bottle madness. Go to neither—Such virtues and diversions as these are mentioned because they occur to all men. But every man is sufficiently convinced, that to suspend the use of the present moment, and resolve better for the future only, is an unpardonable folly. What I attempted to consider, was the mischief of setting such a value upon what is past, as to think we have done enough. Let a man have filled all the offices of life with the highest dignity till yesterday, and begin to live only to himself to-day, he must expect he will in the effects upon his reputation be considered as the man who died yesterday. The man who distinguishes himself from the rest, stands in a press of people; those before him intercept his progress, and those behind him, if he does not urge on, will tread him down. CÆSAR, of whom it was said, “that he thought nothing done while there was any thing left for him to do, went on in performing the greatest exploits, without assuming to himself a privilege of taking rest, upon the foundation of the merit of his former actions. It was the manner of that glorious Captain, to write down what scenes he had passed through; but it was rather to keep his affairs in method, and capable of a clearer review, in case they should be examined by others, than that he built a renown upon any thing that was past. I shall produce two fragments

fragments of his to demonstrate, that it was his rule of life to support himself rather by what he should perform, than what he had done already. In the tablet which he wore about him the same year in which he obtained the battle of Pharsalia, there were found these loose notes of his own conduct. It is supposed, by the circumstances they alluded to, that they might be set down the evening of the same night.

‘ My part is now but begun, and my glory must be sustained by the use I make of this victory ; otherwise my loss will be greater than that of POMPEY. Our personal reputation will rise or fall as we bear our respective fortunes. All my private enemies among the prisoners shall be spared. I will forget this, in order to obtain such another day. TREBUTIUS is ashamed to see me. I will go to his tent, and be reconciled in private. Give all the men of honour, who take part with me, the terms I offered before the battle. Let them owe this to their friends who have been long in my interests. Power is weakened by the full use of it, but extended by moderation. GALBINIUS is proud, and will be servile in his present fortune : let him wait. Send for STERTINIUS : he is modest, and his virtue is worth gaining. I have cooled my heart with reflection, and am fit to rejoice with the army to-morrow. He is a popular general who can expose himself like a private man during a battle ; but he is more popular who can rejoice but like a private man after a victory.’

What is particularly proper for the example of all who pretend to industry in the pursuit of honour and virtue is, that this hero was more than ordinarily solicitous about his reputation, when a common mind would have thought itself in security, and given itself a loose to joy and triumph. But though this is a very great instance of his temper, I must confess I am more taken with his reflections when he retired to his closet in some disturbance upon the repeated ill omens of CALPHURNIA’S dream, the night before his death. The

literal translation of that fragment shall conclude this paper.

‘ Be it so then. If I am to die to-morrow, that is what I am to do to-morrow. It will not be then, because I am willing it should be then ; nor shall I escape it, because I am unwilling. It is in the Gods when, but in myself how I shall die. If CALPHURNIA’s dreams are fumes of indigestion, how shall I behold the day after to-morrow ? If they are from the gods, their admonition is not to prepare me to escape from their decree, but to meet it. I have lived to a fulness of days and of glory ; what is there that CÆSAR has not done with as much honour as ancient heroes ? CÆSAR has not yet died ; CÆSAR is prepared to die.’

T.

N^o. 375.

SATURDAY, MAY 10, 1712.

Non possidentem multa, vocaveris
 Rectè beatum : rectiùs occupat
 Nomen beati, qui deorum
 Muneribus sapienter uti,
 Duramque callet pauperiem pati,
 Pejusque Letho flagitium timet.

HOR. 4. OD. IX. 45.

" We barbarously call them blest,
 " Who are of largest tenements possess,
 " While swelling coffers break their owner's rest,
 " More truly happy those, who can
 " Govern that little empire, man :
 " Who spend their treasure freely, as 'twas giv'n
 " By the large bounty of indulgent Heaven ;
 " Who, in a fix'd, unalterable state,
 " Smil'd at the doubtful tide of Fate,
 " And scorn alike her friendship and her hate ;
 " Who poison less than falsehood fear,
 " Loth to purchase life so dear."

STEPNEY.

STORY OF INTENDED SEDUCTION ENDING IN A MARRIAGE.

I HAVE more than once had occasion to mention a noble saying of SENECA the philosopher, that a virtuous person, struggling with misfortunes, and rising above them, is an object on which the gods themselves may look down with delight. I shall, therefore, set before my reader, a scene of this kind of distress in private life, for the speculation of this day.

R e 4

An

An eminent citizen, who had lived in good fashion and credit, was, by a train of accidents, and by an unavoidable perplexity in his affairs, reduced to a low condition. There is a modesty usually attending faultless poverty, which made him rather choose to reduce his manner of living to his present circumstances, than solicit his friends in order to support the shew of an estate when the substance was gone. His wife, who was a woman of sense and virtue, behaved herself on this occasion with uncommon decency, and never appeared so amiable in his eyes as now. Instead of upbraiding him with the ample fortune she had brought, or the many great offers she had refused for his sake, she redoubled all the instances of her affection, while her husband was continually pouring out his heart to her in complaints that he had ruined the best woman in the world. He sometimes came home at a time when she did not expect him, and surprised her in tears, which she endeavoured to conceal, and always put on an air of cheerfulness to receive him. To lessen their expence, their eldest daughter (whom I shall call AMANDA) was sent into the country, to the house of an honest farmer, who had married a servant of the family. This young woman was apprehensive of the ruin which was approaching, and had privately engaged a friend in the neighbourhood, to give her an account of what passed, from time to time, in her father's affairs. AMANDA was in the bloom of her youth and beauty; when the lord of the manor, who often called in at the farmer's house, as he followed his country sports, fell passionately in love with her. He was a man of great generosity; but, from a loose education, had contracted a hearty aversion to marriage. He, therefore, entertained a design upon AMANDA's virtue, which at present he thought fit to keep private. The innocent creature, who never suspected his intentions, was pleased with his person; and, having observed his growing passion for her, hoped by

so advantageous a match she might quickly be in a capacity of supporting her impoverished relations. One day as he called to see her, he found her in tears over a letter she had just received from her friend, which gave an account that her father had lately been stripped of every thing by an execution. The lover, who with some difficulty found out the cause of her grief, took this occasion to make her a proposal. It is impossible to express AMANDA's confusion when she found his pretensions were not honourable. She was now deserted of all her hopes, and had no power to speak; but rushing from him in the utmost disturbance, locked herself up in her chamber. He immediately dispatched a messenger to her father with the following letter.

SIR,

' I HAVE heard of your misfortunes, and have offered your daughter, if she will live with me, to settle on her four hundred pounds a year, and to lay down the sum for which you are now distressed. I will be so ingenuous as to tell you that I do not intend marriage: but if you are wise, you will use your authority with her not to be too nice, when she has an opportunity of saving you and your family, and of making herself happy.

I am, &c.

This letter came to the hands of AMANDA's mother; she opened and read it with great surprise and concern. She did not think it proper to explain herself to the messenger, but desiring him to call again the next morning, she wrote to her daughter as follows.

DEAREST CHILD,

' YOUR father and I have just received a letter from a gentleman who pretends love to you, with a proposal

sal that insults our misfortunes, and would throw us to a lower degree of misery than any thing which is come upon us. How could this barbarous man think that the tenderest of parents would be tempted to supply their want by giving up the best of children to infamy and ruin? It is a mean and cruel artifice to make this proposal at a time when he thinks our necessities must compel us to any thing: but we will not eat the bread of shame; and, therefore, we charge thee not to think of us, but to avoid the snare which is laid for thy virtue. Beware of pitying us: it is not so bad as you perhaps have been told. All things will yet be well, and I shall write my child better news.

‘ I have been interrupted; I know not how I was moved to say things would mend. As I was going on, I was startled by a noise of one that knocked at the door, and hath brought us an unexpected supply of a debt which has long been owing. Oh! I will now tell thee all. It is some days I have lived almost without support, having conveyed what little money I could raise to your poor father.—Thou wilt weep to think where he is, yet be assured he will be soon at liberty. That cruel letter would have broke his heart, but I have concealed it from him. I have no companion at present besides little FANNY, who stands watching my looks as I write, and is crying for her sister. She says she is sure you are not well, having discovered that my present trouble is about you. But do not think I would thus repeat my sorrows to grieve thee. No, it is to intreat thee not to make them insupportable, by adding what would be worse than all. Let us bear chearfully an affliction, which we have not brought on ourselves, and remember there is a power who can better deliver us out of it, than by the loss of thy innocence. Heaven preserve my dear child!

Thy affectionate mother,———.
The

The messenger, notwithstanding he promised to deliver this letter to AMANDA, carried it first to his master, who he imagined would be glad to have an opportunity of giving it into her hands himself. His master was impatient to know the success of his proposal, and, therefore, broke open the letter privately to see the contents. He was not a little moved at so true a picture of virtue in distress; but at the same time was infinitely surprised to find his offers rejected. However, he resolved not to suppress the letter, but carefully sealed it up again, and carried it to AMANDA. All his endeavours to see her were in vain, till she was assured he brought a letter from her mother. He would not part with it but upon condition that she would read it without leaving the room. While she was perusing it, he fixed his eyes on her face with the deepest attention. Her concern gave a new softness to her beauty, and when she burst into tears, he could no longer refrain from bearing a part in her sorrow, and telling her, that he too had read the letter, and was resolved to make reparation for having been the occasion of it. My reader will not be displeased to see the second epistle which he now wrote to AMANDA's mother.

MADAM,

' I AM full of shame, and will never forgive myself if I have not your pardon for what I lately wrote. It was far from my intention to add trouble to the afflicted; nor could any thing, but my being a stranger to you, have betrayed me into a fault, for which, if I live, I shall endeavour to make you amends, as a son. You cannot be unhappy while AMANDA is your daughter; nor shall be, if any thing can prevent it, which is in the power of,

MADAM,

Your most obedient

Humble servant——.

This

* This letter he sent by his steward, and soon after went up to town himself to complete the generous act he had now resolved on. By his friendship and assistance AMANDA's father was quickly in a condition of retrieving his perplexed affairs. To conclude, he married AMANDA, and enjoyed the double satisfaction of having restored a worthy family to their former prosperity, and of making himself happy by an alliance to their virtues.*

* This paper was written by Mr. JOHN HUGHES.

N^o. 376.

MONDAY, MAY 12, 1712.

—Pavone ex Pythagoreo.

PERS. SAT. VI. III.

“ From the Pythagorean peacock.”

LETTERS.

MR. SPECTATOR,

I HAVE observed that the officer you some time ago appointed as *Inspector of Signs*, has not done his duty so well as to give you an account of very many strange occurrences in the public streets which are worthy of, but have escaped your notice. Among all the oddnesses which I have ever met with, that which I am now telling you gave me most delight. You must have observed that all the criers in the street attract the attention of the passengers, and of the inhabitants in the several parts, by something very particular in their tone itself, in the dwelling upon a note, or else making themselves wholly unintelligible by a scream. The person I am so delighted with has nothing to sell, but very gravely receives the bounty of the people, for no other merit but the homage they pay to his manner of signifying to them that he wants a subsidy. You must sure, have heard speak of an old man, who walks about the city, and that part of the suburbs which lies beyond the Tower, performing the office of a Day-Watchman, followed by a goose, which bears the bob of his ditty, and confirms what he says with a quack, quack. I gave little heed to the mention of this known circumstance, till being the other day in those quarters, I passed by a
decrepit

decrepit old fellow with a pole in his hand, who just then was bawling out, Half an hour after one o'clock; and immediately a dirty goose behind him made her response, Quack, quack. I could not forbear attending this grave procession for the length of half a street, with no small amazement to find the whole place so familiarly acquainted with a melancholy midnight voice at noon-day, giving them the hour, and exhorting them of the departure of time, with a bounce at their doors. While I was full of this novelty, I went into a friend's house, and told him how I was diverted with their whimsical monitor and his equipage. My friend gave me the history; and interrupted my commendation of the man, by telling me the livelihood of these two animals is purchased rather by the good parts of the goose than of the leader; for it seems the peripatetic who walked before her was a watchman in that neighbourhood; and the goose of herself, by frequent hearing this tone, out of her natural vigilance, not only observed, but answered it very regularly from time to time. The watchman was so affected with it, that he bought her, and has taken her in partner, only altering their hours of duty from night to day. The town has come into it, and they live very comfortably. This is the matter of fact. Now I desire you, who are a profound philosopher, to consider this alliance of instinct and reason. Your speculation may turn very naturally upon the force the superior part of mankind may have upon the spirits of such, as like this watchman, may be very near the standard of geese. And you may add to this practical observation, how, in all ages and times, the world has been carried away by odd unaccountable things, which one would think would pass upon no creature which had reason; and, under the symbol of this goose, you may enter into the manner and method of leading creatures, with their eyes open, through thick and thin, for they know not what, they know not why.

‘ All which is humbly submitted to your *Spectatorial Wisdom*, by

SIR,

Your most humble servant,

MICHAEL GANDAR.’

MR. SPECTATOR,

‘ I HAVE for several years had under my care the government and education of young ladies, which trust I have endeavoured to discharge with due regard to their several capacities and fortunes. I have left nothing undone to imprint in every one of them an humble courteous mind, accompanied with a graceful becoming mien, and have made them pretty much acquainted with the household part of family affairs; but still I find there is something very much wanting in the air of my ladies, different from what I observe in those that are esteemed your fine-bred women. Now, Sir, I must own to you, I never suffered my girls to learn to dance; but since I have read your discourse of dancing, where you have described the beauty and spirit there is in regular motion, I own myself your convert, and resolve, for the future, to give my young ladies that accomplishment. But upon imparting my design to their parents, I have been made very uneasy for some time, because several of them have declared, that if I did not make use of the master they recommended, they would take away their children. There was Colonel JUMPER’s lady, a Colonel of the Trainbands, that has a great interest in her parish; she recommends Mr. TROTT for the prettiest master in town; that no man teaches a jig like him; that she has seen him rise six or seven capers together with the greatest ease imaginable; and that his scholars twist themselves more ways than the scholars of any master in town: besides, there is Madam PRIM, an Alderman’s lady, recommends a master of her own name, but she declares he is not of their family, yet a very extraordinary

traordinary man in his way ; for, besides a very soft air he has in dancing, he gives them a particular behaviour at a tea-table, and in presenting their snuff-box, teaches to twirl, slip, or flirt a fan ; and how to place patches to the best advantage, either for fat or lean, long or oval faces : for my lady says there is more in these things than the world imagines. But I must confess, the major part of those I am concerned with, leave it to me. I desire, therefore, according to the inclosed direction, you would send your correspondent who has writ to you on that subject to my house. If proper application this way can give innocence new charms, and make virtue legible in the countenance, I shall spare no charge to make my scholars, in their very features and limbs, bear witness how careful I have been in the other parts of their education.

I am,

SIR,

Your most humble servant,

RACHAEL WATCHFUL.

T.

N^o. 377.

TUESDAY, MAY 13, 1712.

Quid quisque viter, nunquam homini satis
Cautum est in horas.

HOR. 2. OD. xiii. 13.

"What each should fly, is seldom known;
"We unprovided, are undone."

CREECH.

ACCOUNT OF PERSONS DYING FOR LOVE.

LOVE was the mother of poetry, and still produces, among the most ignorant and barbarous, a thousand imaginary distresses and poetical complaints. It makes a footman talk like OROONDATES, and converts a brutal rustic into a gentle swain. The most ordinary plebeian or mechanic in Love, bleeds and pines away with a certain elegance and tenderness of sentiments which this passion naturally inspires.

These inward languishings of a mind infected with this softness, have given birth to a phrase which is made use of by all the melting tribe, from the highest to the lowest, I mean that of *Dying for Love*.

Romances which owe their very being to this passion, are full of these *metaphorical deaths*. Heroes and heroines, knights, squires and damsels, are all of them in a *dying condition*. There is the same kind of *mortality* in our modern tragedies, where every one gasps, faints, bleeds, and dies. Many of the poets, to describe the execution which is done by this passion, represents the fair-sex as *basilisks* that destroy with their eyes; but I think Mr. COWLEY has, with great justness of thought,

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ff

compared

compared a beautiful woman to a *porcupine*, that sends an arrow from every part.

I have often thought, that there is no way so effectual for the cure of this general infirmity, as a man's reflecting upon the motives that produce it. When the passion proceeds from the sense of any virtue or perfection in the person beloved, I would by no means discourage it; but if a man considers that all his heavy complaints of wounds and deaths rise from some little affectations of coquetry, which are improved into charms by his own fond imagination, the very laying before himself the cause of his distemper, may be sufficient to effect the cure of it.

It is in this view that I have looked over the several bundles of letters which I have received from *dying people*, and composed out of them the following *bill of mortality*, which I shall lay before my reader without any farther preface, as hoping that it may be useful to him in discovering those several places where there is most danger, and those fatal arts which are made use of to destroy the heedless and unwary.

LYSANDER, slain at a puppet-show on the third of September.

THYRSIS shot from a casement in Piccadilly.

T. S. wounded by ZELINDA's scarlet stocking, as she was stepping out of a coach.

WILL SIMPLE, smitten at the opera by the glance of an eye that was aimed at one who stood by him.

THO. VAINLOVE, lost his life at a ball.

TIM. TATTLE, killed by the tap of a fan on his left shoulder by COQUETILLA, as he was talking carelessly with her in a bow-window.

Sir SIMON SOFTLY, murdered at the play-house in Drury-lane by a frown.

PHILANDER, mortally wounded by CLEORA, as she was adjusting her tucker.

RALPH GAPLEY, Esq. hit by a random-shot at the ring.
F. R.

F. R. caught his death upon the water, April the 1st.

W. W. killed by an unknown hand, that was playing with the glove off upon the side of the front-box in Drury-lane.

Sir CHRISTOPHER CRAZY, Bart. hurt by the brush of a whale-bone petticoat.

SYLVIVS, shot through the sticks of a fan at St. James's church.

DAMON, struck through the heart by a diamond necklace.

THOMAS TRUSTY, FRANCIS GOOSEQUILL, WILLIAM MEANWELL, EDWARD CALLOW, Esqrs. standing in a row, fell all four at the same time, by an ogle of the widow TRAPLAND.

TOM RATTLE, chancing to tread upon a lady's tail as he came out of the play-house, she turned full upon him, and laid him dead upon the spot.

DICK TASTEWELL, slain by a blush from the Queen's box in the third act of the *Trip to the Jubilee*.

SAMUEL FELT, haberdasher, wounded in his walks to Islington, by Mrs. SUSANNA CROSS-STICH, as she was clambering over a stile.

R. F, T. W, S. I, M. P, &c. put to death in the last birth-day massacre.

ROGER BLINKO, cut off in the twenty-first year of his age by a white-wash.

MUSIDORUS, slain by an arrow that flew out of a dimple in BELINDA's left cheek.

NED COURTLY, presenting FLAVIA with her glove (which she had dropped on purpose), she received it, and took away his life with a courtsy.

JOHN GOSSELIN having received a slight hurt from a pair of blue eyes, as he was making his escape was dispatched by a smile.

STREPHON, killed by CLARINDA as she looked down into the pit.

CHARLES CARELESS, shot flying by a girl of fifteen who unexpectedly popped her head upon him out of a coach.

JOSIAH WITHER, aged three score and three, sent o his long home by ELIZABETH JETWELL, spinster.

JACK FREELove, murdered by MELISSA in her hair.

WILLIAM WISEACRE, gent. drowned in a flood of tears by MOLL COMMON.

JOHN PLEADWELL, Esq. of the Middle Temple, barrister at law, assassinated in his chambers the 6th instant by KITTY SLY, who pretended to come to him for his advice.

I.

N^o. 378.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 14, 1712.

Aggredere O! magnos, aderit jam tempus, honores.

VIRG. ECL. iv. 48.

"Mature in years, to ready honours move."

DRYDEN.

ON THE MESSIAH.

I WILL make no apology for entertaining the reader with the following poem, which is written by a great genius, a friend of mine* in the country, who is not ashamed to employ his wit in the praise of his Maker.

MESSIAH: *

*sacred Eclogue, composed of several passages of
ISAIAH the Prophet.*

WRITTEN IN IMITATION OF VIRGIL'S COLLIO.

YE Nymphs of Solyma! begin the song:
To heavenly themes sublimer strains belong.
The mossy fountains, and the sylvan shades,
The dreams of PINDUS, and th' Aonian maids,
Delight no more—O Thou my voice inspire,
Who touch'd ISAIAH's hallow'd lips with fire!
Rapt into future times, the Bard *begun*,
A Virgin shall conceive, a Virgin bear a son!
From JESSE's root behold a branch arise,
Whose sacred flower with fragrance fills the skies:

Isaia, Cap.
II. v. 4.

F f 3

Th'

* POPE.

† The reader will find remarks on this poem in the Life of POPE, vol. 1. of this Edition, p. 269.

- Th' ætherial Spirit o'er its leaves shall move,
And on its top descends the Mystic *Dove*.
- Cap. 45.
v. 8. Ye Heavens! from high the dewy nectar pour,
And in soft silence shed the kindly shower!
- Cap. 25.
v. 4. The sick and weak the healing plant shall aid,
From storms a shelter, and from heat a shade.
All crimes shall cease, and ancient fraud shall fail;
Returning justice lift aloft her scale;
- C. 9. v. 7. Peace o'er the world her olive wand extend,
And white-rob'd Innocence from Heaven descend.
Swift fly the years, and rise th' expected morn!
Oh spring to light, auspicious Babe, be born!
- Cap. 35.
v. 2. See Nature hastes her earliest wreaths to bring,
With all the incense of the breathing spring:
See lofty Lebanon, his head advance,
See nodding forests on the mountains dance;
See spicy clouds from lowly Sharon rise,
And Carmel's flowery top perfumes the skies!
- Cap. 40.
v. 3. 4. Hark; a glad voice the lonely desert cheers;
Prepare the way! a God, a God, appears:
A God! a God! the vocal hills reply,
The rocks proclaim th' approaching Deity.
Lo earth receives him from the bending skies!
Sink down, ye mountains; and ye valleys, rise!
With heads declin'd, ye cedars, homage pay;
Be smooth, ye rocks; ye rapid floods, give way!
- C. 42. v. 18.
Cap. 35.
v. 5, 6. The SAVIOUR comes! by ancient Bards foretold!
Hear him, ye deaf; and all ye blind, behold!
He from thick films shall purge the visual ray,
And on the sightless eye-ball pour the day.
'Tis He th' obstructed paths of sound shall clear,
And bid new music charm th' unfolding ear:
The dumb shall sing, the lame his crutch forego,
And leap exulting like the bounding roe;
- Cap. 25.
v. 8. No sigh, no murmur, the wide world shall hear,
From every face He wipes off every tear.
In adamant chains shall Death be bound,
And Hell's grim tyrant feel th' eternal wound.
- Cap. 40.
v. 11.

As

As the good shepherd tends his fleecy care,
 Seeks freshest pastures and the purest air,
 Explores the lost, the wandering sheep directs,
 By day o'ersees them, and by night protects,
 The tender lambs he raises in his arms,
 Feeds from his hand, and in his bosom warms;
 Mankind shall thus his guardian care engage,
 The promis'd father of the future age.
 No more shall nation against nation rise,
 Nor ardent warriors meet with hateful eyes,
 Nor fields with gleaming steel be cover'd o'er,
 The brazen trumpets kindle rage no more:
 But useless lances into scythes shall bend,
 And the broad falchion in a plow-share end.
 Then palaces shall rise; the joyful son
 Shall finish what his short-liv'd sire begun;
 Their vines a shadow to their race shall yield,
 And the same hand that sow'd shall reap the field.
 The swain in barren deserts with surprise
 Sees lillies spring, and sudden verdure rise,
 And starts amidst the thirsty wilds to hear
 New falls of water murmuring in his ear:
 On rifted rocks, the dragon's late abodes,
 The green reed trembles, and the bulrush nods.
 Waste sandy valleys, once perplex'd with thorn,
 The spiry fir and shapely box adorn:
 To leafless shrubs the flowering palms succeed,
 And od'rous myrtle to the noisome weed.
 The lambs with wolves shall grace the verdant mead,
 And boys in flowery bands the tiger lead;
 The steer and lion at one crib shall meet,
 And harmless serpents lick the pilgrim's feet:
 The smiling infant in his hand shall take
 The crested basilisk and speckled snake;
 Pleas'd the green lustre of the scales survey,
 And with their forked tongue and pointless sting
 shall play.
 Rise, crown'd with light, imperial Salem rise!

C. 9. v. 6.

C. 2. v. 4.

Cap. 65:
v. 21, 22.Cap. 35:
v. 1. 7.Cap. 41.
v. 19. and
Cap. 55.
v. 13.Cap. 11.
v. 6, 7, 8.

C. 60. v. 1.

Exalt

- Exalt thy towery head, and lift thy eyes !
 C. 60. v. 4. See a long race thy spacious courts adorn ;
 See future sons and daughters yet unborn
 In crowing ranks on every side arise,
 C. 60. v. 3. Demanding life, impatient for the skies !
 See barb'rous nations at thy gates attend,
 C. 60. v. 6. Walk in thy light, and in thy temple bend ;
 Cap. 60. See thy bright altars throng'd with prostrate kings,
 And heap'd with products of Sabæan springs !
 For thee Idume's spicy forests blow,
 And seeds of gold in Ophir's mountains glow.
 See Heaven its sparkling portals wide display,
 Y. 19, 20. And break upon thee with a flood of day !
 C. 51, v. 6. No more the rising sun shall gild the morn,
 Nor evening CYNTHIA fill her silver horn,
 But lost, dissolv'd in thy superior rays,
 One tide of glory, one unclouded blaze
 O'erflow thy courts; the light himself shall shine
 Reveal'd, and God's eternal day be thine !
 C. 51. v. 6. The seas shall waste, the skies in smoke decay,
 and C. 54. Rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt away ;
 v. 10. But fix'd His word. His saving power remains;
 Thy realm for ever lasts, thy own MESSIAH reigns.

T.

N^o. 379.

THURSDAY, MAY 15, 1712.

Scire tuum nihil est, nisi te scire hoc sciat alter.

PERS. SAT. i. 17.

“ ——— Science is not science till reveal'd.”

DRYDEN.

KNOWLEDGE OUGHT TO BE COMMUNICATED.

I HAVE often wondered at that ill-natured position which has been sometimes maintained in the schools, and is comprised in an old Latin verse, namely, that “A man’s knowledge is worth nothing, if he communicates what he knows to any one besides.” There is certainly no more sensible pleasure to a good-natured man, than if he can by any means gratify or inform the mind of another. I might add, that this virtue naturally carries its own reward along with it, since it is almost impossible it should be exercised without the improvement of the person who practises it. The reading of books, and the daily occurrences of life, are continually furnishing us with matter for thought and reflection. It is extremely natural for us to desire to see such our thoughts put into the dress of words, without which indeed we can scarce have a clear and distinct idea of them ourselves. When they are thus clothed in expressions, nothing so truly shews us whether they are just or false, as those effects which they produce in the minds of others.

I am apt to flatter myself that in the course of these my speculations, I have treated of several subjects, and laid down many such rules for the conduct of a man’s
I life,

life, which my readers were either wholly ignorant of before, or which at least those few who were acquainted with them, looked upon as so many secrets they have found out for the conduct of themselves, but were resolved never to have made public.

I am the more confirmed in this opinion from my having received several letters, wherein I am censured for having prostituted learning to the embraces of the vulgar, and made her, as one of my correspondents phrases it, a common strumpet. I am charged by another with laying open the *arcana* or secrets of prudence, to the eyes of every reader.

The narrow spirit which appears in the letters of these my correspondents is the less surprising, as it has shewn itself in all ages: there is still extant an epistle written by ALEXANDER the GREAT to his tutor ARISTOTLE, upon that philosopher's publishing some part of his writings; in which the prince complains of his having made known to all the world those secrets in learning which he had before communicated to him in private lectures; concluding, "that he had rather excel the rest of mankind in knowledge than in power."

LOUISA DE PADILLA, a lady of great learning, and Countess of Aranda, was in like manner angry with the famous GRACIAN, upon his publishing his treatise of the *Discreto*, wherein she fancied that he had laid open those maxims to common readers, which ought only to have been reserved for the knowledge of the great.

These objections are thought by many of so much weight, that they often defend the above-mentioned authors, by affirming they have affected such an obscurity in their style and manner of writing, that though every one may read their works, there will be but very few who can comprehend their meaning.

PERSIUS, the Latin satirist, affected obscurity for another reason; with which, however, Mr. COWLEY is so offended, that writing to one of his friends, you, says he, tell me, that you do not know whether PERSIUS be a good poet

poet or no, because you cannot understand him; for which very reason I affirm that he is not so.

However, this art of writing unintelligibly has been very much improved, and followed by several of the moderns, who observing the general inclination of mankind to dive into a secret, and the reputation many have acquired by concealing their meaning under obscure terms and phrases, resolve that they may be still more abstruse, to write without any meaning at all. This art, as it is at present practised by many eminent authors, consists in throwing so many words at a venture into different periods, and leaving the curious reader to find the meaning of them.

The Egyptians, who made use of hieroglyphics to signify several things, expressed a man who confined his knowledge and discoveries altogether within himself, by the figure of a dark-lanthorn closed on all sides; which, though it was illuminated within, afforded no manner of light or advantage to such as stood by it. For my own part, as I shall from time to time communicate to the public whatever discoveries I happen to make, I should much rather be compared to an ordinary lamp, which consumes and wastes itself for the benefit of every passenger.

I shall conclude this paper with the story of ROSICRUCIUS's Sepulchre. I suppose I need not inform my readers that this man was the founder of the Rosicrucian sect, and that his disciples still pretend to new discoveries, which they are never to communicate to the rest of mankind.

A certain person having occasion to dig somewhat deep in the ground where this philosopher lay interred, met with a small door having a wall on each side of it. His curiosity, and the hopes of finding some hidden treasure, soon prompted him to force open the door.—He was immediately surprised by a sudden blaze of light, and discovered a very fair vault: at the upper end of it was a statue of a man in armour sitting by a table, and
2 leaning

leaning on his left arm. He held a truncheon in his right hand, and had a lamp burning before him. The man had no sooner set one foot within the vault, than the statue erecting itself from its leaning posture, stood bolt upright; and upon the fellow's advancing another step, lifted up the truncheon in his right hand. The man still ventured a third step, when the statue with a furious blow broke the lamp into a thousand pieces, and left his guest in a sudden darkness.

Upon the report of this adventure, the country people soon came with lights to the Sepulchre, and discovered that the statue, which was made of brass, was nothing more than a piece of clock-work; that the floor of the vault was all loose, and underlaid with several springs, which upon any man's entering, naturally produced that which had happened.

ROSECRUCIUS, say his disciples, made use of this method, to shew the world that he had re-invented the ever-burning lamps of the antients, though he was resolved no one should reap any advantage from the discovery.



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IN.

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